

THE  
CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

OCTOBER, 1847.

---

- ART. I.—1. *Tales for the Young.* By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. London: Burns.
2. *The good Genius that turned everything to Gold.* By THE BROTHERS MAYHEW. Bogue.
3. *The Silver Swan, a Fairy Tale.* By MADAME DE CHATELAIN. Grant & Griffith.
4. *The Good-natured Bear.* Cundall.
5. *The Lady Ella.* By the Authoress of Hymns and Scenes of Childhood. Burns.
6. *The Wreath of Lilies.* By the Same. Burns.
7. *Godfrey Davenant, a Tale of School Life.* By the REV. W. HEYGATE. Masters.
8. *Christian Endurance.* By the REV. J. M. NEALE, M.A. Masters.
9. *Poynings, a Tale of the Revolution.* Masters.
10. *Michael, the Chorister.* Burns.
11. *The Island Choir, or the Children of the Child Jesus.* Masters.
12. *The Wonder Seeker, or the History of Charles Douglas.* By M. FRASER TYTLER. Grant & Griffith.
13. *The Boy's Own Library: Summer—Autumn—Winter.* By THOMAS MILLER. Chapman & Hall.
14. *Exercises for the Improvement of the Senses, for Young Children.* Published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

WE have placed Andersen's name at the head of our list, in gratitude for the delight and amusement his stories for children have afforded us. When Fairyland seemed lost to us, or peopled by a new race of utilitarians, who spoke its language and tried its spells in mere slavish imitation, without comprehending their use or meaning; a poet from the north has made fresh flowers bloom there, and brought it back again to our hearts and eyes in brighter colours and stronger outline than before.

In these days children, it seemed, might command everything in literature for their instruction and amusement but *one*. The press teems with stories clever, lively, edifying, the work evidently of superior minds; we feel them to be well written and with a good and pure aim; and, as such, we read them with pleasure and interest; but, even as we read, the wonder comes upon us, why will not this last? why, good and improving as it is, showing, too, a knowledge and experience of children's and of human nature—why will it be so soon forgotten; so that what is talked of and quoted now, will not be heard of a few months hence? it is not want of cleverness, it is not want even of nature. Why will it not live? It must, we think, be no uncommon subject of regret to many, who have been led, for their children's sake, or by their own taste, to read the voluminous writings, now issuing for the young,—that, though they have influence as a whole, and with the force of a stream bear the mind in their direction, yet each drop of the stream shines but its own short hour, and leaves no trace behind.

The secret of this short-lived success is, we believe, the want of *invention*. One age surpasses another in intellectual quickness, in talents, in acquirements, in universality of mental culture, and consequently in the number and ability of its writers. But we are not disposed to think that any of these advantages, valued as they ought to be, can produce, or we may say create, invention. And, therefore, the mere superiority in such qualities by no means implies a larger amount of the inventive faculty in one age than in its predecessor. This inventive or imaginative power is the crown of all other intellectual gifts; it is the light, the salt, which illuminates and perpetuates all the rest, and the only *necessary* quality for lasting fame. That is, a work deficient in a hundred points of what is considered good writing, still takes hold of men's minds, and keeps this hold, if only what it says is at the same time new and true.

The force and power of the imagination, and the different modes in which two minds, the one gifted with this divine faculty, the other wanting it, commence and carry on their labours, have been so ably set forth by a modern writer, that we are tempted to elucidate our meaning by a quotation from his work. The art which he treats of is painting, and it may at first sight appear far-fetched to apply his views to our present subject; but composition must be ruled by the same laws and impulses, whether the thing conceived is to be expressed by the pencil or the pen,—whether the composer would reach the heart and understanding through the senses, or appeal to it without such visible medium. In this light the ramifications of a tree bear a just

relation to the parts of a plot—all of which should be in such close connexion with the whole, as that each should be imperfect and dismembered without the rest.

‘When an unimaginative painter is about to draw a tree, (and we will suppose him, for better illustration of the point in question, to have good feeling and correct knowledge of the nature of trees,) he probably lays on his paper such a general form as he knows to be characteristic of the tree to be drawn, and such as he believes will fall in agreeably with the other masses of his picture, which we will suppose partly prepared. When this form is set down, he assuredly finds it has done something he did not intend it to do. It has mimicked some prominent line, or overpowered some necessary mass. He begins pruning and changing, and, after several experiments, succeeds in obtaining a form which does no material mischief to any other. To this form he proceeds to attach a trunk, and having probably a received notion or rule (for the unimaginative painter never works without a principle) that tree-trunks ought to lean first one way and then the other as they go up, and ought not to stand under the middle of the tree, he sketches a serpentine form of requisite propriety; when it has gone up far enough, that is, till it begins to look disagreeably long, he will begin to ramify it, and if there be another tree in the picture with two large branches, he knows that this, by the laws of composition, ought to have three or four, or some different number. And because he knows that if three or four branches start from the same point they will look formal, therefore he makes them start from points one above another; and because equal distances are improper, therefore they shall start from unequal distances. When they are fairly started, he knows they must undulate or go backwards and forwards, which accordingly he makes them do at random; and because he knows that all forms ought to be contrasted, therefore he makes one bend down, while the other three go up. The three that go up, he knows, must not go up without interfering with each other, and so he makes two of them cross. He thinks it also proper that there should be variety of character in them, so he makes the one that bends down graceful and flexible, and of the two that cross, he splinters one and makes a stump of it. He repeats the process among the more complicated minor boughs, until, coming to the smallest, he thinks farther care unnecessary, but draws them freely, and by chance. Having to put on the foliage, he will make it flow properly in the direction of the tree's growth; he will make the extremities graceful, but will be grievously plagued by finding them come all alike, and at last will be obliged to spoil a number of them altogether, in order to obtain opposition. They will not, however, be united in this their spoliation, but will remain uncomfortably separate and individually ill-tempered. He consoles himself by the reflection that it is unnatural for all of them to be equally perfect.

‘Now, I suppose that through the whole of this process he has been able to refer to his definite memory or conception of nature for every one of the fragments he has successively added; that the detail, colour, fractures, insertions, &c. of his boughs, are all either actual recollections or based on secure knowledge of the tree, (and herein I allow far more than is commonly the case with unimaginative painters.) But as far as the process of combination is concerned, it is evident that from beginning to end his laws have been his safety, and his plague has been his liberty. He has been compelled to work at random, or under the guidance of feeling only, whenever there was anything left to his own decision. He has never been decided in anything except in what he *must* or *must not* do. He has walked as a drunken man on a broad road: his guides are the hedges, and between these limits the broader the way the worse he gets on.

The advance of the imaginative artist is precisely the reverse of this. He has no laws. He defies all restraint, and cuts down all hedges. There is nothing within the limits of natural possibility that he dares not do, or that he allows the necessity of doing. The laws of nature he knows,—these are to him no restraint. They are his own nature. All other laws or limits he sets at utter defiance,—his journey is over an untrodden and pathless plain. But he sees his end over the waste from the first, and goes straight at it, never losing sight of it, not throwing away a step: nothing can stop him, nothing turn him aside; falcons and lynxes are of slow and uncertain sight compared with his. He saw his tree, trunk, boughs, foliage, and all, from the first moment; not only the tree, but the sky behind it; not only that tree or sky, but all the other great features of his picture. by what intense power of instantaneous selection and amalgamation cannot be explained, but by this it may be proved and tested,—that if we examine the tree of the unimaginative painter, we shall find that, on removing any part or parts of it, the rest will indeed suffer, as being deprived of the proper development of a tree, and as involving a blank space that wants occupation; but the portions left are not made discordant or disagreeable. They are absolutely, and in themselves as valuable as they can be: every stem is a perfect stem, and every twig a graceful twig, or at least as perfect and graceful as they were before the removal of the rest. But if we try the same experiment on the imaginative painter's work, and break off the merest stem or twig of it, all goes to pieces like a Prince Rupert's drop. There is not so much as a seed of it but it lies on the tree's life, like the grain upon the tongue of Chaucer's Sainted Child. Take it away, and the boughs will sing to us no longer; all is dead and cold.<sup>1</sup>

The stories of Hans Andersen, simple as they are, appear to us to possess the magic gift, for the want of which so many others fade, and are forgotten. The insight he allows us into his own mode of composition is given with very little pretension; but the following passage shows that he, too, is visited by instantaneous conceptions, which come he knows not whence, and are independent of his bidding:—

"Now I certainly ought to tell a story," said the old man, "but I do not know any more."

"You can make one in a minute," said the little boy; "Mother says, you can make a story out of everything you see, and find a tale in all you touch."

"Yes, but such stories as those are worth nothing; no, the proper sort come of themselves; they give a tap, tap, on my forehead, and say, Here we are!"

"Won't it give a tap, tap, very soon?" said the little boy.

His mother laughed, put elder-flowers into the teapot, and poured boiling water over them.

"Oh, a story, a story!" cried her child.

"Yes; if a pretty tale would please to come of itself; but such a one as we want is always very grand; it only comes when it feels inclined: wait, hark!" said he of a sudden. "There we have it."

The 'Little Mermaid;' 'The Daisy;' 'The Real Princess;' 'The Emperor's new clothes;' and many more such

<sup>1</sup> From 'Modern Painters; by a Graduate of Oxford.'

pleasant fancies must occur to our readers as examples of the 'grand' stories, which will only come when they feel inclined, and say, 'Here we are.' The volume before us is a new selection from the apparently boundless store in the original Danish, of such tales as the Editor considers most obviously fitted for juvenile reading; some of which have the advantage of being less commonly known than those published earlier must now be. One value as well as charm of these stories is their evidently spontaneous character. The Author does not set about composing a fairy tale to illustrate some pet theory; the fancy rather comes to him. Accurate knowledge of human nature certainly does constantly appear, but it is unconscious and intuitive knowledge. There is gentle satire on the weakness and errors to which men are prone; but the writer does not sit down to *devise* a story, either as a lesson on a particular virtue, a warning on prevailing errors, or to ridicule some human weakness. Even in 'The Emperor's new clothes,' which at first sight perhaps goes against this view, we feel that the whole thought came together, or that the idea of the invisible clothing rather suggested the rest, than that the satire preceded the invention.

Another fairy tale lies before us, which strikes us as contrasting curiously with the especial merits of Andersen's style—'The Good Genius which turned everything to gold,'—of which it may appear an unreasonable criticism to say that it is too clever; but so it is. The writer seems above his work. He hardly enters into his own fanciful imagery, and only uses it in condescension, as some writers professedly do fiction, apologising to themselves and their readers while they do so. His aim is to set forth the advantages and grand results of patient industry, and for this purpose he (or *they*, for the work is by two brothers,) constructs an ingenious machinery, and carries it through in a certain sense very successfully. But we miss the bright untrammelled exuberance of fancy working towards a high aim, rather by a good instinct than by a formal effort of will. The one is the clever attempt of a political mind, to recommend his views and theories to his youthful readers; the other, the true poet's fancy, who sitting among children, feels himself a child, and delights himself and them by his spontaneous creations, through which shine out, of necessity, true lessons for their daily use and guidance. Anything like effort in the fairy tale is the breaking of the spell. Its character should be poetical rather than intellectual, and the author should appeal only to this part of our nature. Thus knowledge of society, which can only be the result of observation and experience, is out of place, and so is satire on the vices of society; though not on the leading errors and weaknesses of humanity in the abstract; *i.e.* the fairy tale should

give the poet's view of life, rather than the man of the world's or the politician's. We feel it therefore a mistake, an error in point of taste in the authors of 'the Good Genius,' to inculcate the superiority of reality over romance in this species of composition; they should have had recourse to more matter-of-fact means for inculcating such sentiments, as that a lady must refuse a lover when he is poor, and marry him when he is rich. But hear 'Amaranth the ever young.'

'Now, when the lady found that Silvio, the wealthy prince, and Silvio, the poor woodman, were the same in person, though they differed so widely in appearance, she no longer spurned his love, but wondering at his suddenly acquired possessions and power, not very reluctantly assented to her father's and her lover's wishes.

"Ah!" said Silvio, "I fear it is my palace, and not myself, that has won the Princess Amaranth's heart."

"It is neither the one nor the other," returned the lady, "but the two together. Are you still so romantic as to think that a heart pampered in a palace could find contentment in a cottage?"

Silvio replied, "that it was the union of sympathetic minds that constituted happiness."

"And the union of ill-assorted minds, misery," added the Princess; "as the fable of the nightingale and the dormouse long ago taught me. I will tell it you."

We are no friends to ill-assorted marriages, but we appeal to our readers, whether the disinterested attachment in the following story (Andersen's,) of the shepherdess for her faithful chimney-sweeper, does not stand in pleasant contrast with Amaranth's discretion:—

#### 'THE SHEPHERDESS AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

'Did you ever see a very old cupboard, that age had made quite black and dingy, with leafy work and curious figures carved upon it? Just such a one as this once stood in the parlour of the house. It had been handed down to the owner by his great-great-grandmother, and it was carved all over from top to bottom with roses and tulips. The lines had been strangely turned and twisted beneath the workman's chisel; and some of them ended in little stags' heads with beautiful antlers. But on the middle of the cupboard, a man in full length was carved out: it made you laugh to look at him; and he grinned himself, for you could not say he laughed; he had the legs of a goat, little horns on his head, and a long beard. The children in the room always called him Lieutenant-Colonel-General-Commandant Goat-Legs, for that was a hard word to pronounce, and there are not many who obtain the title. Well, there he kept standing with his eye upon the table under the looking-glass, for a lively little shepherdess made of porcelain was there. Her shoes were gilt, her frock was prettily looped up with a red rose, and, besides this, she had a golden bonnet, and a shepherd's crook: she was a beautiful creature. Close by her stood a little chimney-sweeper, as black as a coal, although he was made of porcelain too. He was really as neat and clean as the best of them. His being a chimney-sweep was only a pretence; the porcelain manufacturer could just as well have made a prince of him: it was all one to a clever

workman. There he stood so prettily with his bag and his brush, and with a face too as fair as that of a little girl: now this was rather a fault, for it might have been blackened a little. His place was quite close to the shepherdess: they had both been stationed where they were; and as there they were side by side, they had agreed to be married, they suited each other so well; they were both young people, made of the very same sort of porcelain, and one as brittle as the other.

'Now there was another figure standing close beside them; it was an old bowing Chinese, three times as large as they were. He was made of porcelain too; and he said he was the little shepherdess's grandfather; and although he had no good proof of this, he persisted in claiming authority over her, and for this reason he had given a favorable nod to Lieutenant-Colonel-General-Commandant Goat-Legs, who was a suitor for the little shepherdess's hand.

"There is a husband for you," said the old Chinese; "a husband who, I almost think, is all of mahogany, and who can make a Mrs. Lieutenant-Colonel-General-Commandant Goat-Legs of you. He has a whole cupboard full of plate, setting aside what is in the secret drawers."

"I will not go into the dark cupboard," said the little shepherdess.

"I have heard say, that he has eleven porcelain wives inside."

"Well, then, you can be the twelfth," said the Chinese. "This very night, as soon as we hear the old cupboard give a 'crack,' you shall hold your wedding, as true as I am a Chinese!" and so saying he nodded his head and fell asleep.

'But the little shepherdess began to cry, and looked tenderly at her beloved porcelain chimney-sweeper. "I must ask you," said she, "to go forth with me into the wide world, for we cannot stay here."

"I will do anything you like," said the little chimney-sweep. "Let us be off at once; I dare say I shall be able to support you by my profession."

"If we were but safely off the table!" said she; "for I shall never be happy till we are in the wide world together."

'Then he tried to cheer her, and showed her how to plant her little foot on the raised edges and leafy gold-work of the leg of the table; and now there they were safe upon the floor. But when they looked up at the old cupboard, there was such a to-do there. All the carved stags were stretching their necks still farther out, tossing up their horns, and then standing at gaze; while Lieutenant-Colonel-General-Commandant Goat-Legs leaped up into the air, and shouted across the room to the old Chinese, "They are running away! they are running away!" This frightened them terribly, and they jumped, as quickly as they could, into a low drawer near the window.

'In this lay three or four broken packs of cards, and a little puppet-show, which had been put together as well as they could arrange it. A play was being acted at the time; and all the queens, heart and diamond, club and spade, sat in the front row, and fanned themselves with flowers, as we see them do in the cards; and behind them stood all the knaves, ready to wait upon them when they wanted anything. The story of the play was about two persons who could not marry each other, as they wished to do; and the shepherdess began to cry at the sight of it, for this was just her own case.

"I cannot stand this," said she, "I must get out of the drawer." But when they reached the ground again, and looked at the table, the old Chinese was awake and trembling in his whole body, though, from his waist downwards, he was nothing but a lump of porcelain. "Oh, the old Chinese is coming!" cried the little shepherdess; and then she fell down on her porcelain knees, she was so overcome with grief.

"A thought strikes me," said the chimney-sweep; "What if we creep

into the large vase that stands in the corner? there we may lie in roses and lavender, and throw dust in his eyes when he comes."

"That will be of no use," said she. "Besides this, I know that the old Chinese and the flower-vase were once engaged to each other; and there is always a lurking fondness remaining when people have once been on such a footing together. No, there is no help for us but to go out into the wide world."

"Have you really courage enough to go forth with me into the world?" said the chimney-sweep. "Have you considered what a large place it is, and that we shall never be able to come back again?"

"I have thought of all that," said she. Then the chimney-sweep looked her full in the face.

"My path is up the chimney! When I am once there, I know how to manage. We shall climb up till we are quite out of their reach; and, at the top of all, there is a hole that leads out into the wide world." So saying, he led her to the door of the stove.

"Oh, how black it looks!" cried she. But still she went on with him through the body of the stove, and all along the pipe, where it was as dark as pitch.

"Now we are in the chimney," said he, "and look, look, what a beautiful star is shining up there!"

"It was a real star in the sky, and it shone down upon them, just as if it wished to show them the way. And they crept and clambered on so high, so high, up such a dismal dark place! and the little chimney-sweep held her up, and showed her the best places for her to plant her little porcelain feet. In this way they reached the top of the chimney; and then they seated themselves, for they were dreadfully tired, and so they well might be. The sky, with all the stars, was above them, and the roofs of the houses far beneath them. They saw so far around them! They had such a splendid view of the world! The poor shepherdess had never thought it was like this; she leaned her head on her chimney-sweeper's breast, and wept, and sobbed, till the gold buckle of her sash gave way.

"This is too much for me," said she, "I cannot bear it. The world is too great. Oh! if I were but on the table, under the looking-glass again! I shall never be happy till I am there again. I have followed you out into the wide world, and now you will gladly take me back again, if you have any love for me."

"And the chimney-sweep tried to reason with her: he reminded her of the old Chinese, and Lieutenant-Colonel-General-Commandant Goat-Legs; but all she did was to sob and kiss her little chimney-sweep, so that he could not refuse her, although it was foolish not to do so. So with great difficulty they groped their way down the chimney again, and crept through the pipe into the stove: it was a most disagreeable task; and at last they stood once more behind the little iron door. There they stopped and listened, to find how things were in the room. All was still. They peeped out; and alas! there lay the old Chinese on the ground, in the middle of the room: he had fallen from the table in trying to follow them, and had been broken in three. The whole of his back had been dashed off in one piece, and his head had rolled into a corner. Lieutenant-Colonel-General-Commandant Goat-Legs stood where he had always stood, thinking about the disaster.

"Oh, what a frightful sight!" said the little shepherdess. "My poor old grandfather is broken in pieces, and it is all our fault. I shall never get over this!" and she wrung her little hands.

"He can be rivetted," said the chimney-sweep; "he can be rivetted very well. Do not be so violent. If they cement him well in the back, and drive a good rivet into his neck, he will be as good as new, and be able to say as unpleasant things to us as before."

"Do you think so?" said she. And after this they crept up upon the table again, to the places where they had formerly stood.

"Think what a way we have been!" said the chimney-sweep; "we might have saved ourselves the trouble."

"Would that we had my old grandfather rivetted again!" said the shepherdess. "Would it cost much, do you think?" And rivetted he was. The master of the house had him cemented in the back, and a strong rivet passed through his neck; and then he was as good as new, though he could not nod.

"I think you are grown mighty high since your accident," said Lieutenant-Colonel-General-Commandant Goat-Legs. "I do not see that you have any reason to look so fierce. Shall I have her, or shall I not?"

'Then the chimney-sweep and the little shepherdess gave the Old Chinese such a touching look! They were so afraid he might nod. But this he could not do, and it was not at all to his liking to have to tell a stranger that he constantly carried a rivet in his neck. And so the little porcelain pair remained together, blessing their grandfather's rivet, over and over again, and loving each other till they both fell to pieces.'

In this story the innate equality of man is asserted; the chimney-sweep is made of the same porcelain as his fair and glittering bride, and we are not offended to be thus reminded of a great truth. But if a tale takes a *political* view of the relation of man to man, our suspicions are excited, our party-spirit is on the *qui-vive*. We feel we may have an opponent to deal with, and we will make no unsafe admissions. When kings are degraded to beggars, as in 'the Good Genius,' and lose all their kingly spirit in the transformation, a quality which seems to attach rather to their robes and crowns than to themselves, we find ourselves setting down the author for a republican, or a whig at the least. But poetry is essentially simple and child-like; it asserts truth because it sees it and knows it, not that it has any ends of its own to gain by the promulgation; and we follow its guidance trustingly; with no fear that our unguarded acquiescence may entrap us into acknowledging some distasteful theory.

After all, it is the observations of a child-like spirit on the world around that impress us most, taking far greater hold on the mind than mere keen, hard, calculating acuteness. It is the charm, for instance, of the Vicar of Wakefield, that while he describes roguery so well, he could so easily be taken in by it. Here is a gentle satire on avarice and prodigality,—the futility of the one, and the consequences of the other,—which strikes us as having something of Goldsmith's vein in it, and what the good vicar might have told to his children. We need not say it is from Andersen:—

'In a town, which it would now perhaps be hard to find on the map, lived a merchant. This merchant was so rich that he could have paved, with silver crowns, the whole of the street in which his house stood, and almost the little lane that led into it, into the bargain. But he did not do

that: no, he knew how to make better use of his money; for if he laid out a penny, he was sure to get a shilling in return for it; such a clever merchant was he. But at last he died!

'Now his son came into the possession of all his money. He lived a merry life, went every night to balls and dances, made paper kites of bank-notes, and passed an hour now and then, by way of fun, in throwing golden coins, instead of stones, over the smooth surface of the large pond just under his window. It was no wonder, then, if the money grew less and less; and it really did so. At last he had nothing left but sixpence, and no clothing but a pair of slippers, and an old dressing-gown. Now, of course, his friends cared no more about him, as they were ashamed of being seen with him in the street. But one of them, who was a good-natured fellow, sent him an old box, with the well-meant advice that he should pack up and be off as quickly as possible. That was all very fine; but the poor thoughtless creature had nothing to pack up; and so he seated himself in the box.'

Other instances of the same mild vein of satire, will readily occur to such of our readers as are familiar with Andersen; as in the 'Swine-herd,' where the love of vulgar gossip is made to destroy all poetry and refinement; or where the hen is made to give her views of travelling,—'she who knew what it was, for had she not once travelled twelve miles in a hen-coop?' or that other hen, and her companion, the tom-cat, who used to say, 'We and the world,' and had no sympathy for the young swan's aspirations.

Another point of contrast, between the two authors and styles we have been describing, lies in their different modes of viewing nature: the religious awe the one feels and shows unconsciously, and the careless disrespect and familiarity which the other does not scruple to express. All Andersen's works are pervaded by a true sense of the beautiful and sublime in nature, of which many striking instances might be given. The following extract, however, is rather designed to show how in playfulness, and a kind of daring, he yet preserves becoming reverence. It is from the 'Garden of Paradise,' a story which in some points ventures upon fancies which we feel rather too bold, and what a member of our church would have thought hazardous ground. The youthful adventurer loses his way in a wood, and is caught by a storm.

'He felt so faint, that he was ready to fall; when, all at once, he heard a strange sound, as if something were hissing, and he saw before him a large lighted cave. In the middle of this there was such an immense fire burning, that you might have roasted a stag at it; and that was just what was being done. The noblest stag that ever was seen, with a stately pair of antlers, was fastened to a spit a yard long; this was fixed between two pine-trees, that had been cut down close to the roots; and the meat was being turned round very quickly before the fire. An old woman, so tall and strong that she looked more like a man in disguise, was sitting close by, throwing one piece of wood on the fire after the other. "Come nearer," she cried, after saying "How do you do?—Sit down by me at the fire, and dry your clothes."

"But there is such a strong draught here," said the prince, in a fretful tone; and then he stretched his weary limbs on the ground.

"It will be much worse when my sons come home," answered the woman. "You are in the cave of the Winds, and my good sons are the four winds of the world. Can you understand that?"

"Where are your sons?" said the prince.

"Why, it is not easy to answer, when any one asks such foolish random questions," replied the woman. "My sons are having good sport to-day; they are playing at ball with the clouds in the large hall up there." And so saying, she pointed, with a look full of meaning, into the air, where the winds and waters were fiercest in their uproar.

"Ah, indeed!" said the prince. "But I think you speak rather harshly: not near so gently as the ladies with whom I usually live."

"Yes," said the old woman; "I dare say they have nothing else to do. But I must be as firm as a rock, if I wish to make my boisterous boys behave themselves to me. This I can do, however, although they are so stiff-necked and contrary. Do you see those large bags that are hanging against the wall? My sons are just as much afraid of them as you, in earlier times, were of the rod behind the looking-glass. In fact, I will not allow the clamorous lads to get the upper hand of me. When they make too much noise and racket, I just take and wind them round my finger, and into the bags they march, without more ado. There they stay closely tied up, and do not come out again to bluster and swagger till their mother thinks fit. But, see, here comes one of them!"

It was the North Wind who now entered the cave, attended by an icy coldness. Large hailstones bounded about as he moved, and leaped after him over the uneven ground, while snow-flakes fell whirling around him. He wore a jacket and trousers of bears'-skin; a cap, made of the skin of the sea-dog, fell loosely over his ears. Long icicles hung down his bristly beard, and one hail-stone after another came pattering down from the collar of his jerkin.

"Do not go all at once to the fire," said the prince, in a tone of warning; "the frost might easily seize on your hands and face!"

"Frost!" replied the North Wind, bursting into a hearty laugh; "Frost! that is just the greatest treat you could give me. What foolish weakly child of man are you? How, you little dwarf, did you get into our cave?"

"He is my guest," said the old woman; "and if this is not enough for you, you may march into your bag. Now you know what I mean, I hope?"

The words took effect; and the North Wind now told them which road he had taken last, and where he had been almost all that month.

"I am come from the polar sea," said he; "I have been with the Russian walrus-hunters on the Island of Bears. I was sitting and sleeping at the helm when they sailed out from the North-cape; and when I now and then awoke from my lazy doze, the affrighted storm-bird was fluttering saucily about my legs. What a droll bird that is! He makes a quick stroke with his wings, and then holding them quietly stretched out, he skims through the air as if he did not want them."

"Do not use too many words," said the gigantic Mother of the Winds, calling her son to order. "And so you arrived safely at the Island of the Bears?"

"Yes, indeed, and a delicious place it is. It makes a dancing-floor as flat as a plate. Plains of half-thawed snow, sprinkled here and there with tufts of moss, sharp stones, and all sorts of skeletons of walruses and polar bears, lay strewn on the ground, row upon row. They looked liked the arms and legs of fallen warriors on some vast field of battle. You would think the sun had never shone upon them. I gave a puff at the mist from the corner of my mouth, that I might gain a glimpse of the ponderous hut

which rests upon countless and endless colonnades. It was a house made of the motley fragments of wrecks, firmly fastened together, and so covered with walrus-leather as to be both air-proof and water-proof. The flesh side of the leather was turned outwards; and thus the walls looked like gleaming patchwork of red, green, and blue. On the top of the cupola, as if by way of ornament, a saucy bear sat growling. I hastened down the strand, took a peep at the birds'-nests, and the little callow young that had just broken the egg; and when they began chirping and opening their beaks so wide, I gave a gentle puff into their ten-thousand throats at once, and they learned to keep their mouths shut. Far down in the fathomless depths of the sea, walruses were rolling about like monstrous serpents, with swine's heads and alabaster teeth."

"You tell a story well, my lad," said his mother, with a look of pleasure; "it makes my mouth water to listen to you."

"So now we went cheerily to work. The harpoon sped straight into the walrus's breast, and the reeking blood gushed forth like a fountain over the ice. I will have my fun now, thought I; and then I gave some of my choicest morsels; I whistled them my newest bravuras, and I made my fastest sailors, the high rock-like icebergs, move forwards, one after the other, and hem in the boats, like iron nutcrackers playing with brittle nutshells. Heigho, what a whistling and hallooing there was! But I drowned it all with my shrill song. They had to unload the ship of the dead walruses, chests, casks, and cordage, on the trackless fields of ice. I powdered them right and left with snow-flakes heavy as lead; and at last, after they had restored the sea the booty they had wrung from it, I sent them drifting southward in their shattered vessels to get a taste of salt water. Sure enough, they will never bend their course to the Island of Bears again."

"Then you did wrong there," said the Mother of the Winds, rebuking him.

"What good I did, I leave others to tell," said he; "but here is my brave little brother, the West Wind, coming."

The Good Genius, too, is merry on the grand features of Nature. Andersen has given us the North Wind; here we have the Sun, in his setting majesty:—

'Once upon a time, a young woodman sat on the trunk of a tree that he had just felled. He'd had a tough day's work of it, no doubt; but still, the heart of such a forest, at such an hour, wasn't exactly the place or time for a body to take his rest in; yet there the young wood-man sat, as if he had got all the afternoon before him; instead of which, the rising breeze of sundown began to make the trees shiver again, and the bright eye of Day was now fast getting bloodshot with the coming cold of Night, while the shadows of things had no longer the jolly plumpness of Noon, but were long, and thin, and miserable-looking, as though they were nipped and pinched-up with the growing chilliness of the evening air. Why, then, does the man continue to sit there? Why doesn't he go home? For, see, the sun is flickering in the socket of the west.'

And, again, Morning is announced under the following graceful figure:—'Aurora had just begun to light her fire in the grate of the East, and the old sun was still snug under the blankets of the horizon.'

To show that this author, intolerable as such images are, can yet describe well, and that it is choice rather than the necessity

of his nature, which makes him vulgar, we give the following picture of a city suddenly starting into being through the agency of the Good Genius:—

‘Silvio had scarcely expressed his approval of the site, when the following words were heard ringing through the air:—

“Where wild beasts have made their lair,  
Man shall sleep in safety there!  
Where weeds cumber up the plain,  
There shall wave the golden grain!  
So up with walls!—with thickets down,  
Till the wild becomes the town!”

‘Immediately the prince and princess saw some half-dozen white huts shoot up, huddled together beside the dark wood, and a red road run like lightning along the plains towards the river, which flowed in the distance like a silken riband streaming in the wind. Then they beheld larger and higher houses start out of the ground, and the wood grow thinner and thinner; while the buildings, instead of being jumbled together in small clusters, now began to stretch themselves into order, and the thread-like streets to radiate as the fibres of a spider’s web. Then Silvio pointed out to the wondering princess how the river was curving from its course, and winding itself half round the growing town, like a rim of burnished silver; and then how bridges were being flung from bank to bank. Suddenly they saw a hundred gilded domes bubble up skimming in the sun like bells of gold, and the distant city bristle with countless minarets, slender as spears. Then they could perceive a massive wall coil itself round the town, and gird it in as with a belt of stone, and the neighbouring wild become mapped into fields and gardens, and grow tessellated with culture; and then they heard a thousand voices in the air, crying—“Peace be unto Silvio, King of the City of the Diamond waters.”’

We must notice the illustrations of this little book by George Cruikshank as very successful. They enter into the feeling and idea of the author; in these days a very rare merit. The scene of the forest in course of its transformation into a fleet, with its swarms of tiny artisans; and again, that of the rock changing into a palace, are very graceful and imaginative.

To pass on to the next on our list,—‘The Silver Swan, a Fairy Tale, by Madame de Chatelain.’

Here the title, the euphonous name of the authoress, and the form and getting-up of the book in its delicate white-and-gold binding, all contribute to one great deception. Instead of being some pretty and graceful fancy of a *lady’s* imagination, as all these externals would lead one to suppose, it is a satire on inn-keepers, parvenus, bishops, the aristocracy, and the world in general; while the ‘Silver Swan,’ the head and front of all this offending, is no other than a public-house sign. Every character is mean and selfish—so entirely so, as to deprive the story of any small interest it might otherwise have possessed; while the style combines a little cleverness with a great deal of vulgarity, not unmingled with profaneness. It is

painful to see Fairyland so intruded upon. In fact, however, all the supernatural is included in a red nightcap, which makes money. We may class this book with those odious travesties of the old nursery tales which some publishers think it worth their while to get up expensively, and which we therefore conclude some people buy for their children; though it is impossible they should derive amusement from them, but at the expense of worthier feelings.

As a specimen of the work before us, we give the following scene with a bishop, the only professedly religious person in the work. He arrives at the inn just after its owner has become possessed of the money-making nightcap; and, after a great deal of hypocritical talk, is riding off with a sackful of gold, having previously 'opened it to ascertain whether all *was* gold that glitters, and eyed its contents with a greedy look:—

'Meanwhile, as Kaspar was accompanying the bishop across the yard, a thought struck him, and he said, "Reverend father, I wish to be a baron; will it please your holiness to make me one, and to make Gertrude a Baroness?"

"My son," said the bishop, "it is not in my power to grant your wish."

"Then make me a duke," persisted Kaspar, "and that will do as well."

"Neither duke nor baron can I make," answered the bishop meekly; "it behoves me not to dispense earthly titles; that rests with our monarch."

"Then, father," continued Kaspar, "as you are hand and glove with both kings and popes, pray get me made a baron, for I wish of all things to be noble; and every year will I send you such another sack of gold for your poor parishioners."

'The bait was as tempting as if a more cunning mind than Kaspar's had devised it; and the bishop replied: "Although your wish is rather too worldly a one, my good son, for me to enter into, yet your pious intentions redeem the vanity of such a desire; and I should be to blame if I deprived the poor of such a munificent gift, for want of attempting what my feeble credit may achieve."

"You may be sure, father, that the sack shall hold full measure," observed Kaspar, to clench the favourable leaning of the holy man.

"God's will be done in all things!" ejaculated the bishop, "and if it be his intention to ennoble your race, I know not why I, his humble servant, should attempt to thwart his decrees."

'So saying, the bishop pronounced the parting benediction, and the carriage drove off somewhat heavier than it had arrived.'

The practical lesson to be drawn from this by the children who are amused by it, is, that all men, whatever they profess, love money, and will do anything to obtain it. In the same way the tendency of the following passage is to teach little girls to think about getting married, and to feel the paramount importance of being so. The young ladies spoken of are the daughters of a nobleman, who takes up his quarters yearly, during the season, at the inn at Ems, kept once more by the hero of the nightcap, after his short reign of splendour.

'At all events if the Count's family were quick to perceive that their old acquaintance was about to rise again in the world, and that it was politic to renew their intimacy, and to send back the carriage with their compliments and thanks,—Kaspar, on the other hand, was not slow in discerning all the use that might be made of such well-born personages as baits to catch customers; and this kind of angling succeeded so well that the noble family was always entertained scot-free at the Silver Swan—or the Castle, as they chose to call it—on the tacit agreement of the Count's bringing each season a certain number of gudgeons, to whom, during the winter, which he now always spent in town, he had diligently recommended the waters of Ems as a cure for every disease under the sun. Even the young ladies abetted their papa's puffing system by inveigling every man that flirted with them to meet them at Ems, where their paternal castle was situated, as they averred;—and, indeed, so well did the scheme answer for all parties, that, at the end of a few years, Ottilie married a lame Landgrave, who came to the waters in the hope of being soon well enough to dance a saraband; and Frederike was fain to take up with a Piedmontese ambassador, old enough to be her father, who had fancied he should be restored to youth by a trip to this second fountain of youth.'

We could multiply instances, but our readers will have had enough.

As some relief and refreshment, after so much that is disagreeable, we now propose to introduce them to 'the Good-natured Bear,' a courteous and well-mannered beast, who, we hope, will atone to them for what the 'Silver Swan' has made them endure. There is, indeed, so much talent and humour in this story, that we have real pleasure in proclaiming its English origin, in spite of the scene being laid in Germany,—a circumstance which could not be avoided, both because it *is* conceivable that a bear should be born in or near Germany, which it is not, we are thankful to say, in England, and also (and this is the great point of necessity) because it is certain and inevitable that if a bear could ever talk at all, he would do so in the German language.

Instead of dwelling long on the merits of the story, our reader shall himself be the judge, and, to enable him to be so, we purpose making our extracts somewhat longer than the size of the book might otherwise warrant.

The scene lies in the country-house of a certain Dr. Littlepump; where, one Christmas evening, his children are entertaining a party of young companions. Besides these little folks, there were the learned Doctor and his lady; Grechen the charming nursery-governess; a certain uncle Abraham with a dry silent manner and twinkling eyes, who walks off very early to bed; and the three servants of the house. The festivities of the evening had been carried on for some time with infinite glee, when they were broken in upon in the following manner:—

'It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and the snow lying deep

upon the ground, when a stout gentleman, in a very rough coat and fur boots, got down from the outside of the Dresden diligence, which had stopped just in front of Dr. Littlepump's door. The large street-lamp, that hung in the middle of the street by a chain fixed to the upper part of the Doctor's house and the upper part of the house opposite, was a very fine lamp with large reflectors inside, and an ornamental top of Prussian blue and gold. All the children were crowding round the windows in a trice, to look at the diligence and the gentleman who had got down.

'Besides his very rough coat and fur boots, the children now perceived that the stout gentleman had also a short cloak, and a pair of large fur gloves, and that he wore a white hunting-hat, with the usual round crown and broad brim, but with an uncommonly handsome green cord and tassel. The hat was pulled down almost over his eyes, so that his face could not be seen; and he had an immense orange-coloured woollen comforter round his throat, which the yellow gleam of the lamp shone upon.

'The diligence now drove on, and left the stout gentleman standing in the middle of the street. It was a fine clear winter's night, but he had, no doubt, found it very cold travelling outside, notwithstanding his rough coat, his fur boots and gloves, his short cloak, and his orange comforter.

'The stout gentleman first shook the snow from his cloak, on the shoulder of which much snow had collected, and he made it fly about on all sides, as he shook himself. After this, he began to stamp with his feet to warm them, and it looked like a clumsy dance in a little circle, which made all the children laugh. The next thing he did was to give himself a good rubbing on the breast, and he did it in so awkward a way, that it had all the appearance of a great clumsy creature giving itself a scratch; and though the children thought, of course, that this clumsiness was only in consequence of the very thick sleeves of the rough coat, which would not allow the gentleman's arms and hands to move with ease and grace, still it looked so funny that the children laughed louder than before. They were almost afraid he would hear it through the windows. The next thing the stout gentleman did was to draw forth an immense pocket-handkerchief of bright grass green, with a broad crimson border, and with this he began to dust his nose, to knock off the sleet and frost-work, and also to rub and warm his nose, which seemed to be very large and long, and to require great attention.

'When the children saw the gentleman do this, they could contain themselves no longer, but all burst out into a loud shout of laughter. The stout gentleman instantly stopped, and began to look round him in all directions, to see where the laughing came from. The children all ceased laughing and became suddenly quiet. The stout gentleman turned round and round, looking up and down at every window of every house near him; till at last his eyes rested upon the three parlour windows of Dr. Littlepump's house, which were crowded with faces. No sooner had he done this, than he advanced towards the house with a long stride and an angry air.

'In an instant all the children ran from the window, crying out—"Here he comes! here he comes!"

'Presently a scraping was heard upon the steps of the door, and then a loud knock! The children all ran to their seats and sat quite silent, looking at each other. Dr. Littlepump walked twice across the room with a serious face, and then stood still, looking down upon the floor. Not a word was spoken. Gretchen covered her face with her handkerchief, and Lydia, Dorothea and Wallis (the three servants), huddled up almost behind the iron pipe of the stove, all pretended to be warming their hands. None of them liked to go to open the door. The room was so silent you might almost have heard a feather fall. Now came a louder knock! Then another! and then a ringing of the bell!

"I am sorry," observed Mrs. Littlepump, "that the stout gentleman is so much offended."

"I don't very well know what to say to him," said Dr. Littlepump. Again came the ringing at the bell!

"Lydia," said Dr. Littlepump, "you must open the door, I fancy."

"Dorothea," said Lydia, looking affectionately at the cook, "do just go to the door."

"Wallis," said Dorothea, looking affectionately at the gardener, "you know how many a nice baked potatoe I have given you, before and after dinner; do just open the door."

Wallis took off his spectacles, and sat with his mouth open. Again came the ringing at the bell, and a knocking at the same time.

"Somebody," exclaimed Dr. Littlepump, extending both hands, as if in the act of addressing a large assembly, "somebody must go!"

Upon this, Gretchen rose. "Oh! don't you go, Gretchen, dearest," cried little Val.; "let Wallis go." But Gretchen promised to run away as soon as she had opened the door, and with this assurance she was allowed to go; both Nancy and Valentine continuing to call after her,—*"be sure you run back to us as fast as ever you can!"*

The children sat listening with all their ears, sitting as still as mice who think they hear something. Presently they *did* hear something. It was the snap of the lock, the creaking of the door, and a scrambling noise! The scrambling noise was made by Gretchen, who came running back into the room quite out of breath, crying, "Oh, such a nose!—such a dirty face!—don't ask me anything!"

There was no time for any questions,—a slow heavy footstep was heard in the hall—then in the passage—then the parlour door opened wide, and in walked the stout gentleman with the rough coat! He had, indeed, a prodigious nose, both long and broad, and as dark as the shadow of a hill. He advanced only a pace or two into the room, and then stood still, looking at Dr. Littlepump, who was the only other person who ventured to stand up.

"I believe I have the honour," said the stout gentleman, making a low bow, but without taking off his hunting-hat or comforter—"I believe I have the honour of addressing no less a person than Mr. Dr. Littlepump, chief Councillor to the Austrian Branch of the Tommy Mines of Seringapatam!"

Dr. Littlepump bowed. He held the office of Councillor to a Board of mines in Vienna, where he made a speech now and then in the summer months. The strange gentleman's designation of his post was not quite correct, nor did the Doctor even know what a "Tommy mine" might be; however, he thought it best not to interrupt.

"If," continued the stout gentleman, "if I had not known it was impossible that so learned a Councillor could deliberately allow anybody to be insulted from the windows of his country-house, I should have felt myself extremely indignant upon the present very serious occasion. It may have produced merriment to our young friends here, but it is a serious thing to me."

"Sir," said Dr. Littlepump, recovering his usual composure,—*"it grieves me excessively that your feelings should have been hurt by the laughter of my children and their little friends; but, Sir, I can assure you no harm was meant by it—in fact, they did not intend to laugh—only it happened."*

The apology is received in good part, and after more civilities,  
NO. LVIII.—N.S. S

by which the stout gentleman is evidently affected, Mrs. Littlepump says:—

"Pray, Sir, do take off your coat, and let me beg of you to let our gardener relieve you of your short cloak and fur boots. Lay your fur gloves, also, aside, and permit us to have the pleasure of seeing you take a seat among us round the stove."

"Oh, ye green woods, dark nights, and rocky caves hidden with hanging weeds, why do I so well remember ye?" exclaimed the stout gentleman, again clasping his fur gloves together. "I will relieve my mind and tell you all. My rough coat—companion of my childhood, and which has grown with my growth—I cannot lay aside. It grows to my skin, Madam. My fur gloves are nature's gift. They were bought at no shop, Mrs. Littlepump. My fur boots are as much a part of me as my beard. I cannot shave my feet, most respected and excellent married lady. I am indeed a foreigner, as to society. I was born in no city, town, or village, nor in a bed; but in a cave full of dry leaves and soft twigs. I left my native place owing to a domestic calamity; I applied myself very hard to study, till at last, by various means, which I cannot now explain, I acquired the art of speaking the German language; but, the truth is, I am not a man—but a bear!"

"As he uttered these words the stout gentleman took off his orange-coloured comforter, his short coat, and his hat,—and sure enough a bear he was, and one of the largest that ever was seen!

\* \* \* \* \*

"I trust," said Dr. Littlepump, after a minute's reflection, "I trust that this discovery, this casting off all disguise, produces no change in the nature and habits you have acquired in civilized communities. It is impossible to think so. I feel sure that I am addressing a 'gentleman'—that is to say, a most gentlemanly specimen of your species."

"Banish all suspicion from your breast, Mr. Doctor," said the bear; "neither you, nor any of those I see around, ever need apprehend a single rude hug from me, such as many of my ancestors were too apt to give. But when I give a hug, it is only in the manner of the best-bred people of the time."

"As the bear said this, he cast a tender look, sideways, at Dorothea; and the thought of receiving such a mark of regard from the bear, made her face turn white and red by turns, and then a little blue.

"Oh! we feel quite satisfied," said Mrs. Littlepump, with her most courteous smile, "that your conduct will be of the very best kind. Pray take a seat near the fire. The children will all make room for you."

"She had scarcely uttered the last words, when the children all made room enough in a trice, and more than enough, as they crowded back as far as they could, and left a large open circle opposite the stove. The bear laid one paw upon his grateful breast, and advanced towards the fire-place.

"Permit me," said he, "to begin with warming my nose." As the door of the stove was now closed, the bear bent his head down, and moved his nose backwards and forwards in a sort of semi-circle, seeming to enjoy it very much. "As my nose," said he, "is very long, the tip of it must necessarily be the first part to get cold, because it is so far off my face, where the circulation of the blood is rendered sufficiently quick and warm by the comfortable thickness of my beard; my nose, I fear, may not seem a well-shaped one, but it is a capital smeller. I used to be able, when at the distance of several miles, to smell—ahem!" And here the bear checked himself suddenly. He was evidently going to say something of his life at

home in the woods, that would not be thought very nice in Dr. Littlepump's parlour. But he just caught himself up in time. In doing this, however, his confusion at the moment had made him neglect to observe that a part of the stove was again red-hot; so that approaching too closely, he all at once burnt the tip of his nose!

'The children would certainly have laughed, but as the bear started back, he immediately looked round the room; so every body was afraid to laugh. It was evident that the nose he had been boasting of so much could not smell fire.'

Encouraged and softened by the kindness of his reception, the bear proposes to tell his history, and a very philosophical one it is. The following description of his infantine sensations goes near to lift up the impenetrable veil which hangs over our human babyhood:—

'My mother took me to a retired part of the forest, where few animals ever came, and, telling me that I must now stand alone, extended both paws, and slowly lowered me towards the earth. The height, as I looked down, seemed terrible, and I felt my legs kick in the air with fear of I did not know what, till suddenly I felt four hard things, and no motion. It was the fixed earth beneath my four infant legs.

'“Now,” said my mother, “you are what is called standing alone!”

'But what she said I heard as in a dream. With my back in the air, as though it rested on a wooden trussel,—with my nose poking out straight, snuffing the fresh breeze, and the many scents of the woods,—my ears pricking and shooting with all sorts of new sounds, to wonder at, to want to have, to love, or to tumble down at,—and my eyes staring before me full of light, and confused gold, and dancing things, I seemed to be in a condition over which I had no power to effect the least change, and in which I must remain fixed till some wonderful thing happened. But the firm voice of my mother came to my assistance, and I heard her tell me to look upon the earth beneath me, and see where I was. First, I looked up among the boughs, then sideway at my shoulder, then I squinted at the tip of my nose—all by mistake and innocence; at last, I bent my nose in despair, and saw my fore-paws standing, and this of course was right. The first thing that caught my attention, being the first thing I saw distinctly, was a little blue flower with a bright jewel in the middle, which I afterwards found was a drop of dew. Sometimes I thought this little blue darling was so close that it almost touched my eyes; and certainly the odour of it was up in my head; sometimes I thought it was deep down, a long way off. When I bent my face towards it to give it a kiss, it seemed just where it was, though I had not done what I had thought to do.

'The next thing I saw upon the ground was a soft-looking little creature, that crawled along with a round ball upon the middle of its back, of a beautiful white colour, with brown and red curling stripes. The creature moved very, very slowly, and appeared always to follow the opinion and advice of two long horns on its head, that went feeling about on all sides. Presently it slowly approached my right fore-paw, and I wondered how I should feel or smell, or hear it, as it went over my toes; but the instant one of the horns touched the hair of my paw, both horns shrunk into nothing, and presently came out again, and the creature slowly moved away in another direction. While I was wondering at this strange proceeding—for I never thought of hurting the creature, not knowing how to hurt anything, and what should have made the horns fancy otherwise,—while, then, I was wondering at this, my attention was suddenly drawn to

upon the ground, when a stout gentleman, in a very rough coat and fur boots, got down from the outside of the Dresden diligence, which had stopped just in front of Dr. Littlepump's door. The large street-lamp, that hung in the middle of the street by a chain fixed to the upper part of the Doctor's house and the upper part of the house opposite, was a very fine lamp with large reflectors inside, and an ornamental top of Prussian blue and gold. All the children were crowding round the windows in a trice, to look at the diligence and the gentleman who had got down.

'Besides his very rough coat and fur boots, the children now perceived that the stout gentleman had also a short cloak, and a pair of large fur gloves, and that he wore a white hunting-hat, with the usual round crown and broad brim, but with an uncommonly handsome green cord and tassel. The hat was pulled down almost over his eyes, so that his face could not be seen; and he had an immense orange-coloured woollen comforter round his throat, which the yellow gleam of the lamp shone upon.

'The diligence now drove on, and left the stout gentleman standing in the middle of the street. It was a fine clear winter's night, but he had, no doubt, found it very cold travelling outside, notwithstanding his rough coat, his fur boots and gloves, his short cloak, and his orange comforter.

'The stout gentleman first shook the snow from his cloak, on the shoulder of which much snow had collected, and he made it fly about on all sides, as he shook himself. After this, he began to stamp with his feet to warm them, and it looked like a clumsy dance in a little circle, which made all the children laugh. The next thing he did was to give himself a good rubbing on the breast, and he did it in so awkward a way, that it had all the appearance of a great clumsy creature giving itself a scratch; and though the children thought, of course, that this clumsiness was only in consequence of the very thick sleeves of the rough coat, which would not allow the gentleman's arms and hands to move with ease and grace, still it looked so funny that the children laughed louder than before. They were almost afraid he would hear it through the windows. The next thing the stout gentleman did was to draw forth an immense pocket-handkerchief of bright grass green, with a broad crimson border, and with this he began to dust his nose, to knock off the sleet and frost-work, and also to rub and warm his nose, which seemed to be very large and long, and to require great attention.

'When the children saw the gentleman do this, they could contain themselves no longer, but all burst out into a loud shout of laughter. The stout gentleman instantly stopped, and began to look round him in all directions, to see where the laughing came from. The children all ceased laughing and became suddenly quiet. The stout gentleman turned round and round, looking up and down at every window of every house near him; till at last his eyes rested upon the three parlour windows of Dr. Littlepump's house, which were crowded with faces. No sooner had he done this, than he advanced towards the house with a long stride and an angry air.

'In an instant all the children ran from the window, crying out—"Here he comes! here he comes!"

'Presently a scraping was heard upon the steps of the door, and then a loud knock! The children all ran to their seats and sat quite silent, looking at each other. Dr. Littlepump walked twice across the room with a serious face, and then stood still, looking down upon the floor. Not a word was spoken. Gretchen covered her face with her handkerchief, and Lydia, Dorothea and Wallis (the three servants), huddled up almost behind the iron pipe of the stove, all pretended to be warming their hands. None of them liked to go to open the door. The room was so silent you might almost have heard a feather fall. Now came a louder knock! Then another! and then a ringing of the bell!

"I am sorry," observed Mrs. Littlepump, "that the stout gentleman is so much offended."

"I don't very well know what to say to him," said Dr. Littlepump. Again came the ringing at the bell!

"Lydia," said Dr. Littlepump, "you must open the door, I fancy."

"Dorothea," said Lydia, looking affectionately at the cook, "do just go to the door."

"Wallis," said Dorothea, looking affectionately at the gardener, "you know how many a nice baked potatoe I have given you, before and after dinner; do just open the door."

Wallis took off his spectacles, and sat with his mouth open. Again came the ringing at the bell, and a knocking at the same time.

"Somebody," exclaimed Dr. Littlepump, extending both hands, as if in the act of addressing a large assembly, "somebody must go!"

Upon this, Gretchen rose. "Oh! don't you go, Gretchen, dearest," cried little Val.; "let Wallis go." But Gretchen promised to run away as soon as she had opened the door, and with this assurance she was allowed to go; both Nancy and Valentine continuing to call after her,—*"be sure you run back to us as fast as ever you can!"*

The children sat listening with all their ears, sitting as still as mice who think they hear something. Presently they *did* hear something. It was the snap of the lock, the creaking of the door, and a scrambling noise! The scrambling noise was made by Gretchen, who came running back into the room quite out of breath, crying, "Oh, such a nose!—such a dirty face!—don't ask me anything!"

There was no time for any questions,—a slow heavy footstep was heard in the hall—then in the passage—then the parlour door opened wide, and in walked the stout gentleman with the rough coat! He had, indeed, a prodigious nose, both long and broad, and as dark as the shadow of a hill. He advanced only a pace or two into the room, and then stood still, looking at Dr. Littlepump, who was the only other person who ventured to stand up.

"I believe I have the honour," said the stout gentleman, making a low bow, but without taking off his hunting-hat or comforter—"I believe I have the honour of addressing no less a person than Mr. Dr. Littlepump, chief Councillor to the Austrian Branch of the Tommy Mines of Seringapatam!"

Dr. Littlepump bowed. He held the office of Councillor to a Board of mines in Vienna, where he made a speech now and then in the summer months. The strange gentleman's designation of his post was not quite correct, nor did the Doctor even know what a "Tommy mine" might be; however, he thought it best not to interrupt.

"If," continued the stout gentleman, "if I had not known it was impossible that so learned a Councillor could deliberately allow anybody to be insulted from the windows of his country-house, I should have felt myself extremely indignant upon the present very serious occasion. It may have produced merriment to our young friends here, but it is a serious thing to me."

"Sir," said Dr. Littlepump, recovering his usual composure,—*"it grieves me excessively that your feelings should have been hurt by the laughter of my children and their little friends; but, Sir, I can assure you no harm was meant by it—in fact, they did not intend to laugh—only it happened."*

The apology is received in good part, and after more civilities,  
NO. LVIII.—N.S. s

by which the stout gentleman is evidently affected, Mrs. Littlepump says:—

"Pray, Sir, do take off your coat, and let me beg of you to let our gardener relieve you of your short cloak and fur boots. Lay your fur gloves, also, aside, and permit us to have the pleasure of seeing you take a seat among us round the stove."

"Oh, ye green woods, dark nights, and rocky caves hidden with hanging weeds, why do I so well remember ye?" exclaimed the stout gentleman, again clasping his fur gloves together. "I will relieve my mind and tell you all. My rough coat—companion of my childhood, and which has grown with my growth—I cannot lay aside. It grows to my skin, Madam. My fur gloves are nature's gift. They were bought at no shop, Mrs. Littlepump. My fur boots are as much a part of me as my beard. I cannot shave my feet, most respected and excellent married lady. I am indeed a foreigner, as to society. I was born in no city, town, or village, nor in a bed; but in a cave full of dry leaves and soft twigs. I left my native place owing to a domestic calamity; I applied myself very hard to study, till at last, by various means, which I cannot now explain, I acquired the art of speaking the German language; but, the truth is, I am not a man—but a bear!"

"As he uttered these words the stout gentleman took off his orange coloured comforter, his short coat, and his hat,—and sure enough a bear he was, and one of the largest that ever was seen!

\* \* \* \* \*

"I trust," said Dr. Littlepump, after a minute's reflection, "I trust that this discovery, this casting off all disguise, produces no change in the nature and habits you have acquired in civilized communities. It is impossible to think so. I feel sure that I am addressing a 'gentleman'—that is to say, a most gentlemanly specimen of your species."

"Banish all suspicion from your breast, Mr. Doctor," said the bear; "neither you, nor any of those I see around, ever need apprehend a single rude hug from me, such as many of my ancestors were too apt to give. But when I give a hug, it is only in the manner of the best-bred people of the time."

"As the bear said this, he cast a tender look, sideways, at Dorothea; and the thought of receiving such a mark of regard from the bear, made her face turn white and red by turns, and then a little blue.

"Oh! we feel quite satisfied," said Mrs. Littlepump, with her most courteous smile, "that your conduct will be of the very best kind. Pray take a seat near the fire. The children will all make room for you."

"She had scarcely uttered the last words, when the children all made room enough in a trice, and more than enough, as they crowded back as far as they could, and left a large open circle opposite the stove. The bear laid one paw upon his grateful breast, and advanced towards the fire-place.

"Permit me," said he, "to begin with warming my nose." As the door of the stove was now closed, the bear bent his head down, and moved his nose backwards and forwards in a sort of semi-circle, seeming to enjoy it very much. "As my nose," said he, "is very long, the tip of it must necessarily be the first part to get cold, because it is so far off my face, where the circulation of the blood is rendered sufficiently quick and warm by the comfortable thickness of my beard; my nose, I fear, may not seem a well-shaped one, but it is a capital smeller. I used to be able, when at the distance of several miles, to smell—ahem!" And here the bear checked himself suddenly. He was evidently going to say something of his life at

home in the woods, that would not be thought very nice in Dr. Littlepump's parlour. But he just caught himself up in time. In doing this, however, his confusion at the moment had made him neglect to observe that a part of the stove was again red-hot; so that approaching too closely, he all at once burnt the tip of his nose!

'The children would certainly have laughed, but as the bear started back, he immediately looked round the room; so every body was afraid to laugh. It was evident that the nose he had been boasting of so much could not smell fire.'

Encouraged and softened by the kindness of his reception, the bear proposes to tell his history, and a very philosophical one it is. The following description of his infantine sensations goes near to lift up the impenetrable veil which hangs over our human babyhood:—

'My mother took me to a retired part of the forest, where few animals ever came, and, telling me that I must now stand alone, extended both paws, and slowly lowered me towards the earth. The height, as I looked down, seemed terrible, and I felt my legs kick in the air with fear of I did not know what, till suddenly I felt four hard things, and no motion. It was the fixed earth beneath my four infant legs.

"Now," said my mother, "you are what is called standing alone!" But what she said I heard as in a dream. With my back in the air, as though it rested on a wooden trussel,—with my nose poking out straight, snuffing the fresh breeze, and the many scents of the woods,—my ears pricking and shooting with all sorts of new sounds, to wonder at, to want to have, to love, or to tumble down at,—and my eyes staring before me full of light, and confused gold, and dancing things, I seemed to be in a condition over which I had no power to effect the least change, and in which I must remain fixed till some wonderful thing happened. But the firm voice of my mother came to my assistance, and I heard her tell me to look upon the earth beneath me, and see where I was. First, I looked up among the boughs, then sideway at my shoulder, then I squinted at the tip of my nose—all by mistake and innocence; at last, I bent my nose in despair, and saw my fore-paws standing, and this of course was right. The first thing that caught my attention, being the first thing I saw distinctly, was a little blue flower with a bright jewel in the middle, which I afterwards found was a drop of dew. Sometimes I thought this little blue darling was so close that it almost touched my eyes; and certainly the odour of it was up in my head; sometimes I thought it was deep down, a long way off. When I bent my face towards it to give it a kiss, it seemed just where it was, though I had not done what I had thought to do.

'The next thing I saw upon the ground was a soft-looking little creature, that crawled along with a round ball upon the middle of its back, of a beautiful white colour, with brown and red curling stripes. The creature moved very, very slowly, and appeared always to follow the opinion and advice of two long horns on its head, that went feeling about on all sides. Presently it slowly approached my right fore-paw, and I wondered how I should feel or smell, or hear it, as it went over my toes; but the instant one of the horns touched the hair of my paw, both horns shrunk into nothing, and presently came out again, and the creature slowly moved away in another direction. While I was wondering at this strange proceeding—for I never thought of hurting the creature, not knowing how to hurt anything, and what should have made the horns fancy otherwise,—while, then, I was wondering at this, my attention was suddenly drawn to

a tuft of moss on my right, near a hollow trunk. Out of this green tuft, looked a pair of very bright round, small eyes, which were staring up at me.

‘If I had known how to walk, I should have stepped back a few steps when I saw those bright little eyes, but I never ventured to lift a paw from the earth, since my mother had first set me down, nor did I know how to do so, or what were the proper thoughts and motions to begin with. So I stood looking at the eyes; and presently I saw that the head was yellow, and all the face and throat yellow, and that it had a large mouth. “What you have just seen,” said my mother, “we call a snail; and what you now see is a frog.” The names, however, did not at all help me to understand. Why the first should have turned from my paw so suddenly, and why this creature should continue to stare up at me in such a manner, I could not conceive. I expected, however, that it would soon come slowly crawling forth, and then I should see whether it would also avoid me in the same manner. I now observed that its body and breast were double somehow, and that its paws were very large for its size, but had no hair upon them, which I thought was probably occasioned by its slow crawling having rubbed it all off. I had scarcely made all these observations and reflections, when a beam of light breaking through the trees, the creature suddenly gave a great leap right up under my nose, and I, thinking the world was at an end, instantly fell flat down on one side, and lay there waiting!’

‘The next day my mother gave me my first lesson in walking, as she considered I had stood alone very well, and should not have fallen but for the accident of the sunbeam and the frog. She took me to a nice smooth sandy place in the forest, not far from home, and, setting me down carefully, said, “Walk.” But I remained just where I was! If a child with only two legs feels puzzled which leg it should move first, and how; or if it should move both together and how,—whether by a jump or a slide; judge of the multiplied puzzles of a young bear under such circumstances. Shall I, said I to myself,—or at least I felt as if I said so,—shall I move my right front paw first, or my left; or my right hind leg, or my left? Shall I first move the two front legs both at the same time, and then the two hind legs?—or my two hind legs first, and then my two front legs? Should I move the right front leg, and the right hind leg at the same time, or the left front leg and the right hind leg? Shall I try to move all four at once, and how, and which way? Or shall I move three legs at once, in order to push myself on, while one leg remains for me to balance my body upon; and, if so, which three legs should move, and which one should be the leg to balance upon? Amidst all these confusing thoughts and feelings—common to all young bears, and many other quadrupeds, no doubt, but which the generations of mankind now hear of for the first time—I was afraid to move in any way whatever, and I believe I should have been standing there to this day, had not my mother, with a slow bowing and bending motion of the head and back bone, gracefully passed and repassed me several times, saying, “So, child!—leave off thinking, and walk!”

‘My mother was right: directly I left off thinking about it, I found myself walking. O, what a wonderful and clever young gentleman I felt myself! I went ploughing along with such a serious face upon the ground! I soon ran my head against one or two trees and a bit of rock, each of which I saw very well before I did so; only I thought they would get out of my way, or slip aside, or that my head would go softly through them; my mother therefore took me up and carried me, till we arrived within a short distance of our cave. In front of it there was a large space of high grass, through which a regular path had been worn by the feet of my father and mother, who always liked to keep in the path as it was an old habit.

At the beginning of this path, my mother placed me upon the ground, and told me I must walk to the cave in the pathway all by myself. This was a great task for me; I thought I should never be able to keep in such a narrow line, and felt giddy as I looked first on one side, then on the other, expecting every instant to tumble over into the high grass and be drowned, or sink and roll away into another state of existence. However, I managed to get to the cave without any accident.'

But we must not attempt to follow the bear through his various adventures, singular as they are, nor describe the heroic obstinacy of his father and its fate—nor the other wonders of this veracious history—as we have already exceeded our limits, and can only further refer our reader to the book itself to satisfy any curiosity we may have raised.

From modern Fairy lore we pass to ancient—to a dear old friend in a new dress,—‘The Lady Ella.’ The authoress of ‘Hymns and Scenes of Childhood’ has won for herself, among those acquainted with that beautiful little work, a welcome for whatever she may next bring before them; otherwise we should have had small expectation of pleasure from a poetical version of Cinderella, which this poem is! All attempts to enlarge or fill out those earliest favourites of the imagination are dangerous ones, as any developing or spiritualizing of such histories is pretty sure to jar upon fancies in the same direction which each mind has unconsciously worked out for itself. To compare small things with infinitely great ones, the attempt in idea is too like those long paraphrases of Scripture incidents which writers often delight in, but which, in all but gifted hands, give pain and weariness rather than edification to the reader.

In the case of ‘The Lady Ella,’ however, we think the difficulty has been successfully conquered. All the incidents and the general tone of Cinderella-proper are preserved, and those features and circumstances which are added are in keeping with the rest. Even the sudden conversion of the two proud sisters-in-law, —a stumbling-block to some scrupulous persons,—but which is a point of the history we are disposed to be jealous for, is adhered to; and, after a short but sincere repentance, they marry two gentlemen of the court, as we always believed them to do. Woe to us if men always got their full deserts, and forgiveness and mercy were of no avail! The additions to the original simplicity of the narrative are sketches of the father and mother of the heroine, on the two May-days which saw their marriage and her birth;—May-day being, throughout, the eventful, fatal day of the piece. After their death there is the more important novelty of a humble devoted friend, who is the means of some pretty scenes. The Prince, too, is a more important personage, and the lovers are represented as having beheld one another in dreams, as an excuse, we presume, for the

heroine's so readily yielding her heart. Also some fresh and bright descriptions are given of the dawn, from which we are led to infer the benefits of early rising, and the invigorating nature of the morning air.

There is no taste in which children more widely differ than in a love of verse. Some consider it so great a hindrance to the flow of the story, such a bar to natural expression in the characters, so huge an addition to the trouble of reading and extracting the sense, that they hardly regard a story in verse as a story at all, but look upon it as a task, and as such discard it, if the matter is left to their own option. Nor is this any sign that in maturer years they may not become real lovers of poetry. Its use and meaning will then dawn upon them. They will find themselves invested with another taste, and their eyes be enlightened to enjoy a new pleasure. With others there is no such gradual breaking; the sweet sing-song of numbers is delightful to their earliest intelligence. Hymns and songs and rhymes are on their tongue's end before their lips can frame the words; and while this indiscriminate taste is in them, the music of verse atones often for the want of most things beside. It gives pathos to what is insipid, meaning to the senseless, and grace to the vulgar. And, perhaps throughout life, when roused from this first unjudging affection, theirs will still be the more ready and spontaneous pleasure in the poet's labours; though this very facility may render them less accurate judges and critics, as being less *thoughtful* readers, and swayed by early likings and prejudices.

To such youthful devotees this book will give great pleasure. There is a variety in the measure, and a flow and smoothness in the versification, which will gratify their ear; while it possesses, besides, so much feeling and play of fancy, as will tempt the lovers of prose to read for the story's sake. As an example, we give the following pretty and graceful description of the Fairy, and her great feat of transformation :—

"Now, wherefore dost thou weep, my child?"

Asks a voice, as mother's mild.  
Ella had no footfall heard,  
Not a breath her ringlets stirr'd,  
As she looketh up to see  
Whose those kindly words may be;  
And beating heart and glowing cheek  
Of mingled fear and gladness speak;  
When a stranger meets her gaze,  
In the garb of other days;  
Yet no trace of lengthened years  
In her face or form appears.  
Halo brightness round her seems,  
Such as haunt us in our dreams;  
And she beareth in her hand,  
Tipp'd with gold, an ivory wand.

Low of stature, small and slight,  
And with eyes so strangely bright,  
That their keen though kindly look  
Scarcely can the gazer brook:  
But upon the startled maid  
Gently she her hand hath laid,  
While, like some familiar strain,  
Sounds her lute-like voice again.

\* \* \* \* \*

"But our time brooks no delay;  
Quickly, then my words obey.  
Bring me, first, an orange-gourd."  
Instant, at the fairy's word,  
In the garden searching round,  
Ella soon a gourd hath found,  
And with "wonder-waiting eyes,"  
To the fairy brings her prize.

She hath cut and scoop'd it round,  
 She hath plac'd it on the ground,  
 Touch'd it with her slender wand,  
 And a chariot there doth stand ;  
 Richly lin'd and burnish'd bright,  
 All with velvet housings dight ;  
 Blazon'd with armorial shield,  
 Fleur-de-lis on sable field ;  
 And the motto seems to be,  
 "Brighter from adversity."  
 Ella, speechless with delight,  
 Scarcely can believe her sight ;  
 But the fairy speaks again,  
 "Much to do doth still remain ;  
 Hasten, then, my child, and look  
 For the trap, in pantry nook."  
 There, immur'd, six hapless mice  
 Rue, too late, their banquet's price.  
 Quickly to the fairy brought,  
 Wondrous change the wand hath  
 wrought,

As they issue, one by one,  
 With a touch the deed is done ;  
 Each upstarts a noble steed,  
 Of the pure Arabian breed,  
 Pawing with impatient feet,  
 For a royal chariot meet.  
 Full of glee the maiden stands,  
 Clapping oft her lily hands ;  
 While parings, from the gourd that fell,  
 Serve the fairy's purpose well ;  
 For, touch'd by Lucinet, behold,  
 Harness studded o'er with gold ;  
 Saddles, bridles, for a pair,  
 Whips and traces, all are there.

And now the fay bids Ella see  
 What may in the rat-trap be.  
 There, forc'd in narrow bound to stay,  
 Long-tail'd, whisker'd, grim and grey,  
 Sullenly to fate resign'd,  
 Ella doth a captive find.  
 Half-dismay'd, the trap she brings,  
 Opens the door, and forth he springs ;  
 Yet, or ere he 'scape beyond,  
 On his tail hath glanced the wand,  
 And a portly charioteer  
 In his stead doth now appear.  
 Off he speeds, his part to do,  
 Puts his prancing horses to,  
 Whip in hand then takes his seat,  
 And the chariot is complete.

Lucinet still looks around,  
 For outriders must be found,  
 And footmen too, as suits her state,  
 Must upon the lady wait.  
 Four small lizards' haunt is known  
 To the fairy, 'neath a stone,  
 Oft at midday basking seen,  
 Glittering bright in gold and green.

At her call the bower beside,  
 Forth the harmless creatures glide ;  
 Pair and pair, on either hand,  
 They have felt the wondrous wand.  
 Liveried still in gold and green,  
 Two tall footmen now are seen ;  
 While two outriders, gaily drest,  
 In velvet cap, and gold-lac'd vest,  
 Saddle, bridle, each their steed,  
 Waiting orders to proceed.

At the maiden's joy the while,  
 Kindly doth the fairy smile :—  
 "Thou thine equipage dost see,  
 Aught more splendid scarce might be ;  
 Still my task is incomplete ;  
 I must find thee robes more meet.  
 One more proof of fairy power  
 Shall be shown thee in the bower.  
 So come, my child, and let me see  
 What my wand can do for thee !"

They have enter'd, hand in hand,  
 And soon the blushing girl doth stand,  
 Dress'd in all the rich array  
 That might suit her bridal day.  
 Soft and pure as driven snow  
 Doth her train of velvet show ;  
 Satin dress, with band of gold,  
 Clasp'd with gems of price untold ;  
 And her clust'ring tresses fall  
 Like a veil of light o'er all.  
 Seems she not a lily bright,  
 In those robes of virgin white ?  
 Rainbow tints might gaudier gleam,  
 But they could not so beseeem  
 One, whose loveliness alone  
 All bright hues hath round her thrown.  
 Needeth not that ivory neck,  
 Or with gold or pearls to deck :  
 Nor could bracelets lend a charm  
 To each white and rounded arm ;  
 But a sparkling coronet  
 On her graceful head is set,  
 Jewell'd thick with tiny flowers,  
 Such as bloom in fairy bowers.  
 Every little bud, a gem  
 Worth a regal diadem.  
 Ruby rose, and sapphire blue,  
 For that flow'r of heavenly hue,  
 Whose fond name is lover's plea,  
 Unforgotten aye to be.  
 Every tint is blending there,  
 Every leaf an emerald rare ;  
 Pearly dewdrops, diamonds bright,  
 O'er each spray shed liquid light,  
 Glistening as the paly gold  
 Of her silken tresses' fold.

Lucinet herself will suit  
 Slippers to each slender foot,

Elfin work, of crystal made,  
Ne'er before on earth display'd,  
Lending to her step so light,

Glowworm radiance, soft and bright,  
While she glides a fairy queen,  
All unheard, but not unseen.'

Another work by the same author seems on that account to require notice at the same time; though the difference of subject is so great as to need some apology to the reader for the suddenness of the transition. 'The Wreath of Lilies' is a series of chapters on the various events of the Blessed Virgin's life. Each incident recorded in Scripture is dwelt on at length, with reference to local tradition, and to the opinions of the Fathers; and the whole work bears traces of sustained thought and extensive reading.

It has evidently been a labour of love to the writer, and in accordance with a natural tone of deep, quiet feeling, expressing itself always with reverence and earnestness. We are glad to see so important and neglected a subject treated in this spirit. The *style* in itself we consider open to criticism. The real freshness of the thoughts is often lost in a hazy diffuseness of expression; and, in unwillingness to leave anything bearing on the subject unsaid, the author runs the risk of wearing out the attention of her young readers. And that they *are* always taken for granted to be young ones is evident from the constant appeal to them as 'dear children,' or 'Oh! my dear children,' a form of tenderness which though we believe perfectly genuine in this instance, we confess to have always found wearisome. It gives the whole too sermonizing a character, and nothing that is not a sermon should sound like one. That this style of address, even in its appropriate place, the sermon, may be used too frequently, and ceases in time to be a connecting bond between speaker and listener, most of our readers will bear witness to, who can call to mind how often in the course of one hour they have heard themselves affectionately or deferentially addressed as 'beloved brethren,' and 'dear hearers,' by their own pastor, or, 'respected audience,' in the language of occasional extempore eloquence; till the jaded attention refuses to be roused or flattered any longer by this appeal to its sympathies.

Any criticism, however, on a particular style, must be accompanied by a general admission of the difficulty there must always exist in making the style at once attractive and intelligible to the minds of children, and at the same time grave enough and dignified enough to become the subject, if a serious or a deep one. For it is in such subjects that the difficulty chiefly lies. So long as the matter in hand is within the range of their every-day experience and comprehension, it is no hard task to express it in easy language; but the abstract and unfamiliar must also be brought before them,—either religious

and moral truths, or history, or some touch of science, or descriptions of distant countries and remote times, or what is mysterious, vague, and imaginative. Children must be taught new things, and towards the comprehension of which they have not such a stock of previous knowledge as their elders possess. They must in fact be taught *things* they do not know in *words* they do not know.

To such as begin their education late in life, this difficulty is commonly found an insurmountable obstacle to any great progress; the mature and *set* mind cannot master the double labour. But a child's intelligence is incredibly quick and apt (in a sense we can hardly bring ourselves to understand or recall) to seize upon any clue to a fresh thought; to force its way through any but impenetrable hindrances. It possesses, like the bee, an instinctive power at once to track out the necessary aliment, to extract its sweetness, to make it its own, to store it up for future use. As an instance,—of all the thousand words we know and use, how few were ever taught or explained to us! let them be as long and crabbed as they will, we made them our own before we can remember to have heard them. They became parts of ourselves we know not how, except so far as we may guess from hearing, as now and then happens, an infant of some three years old, speak a new and recondite word in a somewhat ostentatious manner, returning to it once or twice in the course of the day, as it were to get used to the acquisition. We learnt our vocabulary either from conversation or books, and the context made the meaning plain. And so long as the context does this as fully as can be expected from it, there need be no shrinking in a youthful style from long words. It is *necessary* that children should become acquainted with them, and a long word is as easy as a short one in itself, as far as mere understanding it goes, independent of the technical difficulties of reading and spelling, which we would not under-rate. But when long words come together all in a string, presenting an entirely abstract thought; or if when there is something real and visible to be spoken of, it is disguised under a high sounding periphrasis, while all the attendant members of a sentence are figurative and allegorical—however hacknied and familiar the figure may be to older ears, to a child the whole stands a chance of being unintelligible. The leading subject of the sentence is not expressed distinctly enough to throw light upon its other complex and far-fetched members, while these in their turn only further confuse the main idea. As an example of the obscurity we think the consequence of this style, we quote the following sentence from a very young child's book, now before us, 'Early English Princes.' The author is speaking

of the present infant royal family, and says, 'The great, the learned, the pious of the land, with what eager pleasure do they seize upon the most trifling incident showing forth germs of promise in their infant minds.' Here there is hardly one single part of the sentence which throws light upon the rest, all perfectly comprehensible to ourselves, because we are well used to the figurative and conventional language in which the meaning is conveyed. We know that great and wise people are meant by 'the great, the learned, and the pious;' and that England, or Great Britain, is to be understood by 'the land.' We know that 'to seize with eager pleasure upon a trifling incident,' is to be glad when any favourable story is told of the royal children, and that 'a germ of promise in an infant mind,' is such a show of goodness in an infant as leads men to hope that this goodness will increase with its growth, as the tender green shoots of a young tree come in time to be far-spreading, noble branches. But to the young reader there is so little to lay hold of that is positive and intelligible, that we can easily suppose even an intelligent child reading the whole sentence without attaining a glimpse of its meaning, and if much of the book is written in the same style, giving up its perusal in impatience or listless indifference.

The qualities that overcome these difficulties, and can really make abstract and unfamiliar subjects interesting to children, are no common ones. If the writer naturally thinks in short sentences, and through the medium of Saxon words, it is a great preliminary recommendation. But also it is necessary that he should have clearly in his own mind what he has got to tell and to teach, and speak direct from his own heart and brain, not through the traditional tropes and figures which form the common mode of expression, and which clothe a thought much as the family great-coat clothes the person of its different wearers. On a second glance you can indeed recognise each by turn, but you feel that in concealing the close-fitting outline of his own garments, each loses half his identity, and more than half his good looks. It is almost as rare to possess an original way of speaking and writing, as of thinking. The resources and changes of our own language are as little known to many as the charms and varieties of nature are to others. And as it has been asserted that some men's ideas of the beauty of the sky are founded on the pictures of great artists rather than from observation of the sky itself, so the ordinary class of writers do not go to nature's treasury for their words, but borrow them as they have been strung together ready for their use by their predecessors.

'The sacred well of English undefil'd'

is deserted; that they may draw from the crystal or earthen vases in which others have collected its waters before them. Children are practically as alive as their elders to the charm of an original style, or the tedium of a common-place one. There is something in a close fit between the thought and the words that express it that is felt and appreciated by all ages. It has a mysterious affinity to wit, and has the same fascinating effect. We defy any one not to feel some inclination to smile over Bishop Butler's sermon on the government of the tongue, serious as the subject is, and the mode of treating it, from this perfect adaptation of the words to the thoughts. The humour of the 'Spectator,' which children are quite capable of entering into, also very much depends on this quality. Another important requisite for success in writing for the young, is a constant sympathy with them, and a clear remembrance of the thoughts and feelings of childhood; to teach where every word must be simple and straightforward, or where again new ideas, and faint allusions may be ventured upon with a certainty of being instantly comprehended. Many writers, for the want of this sympathy, are ostentatiously and offensively simple, where the child's mind is in fact equal to the man's, till from this insulting condescension — teaching, *e. g.* where the eyes and the nose are, or elaborately explaining that a portrait is not a real living person, — they plunge suddenly and without warning into impenetrable metaphysics, or the profoundest mysteries of man's nature.

In order to obtain such sympathy, in most cases an intimate intercourse with children is necessary. It is not enough for the writer to have his own childhood to look back upon; he needs the presence of the living child to verify his recollections by; for memory is treacherous, and confuses the feelings of many years into one. The first five or six years of recollection may be said to make up childhood, or even longer, if that period has been quiet and uneventful, and therefore late in developing into youth; and persons constantly, in looking back to their early thoughts and feelings, attribute to six years old the reflections and opinions of twice that age, and thus compose those curious anomalies we complain of where the little hero is alternately a simpleton, unacquainted with facts and objects most babies are familiar with, and the next minute shows himself competent to carry on scientific or theological disquisitions on subjects that puzzle the wisest.

Perhaps no one has succeeded better than Miss Edgeworth in adapting her stories for the ages for which she designed them, and this without any ostentatious simplicity. Her father's numerous marriages supplied her with a succession of infants to

study from, and her observant and industrious mind knew how to use the advantage.

Another writer occurs to us as eminently excelling; though in his case the success arises from natural felicity of expression rather than any deep knowledge of the character of children: there is such uniform simplicity in Charles Lamb's style, that he needs to put very little restraint upon himself in order to address them in the best way the subject will admit of. He can be simple without being poor; his natural habit of short sentences, the exceeding precision of his thoughts, his plain matter-of-fact statements, which other writers leave to be inferred, but which, in the homely, exactly-fitting words in which he invests them, tell upon his hearers in quite a new light and with a sort of surprise, are all aids and facilities for children understanding under his treatment, what might be beyond them, or at least beyond their interest, in a style less vivid or less simple. 'The Adventures of Ulysses' have always struck us as remarkable for the apparent ease with which what most people would find a difficult task, is achieved. Remote ages are brought out into strong reality; obsolete manners appear natural; the truths which lay at the bottom of Paganism gleam forth through its errors, and the awe which it threw over dark and terrible scenes of nature, personifying them as avenging demons,—is so truly given, that in reading we share something of the same fear. The book does not profess to be much more than a translation of the *Odyssey*; but any one attempting to read one of our poetical versions with a view to a child's power of entering into it, will feel by the contrast how skilfully the writer has adapted it for children, both in the order in which the events are set, the choice of such as will most interest them, and the spirit with which the tone of the original is caught. So that not only is this the only representation of the *Odyssey* in our language which children would have patience and sustained attention to read, but we believe it does really give them the best notion of the original Greek that they are capable of receiving: and whatever can make them realise remote times and the thoughts and feelings of a distant age, must be valuable as enlarging and expanding the mind. The present is always keenly enough before them,—no need to press it upon their attention,—but any opening into the past is as it were a glimpse into a new world. Like the streak of far-off horizon in a picture, it carries away the fancy with it, teaching it to expatiate, and lending it wings to range. For this it is well to introduce children early to ancient history, thus to make the past part of themselves, which, perhaps, can only be done, or at all events can best be done at that age when impressions are

at once most vivid and most lasting.<sup>1</sup> It is not easy to offer any fair specimen, short enough for our limits, of 'The Adventures of Ulysses.' Many of our readers may be familiar with them, in Lamb's collected works, (though amongst children we do not think them commonly known,) and will readily recall the visit to Polyphemus's cave, the journey to the infernal regions, and the sights which met Ulysses there—heroes, and demi-gods, and giants—especially those two, so striking to a child's imagination, Otus and Ephialtes. Again, the sweet interview with Nausicaa, or where he expresses his constancy to Penelope, in that delicate and embarrassing interview with the goddess, wherein he pleads:—

'Ever-honoured great Calypso, let it not displease thee that I, a mortal man, desire to see and converse again with a wife that is mortal. Human objects are best fitted to human infirmities. I well know how far, in wisdom, in feature, in stature, proportion, beauty, in all the gifts of the mind, thou exceedest my Penelope—she a mortal, and subject to decay, thou immortal, ever growing, yet never old; yet, in her sight, all my desires terminate, all my wishes; in the sight of her, and of my country earth.'

Perhaps, however, the Sirens, and those sea monsters, Scylla and Charybdis, depend most on the power with which they are described, for exciting wonder and interest in a child; we therefore extract his account of them:—

'He besought her (Circe) to instruct him in the nature of the Sirens, and by what method their baneful allurements were to be resisted.

"They are sisters three," she replied, "that sit in a mead (by which your ship must needs pass) circled with dead men's bones. These are the bones of men whom they have slain, after, with fawning invitations, they have enticed them into their fen. Yet such is the celestial harmony of their voices accompanying the persuasive magic of their words, that knowing this, you shall not be able to withstand their enticements; therefore, when you are to sail by them you shall stop the ears of your companions with wax, that they may hear no note of that dangerous music; but for yourself, that you may hear and yet live, give them strict command to bind you hand and foot to the mast, and in no case to set you free till you are out of the danger of the temptation, though you should entreat it, and implore it ever so much, but to bind you rather the more for your requesting to be loosed. So shall you escape that snare."

Ulysses then prayed her that she would inform him what Scylla and Charybdis were, which she had taught him by name to fear. She replied, "Sailing from *Eæa* to *Trinacria* you must pass at an equal distance between two fatal rocks: incline never so little either to the one side or the other, and your ship must meet with certain destruction. No vessel ever yet

<sup>1</sup> We are struck with a remark to the purpose, by Niebuhr, who says:—"What wisdom there is in Homer! With a few omissions, it is the very book for children. I know of no story, except *Robinson Crusoe*, which fascinates a child so much as *Homer*. It is all natural, simple, and capable of being understood by a child. And then, how well does he prepare for all the knowledge of antiquity, without which we cannot now get along! How many thousand things and sayings does the child not understand at once by knowing that great poem! The whole *Odyssey* is the finest story for a child."

tried that pass without being lost but the Argo, which owed her safety to the sacred freight she bore—the fleece of the golden-backed ram, which could not perish. The biggest of these rocks which you shall come to, Scylla hath in charge; there, in a deep whirlpool at the foot of the rock, the abhorred monster shrouds her face, who, if she were to show her full person, no eye of man or god could endure the sight: thence she stretches out all her long six necks, peering and diving to suck up fish, dolphins, dogfish, and whales, whole ships and their men, whatever comes within her raging gulf. The other rock is lesser, and of less ominous aspect; but there dreadful Charybdis sits, supping the black deeps. Thrice a day she drinks her pit dry, and thrice a day again she belches them all up; but when she is drinking come not nigh, for, being once caught, the force of Neptune cannot redeem you from her swallow. Better trust to Scylla, for she will but have for her six necks six men. Charybdis, in her insatiate draught, will ask all.”

\* \* \* \* \*

‘They had not sailed past a hundred leagues before the breeze that Circe had lent them suddenly stopped: it was stricken dead, all the sea lay in a prostrate slumber, not a gasp of air could be felt; the ship stood still. Ulysses guessed that the island of the Sirens was not far off, and that they had charmed the air so with their devilish singing; therefore he made him cakes of wax, as Circe had instructed him, and stopped the ears of his men with them; then causing himself to be bound hand and foot, he commanded the rowers to ply their oars, and row, as fast as speed could carry them, past that fatal shore. They soon came within sight of the Sirens, who sang, in Ulysses’ hearing,—

\* \* \* \* \*

‘These were the words, but the celestial harmony of the voices which sang them no tongue can describe; it took the ear of Ulysses with ravishment; he would have broke the bonds to rush after them, and threatened, wept, sued, entreated, commanded, crying out with tears and passionate imprecations, conjuring his men by all the ties of perils past, which they had endured in common, by fellowship and love, and the authority which he retained among them, to let him loose; but at no rate would they obey him. And still the Sirens sang. Ulysses made signs, motions, gestures, promising mountains of gold if they would set him free, but their oars only moved faster. And still the Sirens sang. And still the more he adjured them to set him free the faster with cords and ropes they bound him, till they were quite out of hearing of the Sirens’ notes, whose effect great Circe had so truly predicted. And well she might speak of them, for often she had joined her own enchanting voice to theirs, while she has sat in the flowery meads, mingled with the Sirens and the Water Nymphs, gathering their potent herbs and drugs of magic quality, till their singing altogether has made the gods stoop, and “heaven drowsy with the harmony.”’

But we have wandered too long from the books before us, and must now turn from those of an imaginative character, with their indefinite teaching, to another class, whose aim is more direct; books especially intended for the instruction of the young minds they are addressed to; showing them scenes in which they may themselves be called to act, or giving them true examples for their guidance—or by a gentle ascent and through flowery paths, leading them to the pursuit and attainment of practical knowledge.

‘Godfrey Davenant,’ by the Rev. W. Heygate—one of the

series of the 'Juvenile Englishman's Library'—gives the life of a boy at a public school, with much spirit and a thorough acquaintance with his trials and difficulties. These indeed are dwelt on at such length and in such deep colours, as may possibly produce a result quite beyond the intention of the author: and from being a salutary lesson to the boy, may be interpreted instead, as a warning to his parents against committing him unto such a scene of temptation. They may say—'If with a model head master and a model head scholar, the risks and perils are so great, what must these be in a more ordinary school?' and appalled by this reflection, may resolve at least to shun known danger, and decide, without further hesitation, on some new scheme of education, which promises an immunity from evil; or if they are not experimentalists, take the more common alternative of sending their boy to a private tutor, under the hope that where the society is smaller it may therefore be more select.

We do not think that 'Godfrey Davenant' was written to excite such practical alarms. While the author feels deeply the perils of a public school, he is evidently alive to its advantages—its exclusive advantages—and would present his head boy Barrow as the legitimate fruit of the system working on a pure and religious mind. Not, however, to enter further on the *voxata questio* of public and private education, we will confine ourselves to the book itself. There is some discrepancy between its size and getting-up, and the subject-matter within. The one seems to fit it for little boys, while the general tone, especially where it touches upon the state of parties and the prospects of the Church, makes it better adapted to an older class. It thus runs the chance of not falling into the hands of those for whom it was written, or for whom particular parts at least were written. Whether, however, such passages be duly dwelt on or not, there is still a great deal that will interest young readers, and which may be very useful to them.

Godfrey Davenant is represented with the disposition and previous education, which are almost necessary to render him the proper subject for such a story. A perfect boy would keep out of scrapes and remain uncontaminated by evil example; a bad one would not be worth describing under the trial. One therefore is wanted of good feelings and impulses and withal of a yielding and vacillating will, and such is our hero, with the addition of superior talents and some amiable and attractive qualities which attach those better than himself to him. Barrow, as we have said before, is the idea of what a school-boy ought to be, and on the whole is a well-drawn and successful character, except that he is more of a talker—more in the habit of ex-

pressing his feelings and convictions, than it is in the nature of the best of school-boys to be, and this being the case, than it is quite desirable to represent them as being. On such occasions one often feels the want of the Greek chorus—something to stand by and instruct the reader in what he ought to know, and in the moral of each event as it occurs, and thus leave the characters of the piece only their own natural parts to perform. The following extract will give the reader a fair idea of the volume, and we think also a favourable one. It is from a chapter, headed 'More vacillations.' Godfrey sees two of his schoolfellows in conversation with a low fellow, a cock-fighter and badger-baiter of the town, whose appearance is first described:—

'Godfrey Davenant could not help stopping a moment to look at the group which we have described, and he was going on with a smile when Trevellyan called out to him to come across the street: at first he said he could not; but upon a second request he complied, and Trevellyan took his arm, and asked him to go and see a fine badger which had just been caught. Godfrey inquired where it was, and hearing that it was in a forbidden part of the town, he refused. He should now have left the party at once, but curiosity and false shame detained him. He was over-persuaded, and was soon upon his way to the spot with the others.

'But he never felt more uncomfortable in his life than when he had once set out to it. At every turn he expected to see the doctor or some person who knew him; and his companions kept jeering him for the timidity which his manner betrayed. At last they came to a low shabby house and knocked at the door. A woman opened it, and Godfrey felt at once that he was in the worst company into which he could have fallen. Everything in the house was filthy and disorderly, and broken windows, clothes lying on the chairs, and scattered bottles and glasses on the table, were all in keeping with the wretched and immoral lives of the inhabitants. Godfrey was asked to drink but he refused, and insisted on seeing the badger and departing. The lad went out to get the key of the shed in which it was kept, and in a few minutes he took the boys into a back yard, where Godfrey saw nets and snares, and most suspicious-looking dogs, half greyhound, half sheep-dog, with various poaching implements. The badger was seen and bought by Trevellyan and Wilkinson, and they then returned to the house, where, after drinking some gin and paying some money on account, they left with Godfrey.

'To return, however, was not so easy as to come. They had been watched by some idle fellows who owed the school a grudge, and who, knowing their advantages, lay in wait up a little alley, at the end of the street. Directly the boys came opposite to this passage, out sprang the enemy, and they were soon engaged with five fellows, each stronger than any one of themselves, and well used to fighting, which Godfrey certainly was not.

'Davenant fell immediately, and as soon as he was down, two of the assailants belaboured him with all their might. He received a kick in the face, and would probably have been seriously injured had not Wilkinson stood over him and given him the opportunity of getting up.

'The fight was now renewed, and Godfrey resolved to take things more coolly, and, reserving his blows, he acted on the defensive, keeping his back to the wall. The three boys now got together, and standing side by side in this way, they bade defiance to the number of their persecutors. Every one

who has watched the boxing of the lower classes must have observed how round-armed their blows are, and how exposed they leave their faces when striking. Of this the Athelling school-boys were well aware, and they soon gave the enemy such a lesson as made them draw off.

"Trevellyan and Wilkinson were delighted, but so was not Godfrey. His face would soon be black and blue; it was past the bell, and he would have to bear the wrath of the doctor, and the reproaches of Barrow and of his own conscience. All this because he had not courage in the first instance to resist so absurdly slight a temptation. Godfrey did not meet Barrow that night, as he had gone into the doctor's to tea, and a profound silence was observed by the three upon the whole affair.

"The moment prayers were over next day, the doctor asked Godfrey what he had been doing.

"I was fighting in Athelling, Sir, yesterday."

"You were attacked, I suppose?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Where were you?"

"In Crown Street, Sir."

"Crown Street!" exclaimed the doctor, in a voice of thunder: "what were you doing there, Sir?"

Godfrey was silent.

"Did you go into any house in the street?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Whose?"

"Mick Thompson's, I think, was the name."

"You went *there*, Sir? Impossible, Sir! You could not have gone there, I am sure," replied the doctor, much agitated. After a minute, he said,

"Did you go there of yourself, Sir?"

"I did not go for any one else, Sir."

"Did not some one else persuade you to go there, I ask you?"

"I went entirely, Sir, to please myself: I have no excuse to offer."

"Oh, oh! no excuse. Well I like that. If you have no excuse, and are ready to take upon yourself all the blame, you cannot be very far wrong. I trust you, Sir. I believe you fully. But if you were not what you generally are, I should send you away at once—I should expel you."

Godfrey stood pale and motionless, and did not offer a word of defence. The doctor watched him and felt more sure of his innocence. He looked occasionally at Trevellyan, who seemed restless and alarmed, and then suddenly sent for the porter. Over he came. Dr. Wilson immediately asked who came in with Mr. Davenant yesterday evening.

"Mr. Trevellyan and Mr. Wilkinson," was the reply.

Wilkinson was summoned into the library where the sixth were, and was questioned with Trevellyan. Both were pale and hurried in their manner, but agreed in denying that they had been with Godfrey until he was leaving the town.

"Dr. Wilson would not examine them separately, so as to find out inconsistencies in their accounts. He simply asked them the question, and when they answered, said, 'I receive what you say. You may go to your places;' and then turning to Godfrey he asked whether he had ever been there before, to which Godfrey replied with startling earnestness, 'No, never.' The doctor seemed struck with his manner, but said nothing. A heavy imposition was then set for Godfrey, and he was confined to the play-ground for the remainder of the quarter.

"It was with a sad heart indeed that he left the school-room. He could not speak to any one, and his throat ached with that dull suffocating pain which attends unrelieved sorrow. He shrunk from meeting Barrow, and retired to a lonely part of the ground. Barrow, however, was not to be

thrown off in that way. He came up and took Godfrey's arm at once, and in the kindest manner begged him to explain the affair under promise of secrecy. Godfrey did so, and Barrow never spoke from the beginning to the end of his recital.

"There was a long silence, and poor Godfrey could contain no longer: he burst into tears and hid his face with his hands, leaning over the wall towards the fields. Barrow did not disturb him for a time. He knew that his friend would find relief in giving way to his sorrow.

"At last Godfrey said, in a broken voice, "So even you, Barrow, cannot speak to me, and I have not a friend left."

"Don't say so, Davenant. Don't think so. It is very unjust. I am as much your friend as ever. I shall always be your friend, come what will."

"Why don't you speak to me, then?" said Godfrey, still looking away.

"Partly because I was so angry with Trevellyan and Wilkinson, and partly because I was sorry for you."

"I shall never do any good, Barrow, I am sure I shall not. I have often thought so, and it is no use trying. I go on time after time just the same."

"Hush! hush! It is very wrong to say so. You are tempting despair."

"Yes, but it is so. I make no progress. I hear what Wilson says and what you say, and I read my mother's letters, and I make vows and prayers, and it's all of no use. I say it's of no use at all."

"You will be strengthened if you persevere, Godfrey; gradually, but not all at once, perhaps."

"How can I tell that? What security have I that GOD loves me, when I don't obey Him?"

"Your Baptism, Godfrey."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean this, that you are a child of GOD, a member of CHRIST; and thus have a claim on GOD, which He will always allow. You must never think yourself given up and helpless. You have a *right*, by this one gift, to grace and pardon."

"But if I have forfeited that right?"

"Your repenting shows that you have not. If you had lost the benefit of your Baptism, you would not have the power to repent. *This* is your surety. So long as GOD gives you repentance, He recognises your claim to be His child."

"I never thought of this before."

"You must have heard Wilson preach this doctrine."

"Never!"

"Then you have not attended to him?"

Godfrey was silent. He felt that he let his thoughts wander too often to enable him to deny the charge, but he asked,

"How did the doctor prove this when you heard him?"

"By the parable of the prodigal son, for one thing. He said that this parable was applicable first to men coming into the Christian Church, but still more to those who have become Christians. Before, they were GOD's children only by creation; afterwards, by adoption also. And so the baptized have more right to come in with the words of the prodigal son, than Heathens have, because they only can say, "Father" in the highest sense of the word, and therefore the Church opens the service with this sentence, as you know."

"But baptized sinners are the worst, and they lose their gift sometimes, and are more miserable than before."

"Yes, when they lose the power of repentance, but not till then."

"This was a new light to Godfrey; and the doctrine and Barrow's counsels restored him to hope, and inspired him to make fresh efforts."

The following is a letter from Barrow to Davenant. Both have been successful in their efforts, the one at College, the younger at school. We cannot but feel it a mistake to make a modest youth allude as he does to his own powers and attainments. True humility has the marvellous gift of forgetting itself entirely, or at least of appearing to others to do so. Its struggles are all internal; other eyes are not called on to witness the combat or to bear testimony to the victory. How it is that some gifted persons succeed in keeping their gifts out of their own sight as they do, so as to appear actually unconscious of them is, and must always be, a mystery—it is one of those many paradoxes that religion makes us acquainted with. We only know that it is possible because we have seen it; but of this we may be certain that such a marvel is not brought about in the subject of it by his relating to others the difficulty of the task, and realizing and dilating on the hardness of the struggle.

"My dear Godfrey,

"I know that you will not be hurt at my cautioning you whenever I think you are in danger. But now, after my own success, I may advise you as a brother in peril. The risk which I allude to is, as you will have guessed before this, that of taking pride in our own powers or attainments. I have felt the temptation grievously, I assure you; and the remedy I find most successful is—first, whenever a vain thought occurs, to remember that God, and not I, is the cause of whatsoever talents and knowledge I may possess, and that His, therefore not mine, should be the glory: and, besides this, I try to reflect how little I have done with the talents committed to me; how often I have neglected to serve God with His own gifts. These thoughts are to me very humbling and very useful."

It is in such passages as the following that we feel the want of harmony that exists between the form of the book (which very much determines its class of readers) and the subjects discussed in it. Godfrey goes home, and finds his father, the old rector, succeeded by a clergyman of low church and Calvinistic opinions.

"That which completed Godfrey's displeasure at Mr. Jepherson's conduct was the method of administering the elements of the Holy Communion. He had the unfaithfulness and presumption to give them to the first communicant who, at his request, passed on the paten and the cup down the whole line to the end; and all this was done with that ease and self-satisfaction of manner which is too frequent in the mere popular preacher. Upon this, Godfrey wrote very indignantly to the Doctor, and asked his advice. The following was his answer:—

"My dear Davenant,

"I am quite as much shocked as you describe yourself. It is sad indeed, and I hope and pray that this race of priests may pass away. But when you come to ask me what you should do, it is quite another thing. My answer then is very plain—'Submit.' When you are older, you may as patron, or even as parishioner, remonstrate firmly, but not now.

"I would beg you to remember constantly, that although Mr. Jepherson is sadly wrong in every way, yet that he is a member of a body which has been

and still is very valuable to our Church. We owe more to the Evangelical party than I can now explain. And although Mr. Jepherson seems an ultra person, and not a fair representative of it, yet he is still one of that earnest body. As for his Calvinism, bad as it is from your account, we must remember that the doctrines of God's grace and of the utter helplessness of man, have been sadly forgotten and neglected. And it is no wonder therefore, that they who maintain them take an extreme and isolated view of them. Whatever you think, do not let all this give you a disgust at earnest religion, and make you take the old cold formal ways—than which nothing worse has been invented short of heresy or rebellion.

"Yours most sincerely,

"H. W."

'Godfrey read the letter very carefully again and again, but his natural conclusion was, "I am sure the Doctor would not say so much if he knew Jepherson. When a man can talk of the damnation of the mass of men with a cheerful face, a voice like that in common conversation, and his whiskers and hair so carefully combed out into the nicest and most unpriestly proportions, I cannot call him earnest: however, I will try to follow his advice for all that."'

The boys who read this can hardly help feeling themselves in some sort set up as judges between the Doctor's arguments and Godfrey's feelings, and the latter is pretty sure to carry the point, inasmuch as he expresses the real opinion of the author—the Doctor's letter, only what he thinks ought to be said to very young people when placed in such a perplexity. These young umpires, though perhaps not very competent to decide on the merits of the two schools in our Church, will yet be alive enough to the palpable inconsistency of the good Doctor, who seems to pray that a race of priests may pass away who are members of a body which has been and still is very useful to our Church, and to whom we owe more than he has time to explain.

Next, and of the same series, stands 'Christian Endurance,' by the Rev. J. M. Neale, a very beautiful collection of true stories, told in most affecting and heart-stirring language. The general simplicity of the style as well as the form of the volume show it to be intended for children, whom it is certain to interest warmly, but older readers can more fully enter into the merit and felicity of expression of many passages: as, for example, the descriptions of scenery and localities, which though given in few words, in consideration of that youthful eagerness which commonly hurries over such matters in impatience to reach the action of the narrative, have yet great force and graphic effect. We would mention as especial instances of this the account of the rainy season in Madeira, and the evening scene in Lahore. The stories range from the days of imperial Roman greatness to the present time. In the former the difficulties of imparting anything like life and reality to the talking and acting of that period, wrapped by our imaginations in the

frozen state of a dead language and obsolete manners, are very successfully overcome: in all, we feel that the author believes and realizes his narrative, and is as much impressed by its feeling and beauty, as the reader himself can be. We are reminded, in the zeal with which he records the good works of others, of that high quality which the Apostle desires for the heads of the Church, 'that they be lovers of good men;' a virtue which such histories of Christian courage and self-devotion ought also to foster in his readers. We hardly do justice to our own commendation, by extracting part of a story when its effect depends so much, as in this instance it does, on the sustained interest of the whole; we will, however, with this deprecatory remark, give a scene from the 'Martyrs of Alpujarras,' as the whole would be beyond our limits.

After the conquest of the Moors by Ferdinand and Isabella, the remnant who remained in Spain were kept in strict bondage by their conquerors, till in 1568 they rose in simultaneous rebellion. Vowing vengeance against the Spaniards and the Christian religion, they spread over the country with the utmost rapidity, bringing desolation and slaughter wherever they came. The news of their revolt scarcely preceded their actual appearance, and the unhappy country people had hardly time to look for shelter before they were upon them. In the little village of Oanez, one of the first in the route of the insurgents, a hasty consultation was being held by the inhabitants, as to whither they must fly from the impending danger, when the Moorish guns were heard close at hand. The parish priest, the good father Gonzago, seeing that escape to any distant shelter was now impossible, called upon the men to bring what arms they could muster, and hurried his flock into the church tower, which, having been originally built as a fortress, presented some means of defence. Having done what was possible for the safety of his little garrison, he continued to fortify them by his prayers and counsels up to the moment when the enemy, headed by Ferag ben Ferag, came up and summoned them to surrender.

'In a few moments the Moors, in number about sixty, were round the church, and the leader, no other than Ferag ben Ferag, made signs that he had something to say, for the clang of the bells prevented his being heard. When they were stopped he spoke.

"Yield, Nazarenes, at once, and embrace the true faith! We will give you life—we will leave your village untouched—if each and all will make oaths that they believe God's true Prophet."

"We had rather die a thousand times," cried Lorenzo, a young yeoman of the village. "We defy you for a pack of infidels, and your prophet for an impostor, that has long ago been in hell."

"Hush, my son," said the priest. "What need to speak the truth with bitterness? It is true, Moor, that we will not accept life on your

terms; but we are willing to pay ransom, such as yourselves may fix, so that you will make oath on the Koran to hurt us neither in life or limb."

"Let us rather fight it out, father," said Lorenzo. "If we conquer we shall win the more glory; and if we die, we shall die martyrs."

"My Son," said Father Gonzago, sternly, "beware of your own presumption. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed, lest he fall."

"We fight for God, not for plunder," said Ferag. "Men, fire."

"Down all of you!" cried the priest. And the volley that followed, though the musket-balls rattled like hail on the old walls, and two, finding their way in through the *luffers* of the belfry window, rung one of the bells, did no harm.

"Now," cried Pedro, "it is our turn," and he and Rodrigo, and one or two others, fired with good effect. At the same time there was a twang of the cross-bow, and a Moor, who little expected such a death, received the bolt in his heart. Father Gonzago, though he remained on the outside of the tower to encourage those who were in the greatest danger, took no active part in the defence; for it is forbidden by canons of the Church that one who is a priest should, for whatever cause, shed blood.

"Bid the women hand up the stones from the ground," cried Rodrigo, "we may break some of these fellows' skulls."

"It happened that the church was about to have been under repair, and a good number of stones had been brought into the tower for that end. The women and children formed a line up the winding staircase, and the stones flew from hand to hand. Engracia was one of the line, and little Inez (a child of four years old) stood by her side.

"Are you frightened, Inez?" asked Engracia.

"Not very," said the child, "you are with me; besides, God can take care of us, can He not, sister?"

"He can indeed, Inez, and very likely, if we could see them, the angels are fighting on our side."

"Then He will deliver us from the Moors?"

"One way or the other, Inez; either He will send us help here, and drive away our enemies, or, if He gives us into their hands, and they end our lives, He will take us to dwell with Him in Paradise. But then you know if we deny Him, as the Moors wish us to do, He will deny us."

"What do you mean by denying Him, Engracia?"

"If we say that we believe in the false prophet Mahomet, even though we do not really, for the sake of saving our lives."

"I will not deny Him, no indeed, sister; and I will never, never, never believe in Mahomet: I had rather be torn to pieces first."

"Remember, Inez, that you cannot do this of yourself; He must give you grace to do it. Will you pray to Him for this?"

"Yes, Engracia," answered Inez. And she knelt down by her sister's feet, and began repeating the Lord's Prayer, the only one she knew.

In the meanwhile the siege went on with great vigour. The priest had been wounded in the arm but no one else had been hurt, while nine or ten Moors lay dead around the tower.

But now their ammunition failed, and a second party of Moors came up to recruit the first. Their first measure was to lay a train against the tower door.

The powder was prepared, the train made,—the Moors retreated a little,—they brought flint and steel,—there was a hiss, a dense smoke, an explosion, and the enemy had entered the tower stairs. There was but one Christian cheek that turned pale, and that was Lorenzo the boaster's.

"There is another door, General," cried one of the soldiers that had first entered.

"It matters not," replied Ferag ben Ferag. "We can soon burn them out."

'Accordingly the interior fittings of the church were rudely torn down, and heaped together under the tower. A few rushes and a little grass were hastily collected, and thrown in with the rest, and the whole was ready for kindling, when Ferag called to those on the top, to know whether they preferred yielding at discretion, or being burnt alive.

"We have not a choice left," said father Gonzago. "If we allow them once to set fire to the tower, we must perish: if we yield, we may escape. At all events we have no right to be guilty of self-murder. We will yield ourselves prisoners," he continued, "but we hope that you will give us good and honourable treatment, as those that have in no wise done you harm, save in defending ourselves."

"Leave preaching," cried Ferag, "and open the door; you have kept us too long waiting, already."

'The little garrison assembled, some at the top of the tower, some in the belfry; the door of the winding staircase was thrown open, and Ferag with eight or ten soldiers ascended it, and appeared among the Christians on the roof. "Now," said he, "I know that the best name you have for us is the blood-thirsty Moors; and if we were really so, you must acknowledge that I have cause enough to order you all to death. But I am willing to be merciful; and such as shall renounce the belief of the Nazarenes shall not only have their lives, but their property also. How say you, child," he continued, catching hold of Inez.

"Do you want me to deny Christ?" asked Inez.

"The very thing," said Ferag. Come do it at once, and I promise you that you shall be as kindly treated as if I were your father."

"But then He would deny me," said Inez, looking at Engracia. "No; I can never do that."

"Look out there, below, some of you," cried Ferag. And twisting his hand in the long dark hair of the little Inez, he swung her over the battlements, and the soldiers caught her on their pikes.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength," said the priest, looking upwards. "The youngest Christian the oldest Martyr."

"Hold your tongue, Señor," cried Ferag; "I'll warrant that we shall have enough to say to you presently. By the way, I had forgotten: where is the villain that defied the Prophet some time ago?"

'The wretched Lorenzo was dragged out. "Now then," said Ferag, "will you abjure your faith at once, and profess ours? If not it will be over the battlements and on to the pikes."

"I cannot disbelieve our faith," said Lorenzo, trembling. "Even if I said I did, my heart would not go with my words."

"I care nothing for your heart," answered Ferag; "all I have to do is with your tongue. Do you confess Mahomet: aye or no?"

"Well then," began Lorenzo.

"My son," interrupted the priest, "if you fall away, I myself will accuse you as an apostate when we both stand before the judgment-seat of CHRIST."

"I have lived a Christian," said Lorenzo, "and by GOD's grace I will die a Christian. Do with me as you list." And he was hurled over and piked below.

"There is another account in your reckoning, Señor," said Ferag to father Gonzago; "but now to the rest of this work. You Nazarenes have seen how I have punished two of your number, and by the Prophet! I will do the same to all that persist in their folly."

'One by one these confessors of CHRIST were brought forward: one by

one they remained constant in their faith, and were thrown over. Father Gonzago stood by and encouraged them, or congratulated them, as their fears or their faith were the strongest; at length he, with Engracia and a maiden of her own age, named Eugenia, were left alone.

"It will be a most blessed thing, and a miraculous favour to me," said the priest, if I, miserable sinner, can say with our LORD in that Day, 'Of those whom thou gavest me I have lost none.' Some, whom I misdoubted have triumphed gloriously; and I well trust, my daughters, that you will not fail."

"Pray for us, therefore, father," answered Engracia, "that we may be strengthened to bear all God's will concerning us. Why do you leave us," she asked Ferag: "We are Christians as well as the others; if they deserved to die, so do we too."

"True, answered the Chief; but you will be sent, with others, to Fez, as a present to the king there. Hassan, you will see them under good guard."

Meanwhile a pulley had been fixed at the top of the tower, and a rope being passed through it, the priest was carried down and tied to one end. The Moors pulling at the other, raised him to the height of some twenty feet, and then allowed him to fall; and this over and over again, till every bone had been dislocated or broken. Still he lived; and still like Stephen he prayed for his persecutors. They beat him with a heavy cudgel; they tied a rope to his neck and dragged him along the road; at last some of the Moorish women that followed the camp, despatched him with their scissors and long knitting needles.

Changing their purpose towards Engracia and her companion, they and thirty other maidens were shortly after put to a cruel death, which they bore with unshaken constancy.

'Poynings, a Tale of the Revolution' (another volume of the same series) aims a blow at the glorious and immortal memory of William III. and the revolution of which he is the hero, and is written with such sympathy for the loyal party of that period, and so fully realizes their position, their hopes and fears, that it is a useful auxiliary to all who would inspire their children with the same political views. The arguments are well chosen and easy to enter into and understand. We do not see that the Whigs could place the justice of their cause before children's minds in at all the same self-evident and convincing style; though they might probably give different versions of the same characters. James II. certainly figures more to advantage than in our every-day histories; while Dr. Burnet, by being lowered in the esteem of some readers, so far gains his more proper level. The story itself is too slight and undeveloped to excite much interest, and few of the fictitious characters are drawn out sufficiently to bring out individual peculiarities, or to make the Lucy and Charles of this narrative distinguishable to the memory from all the other Lucies and Charleses with which story-books are peopled, after a few days have blended them with their fellows. The historical personages are more vividly drawn. The scene on the Prince of Orange's arrival at Exeter, whither

he marched immediately on his landing, is well given. He had been ill-received by the populace along the whole line of his march—a disappointment which made him anxious for the success of his adventure, and ruffled his never very amiable temper. Sir Ralph Montague, devoted to the legitimate sovereign, chances to form one of the cavalcade, having, under the protection of a pretended safe conduct, sought an audience of the Prince, whose party he believes to be in some way concerned in the sudden disappearance of his son. The youth had in fact been stolen away by their emissary, to secure the quiescence of the father. Sir Ralph speaks to his servant:—

“This looks well,” said Sir Ralph, who, wearied with his position in the rear, had asked and obtained permission to be near the Prince’s person, “this looks very well indeed. Why, if Monmouth, after all the show of popularity, so decidedly failed, what will this end in?”

“Take my word for it, Sir, the Prince does not like his reception. Why, his hooked nose is curling up like an eagle’s beak,” observed Wills.

“I should not like it,” returned his master. But hold! what are they going to do now?”

During the last few minutes William with his own party had been at the west front of the Cathedral. The Prince was employed in giving orders to his aides-de-camp about quartering the troops, and one after another, the gentlemen who attended him in that capacity, galloped down the narrow city streets to execute their various commissions. Behind the group I have mentioned, was a small battalion of picked Dutch soldiers, acting as the life guard.

“Now, gentlemen,” said William, in his harsh disagreeable voice, “go one of you, for the Bishop, and tell him that we propose having the *TE DEUM* sung for our happy arrival.”

“The Bishop, your Highness, is gone,” replied one of the officers: “they say he has ridden to London.”

“Call the Dean then, we cannot be kept waiting here all day.”

“The Dean, my Lord, is gone with the Bishop,” was the reply after a short pause.

“You will oblige me, Dr. Burnet,” said the Prince angrily, “by going into the Cathedral, seeing what dignitaries or choristers you can find, and letting me know.”

Dr. Burnet, with infinite trouble, clambered down from his horse, and obliged the Prince. Presently he came out with the only canon he could find, and a few choristers who happened to be in the building. The canon, a burly-looking man, seemed to feel very little reverence for his summoners; as soon as he had left the Cathedral, he carefully put on his four-cornered cap, and walking with great deliberation, inquired where the Prince of Orange was.

“There he is, Sir; there he is,” said Burnet; “there on the white horse.”

“Oh aye, I see him,” returned the other, putting on his spectacles with great gravity. “Humph! he is very like his pictures.”

“For heaven’s sake! Sir,” said Burnet in a low voice, “think to whom you are speaking, and show a little more reverence.”

“To whom I am speaking! Why, Sir, in the last rebellion I had anything to do with—and that was forty years ago—I have talked to better princes than this one of yours, and you don’t think—”

"My friend," said William, "we propose attending prayers in the Cathedral at once, and we shall therefore be obliged if you will read them."

"Well, my Lord, I rather guess I shall, seeing that I am paid for so doing."

"Hark ye, Sir," said the Prince, "you will make no mention of the Prince of Wales."

"Hark ye, my Lord," replied the canon, "are you my Ordinary?"

"What does he say?" asked the Prince, who, familiar enough with the English language, had had no great opportunity of becoming acquainted with its ecclesiastical terms.

"Nothing worth repeating, my good Lord," replied Burnet. "You will take care, Sir, to do as the Prince directs."

"What's your name, Sir?" asked the canon, coolly.

"*Que dit-il?*" asked Marshal Schomberg, not sufficiently acquainted with English to understand what was passing.

"An end to this," cried William. "Burnet, you shall read prayers: go and make things ready for us and for the TE DEUM; we will follow you presently; and mind you read our Declaration."

We come next to two very small books, which in different ways, are both successful attempts to make the little songsters for our choirs alive to their duties and privileges. The first—'Michael the Chorister,' is written with exceeding simplicity of language, such as is seldom attained to. This quality increases the effect of the narrative, which in parts is very pathetic and affecting, though always within the compass of a child's understanding and sympathies. The story must be read as a whole, and does not admit of being broken into extracts. It is a common suggestion, in behalf of a certain class of little books, that they are well adapted as presents and school prizes. Anything peculiarly safe, touching on no forbidden topics, and entering on no disputed ones, which the giver may part with without fear of its producing a host of embarrassing questions, or any other than a quiet result, recommends itself especially for this destination, which demands virtues chiefly of a passive nature; and all this may safely be pronounced of Little Michael. It is invaluable as a gift, to any little boy or girl of one's acquaintance, but beyond this the story has the active merit and qualification of being very pleasant and interesting reading for the donor himself, though only about a little singing-boy. 'The Island Choir,' is of a somewhat bolder character. The author looks back with affection to the times when choirs were first founded, and has imagined a story, which sounds like a legend of those by-gone days. The scene lies in a solitary island, to which a 'good bishop sends men to build a church, and a cell for four good men to live like brothers in, and to take care of twelve little choristers, who were to sing God's praises all day long.' What we desire for the story is, that it should really be a legend or tradition, not an invention of the author's, seeing that it calls in the most sacred supernatural agency,

even beyond the intervention of angels; this we feel open to objection, though the tone throughout the 'Island Choir,' is reverential and impressive. After describing the original founding of the church and choir, the story opens with the departure of the venerable superior to the mainland, to defend the cause of their body against the slanders of enemies. His three brethren insist on escorting him to the opposite shore, and set out in the only boat the island possesses, leaving the twelve choristers, now the island's only inhabitants, standing on the shore, to wait and watch for their return.

'And as they pushed off, the choristers began to chant a Psalm, and the four brethren chanted too. When they began, the voices blended together as when they chanted every day in church. But as the boat got farther from the shore, the voices of the one seemed fainter and fainter to the other; and at last, when they had got a great way, the brethren could scarcely hear the voices of the boys at all. Then the old brother stood up in the boat and stretched out his hands, that he might give his blessing to the children he was leaving on the shore, before he was out of sight. But he was very feeble with age, and now he was burdened with sorrow at leaving the cell to go among troublesome and bad men: and as he stretched out his hands, he tottered, and fell on the side of the boat. Then the three brethren all at once ran to that side of the boat, that they might raise up the old man whom they loved so much. But, because they all ran to one side of the boat, the boat lay down upon its side, and was upset, and the four brethren and the two fishermen were drowned, and the boat sank.

'Now the twelve boys had watched them all this time from the shore; there was not one who had moved a limb or turned his head aside, because they wished to see the last of the old man who was leaving them for the first time. And every one had a tear in his eye; so that when the boat went down, they were not quite sure that they saw aright. But when every one had wiped away the tear and looked stedfastly, and still they saw not the boat, though they strained their eyes very long, then they knew that the four brethren were departed, and that they were twelve little boys left alone in the world.'

The various characters of the boys are happily described, and their different ways of showing grief, till we come to the master spirit of this deserted little band:—

'Lastly there was one who left off weeping when his first tear was wiped away, after the boat went down. He was a tall slim boy, with a gentle eye, and smooth black hair, and a face that was grave, and pale and thin, and his name was Clement. His step was free, and his head erect, and yet he seemed sad, and his ways were those of a man and not a boy. He seldom sought the company of others, though he shrunk not from it when they came. His words were few, and his laugh not loud, and there seemed to be always more in his thoughts than came forth of his lips. His comrades knew not why he was so different from them. Some thought it was pride and love of self, but those who loved him most believed it not. These thought it was sorrow for a little brother, who had once sung by his side in church, in the same white dress, and the same holy words.

'But it was not only this (the loss of his brother,) that made him sad and

silent. And only one knew what it was at this time, and he was not on earth. For Clement some time before, all meek and gentle as he was, had fallen into a fault. And to one of the brethren he had confessed this fault, and his penance for it was not over yet. But his sorrow was for the fault, and not for the punishment he suffered for it. And now that his own little brother, and the brother that knew of his fault were gone, he thought it was time to make himself fit to go to them. So he lost no time in tears.'

The boys wandered about in listless grief; 'but Clement 'sat still on the sea-shore, and rested his head on his hand, and 'looked wistfully on the waves where the boat went down.' He is joined by his friend Hilary, who, after long watching with him, falls asleep.

'But Clement watched the waves. The sun had long gone down, but the moon rose high, and the sky was clear, and the sea very light and smooth, and Clement could see the smallest speck that lay on the far sea. And late at night when many an hour had passed since the boat went down at dawn, he laid his hand on Hilary's hand, and woke him very gently. And he made him look at the distant wave, where there was a dark speck, and it grew greater and greater as it slowly drifted to the shore. Long before it reached the shore, there was another speck on the distant wave, and soon another and another rose in sight, till six dark spots came all in a line, as the first was laid at their feet by the sluggish sea. The two boys shuddered and hid their faces in each others' breasts, for they saw that the dark spot was a man all stark and stiff, and they knew it was one of the fishers whose boat went down at dawn. At last Clement arose, and went to the body, and drew it farther ashore, and laid it straight on the sand, and knelt beside it, and closed its dull fixed eyes. And both boys knelt to pray when the task was done. Then they looked and saw that the other fisher was come ashore, so they brought his body and laid it besides his mate's. Then the youngest brother was thrown ashore, and another and another, and last of all the wise old brother with his limbs all straight, and his pale face paler still, and his arms both folded close upon his breast. And when the boys had laid the six all side by side, their hearts were heavy, and they sate them down to weep till dawn. But Clement wept longest and most, and Hilary tried to comfort him; and told him how the brethren were all in Abraham's bosom, for the many good deeds they had done, and their gentle training of twelve little boys. But Clement said, "I weep not for these that are gone, for where they are my own little brother is, and I know they are happy there. But there is no Priest among us, and how shall we bury these Christian men?"'

Grief makes him fall into a deep sleep, and Hilary summons his companions; these 'could not look on the six dead men, so 'they turned their heads away, but they wrapped their vestments round Clement as he slept and carried him, two at the 'head and two at the feet, all the way up to the cell.' On his awaking, he reminds his companions that, 'if there are not 'priests for the praying, there are children for the singing,' and leads them to the church, where they sing their parts till all their hearts, even his, fail, for their desolation. He passes the

night alone in the church, and his spirit is strengthened by prayer. In the morning

'He stood at the upper end of the hall, on the raised part where the four brethren ate their meat; and beckoned the children round him, and said:—"O dear brothers, since we wot not how long it is God's will that we stay here alone, it is neither safe for our bodies nor good for our souls that we live in idleness. Now if ye will hearken to me, I will set you your tasks; and be well assured our guardian Angels will be nigh to help us, if we will help ourselves."'

They willingly receive him as their superior, and to each he sets a task, summoning Hilary with some others to the beach. These he bid to cut down a great tree which grew there, which after long labour they succeed in, and afterwards remove all the branches. Of the larger ones, he charges Hilary to make crosses in preparation for the graves of the dead, and so dismissed him and the rest.

'Clement remained alone, and sat on the naked trunk, and read his book of prayers. And he looked out on the sea, and never towards the land, because not very far away the six drowned men were lying, and they had been dead three days, and to see them made him sad. Now the tide was coming in, and when it was come full in, the sea came all about the trunk, but Clement left it not. At length it was time for the tide to ebb, and even as the waves went out from the shore they moved the great trunk with them. Then Clement put up his book in his bosom, and stretched himself out on the tree, and clung to it fast, and so he floated out to sea.'

The child whom he had set to watch, seeing something on the waters, ran to him who stood by the bell, and both began to toll, which sound reaching Clement on the waters, seemed to him like his death-knell, and his faith began to fail, till he beheld behind him an angel in the likeness of his little brother, and before him the vision of a child like that of the picture over the altar, and so he crossed to the mainland and was cast on shore. Here he hastens to a church, and implores the priest he finds there to listen to his tale; but he was a proud, hard man, and would not believe Clement's words, and drove him away. Another priest soon passed by, and to him he ran,

'And took him by the sleeve of his alb, and stayed him, and said, "O Father, have pity on a little boy, and do his bidding for JESU's sake. There are six dead men on yonder island who have no Priest to give them burial, and eleven little boys who have only the Angels for their keepers." And he told him all his story. Now the Priest was a kind man, and loved all men, and little children most of all, so he listened to Clement's tale, and spoke kindly to him, and promised to go with him to the island and do what was best for the little island choir.'

And soon they called a boat, and the Priest sat up in the stern, with his vestment and alb and stole; but Clement lay at his

feet with his head on the Priest's knee, for his strength was failing fast. Joyfully were they received by the desolate children, only that some grieved for Clement's wan and altered looks. Under the Priest's help and guidance, they dig graves for the dead, after which he leaves them for a time to bring more help.

'Then Clement called Hilary, and they two walked together to the cell, and went to look at the six new graves in the churchyard. And Hilary brought the crosses he had made out of the rough boughs, and they set them up, one at the head of every grave, six crosses in a row. But when they had set up six, lo, there was yet another left; and Hilary was frightened and amazed, and said, "Dear Clement, I thought I had made but six crosses; but see, such was my trouble of mind that I knew not what I did, and here are seven: what shall be done with the seventh?" Then Clement answered, "It was not thy trouble of mind, brother, that did this, but the wise foresight of the pure spirit within thee. Let it lie at present, I pray. And now that my task is done, I am very, very faint; do thou sit by me while I rest." So Clement lay down with his head upon the rough cross, and one hand in Hilary's hand, and his eyes looking up to heaven. And after awhile he said, "My little brother is near me, Hilary, and now he is come to take me away. O pray that my fault may be forgiven."

'Then Hilary wept and said, "Dear Clement, who will be near me when thou art gone? For there is none so dear to me as thou." And he wept very bitterly when he saw that Clement's life was going fast. But Clement said, "I shall be with thee, Hilary, and shall, it may be, watch over thee at all times, as my brother watches me. God will be good to the island choir, for the sake of His holy Child Jesus." Then he spoke no more, and just as the sun went down he closed his eyes and fell asleep; and Hilary knew that his sleep was the sleep of death.'

'The Wonder Seeker,' by Miss Margaret Fraser Tytler, author of 'Tales of the Great and Brave,' &c. This lady is not to be confounded with her sister, the authoress of 'Mary and Florence,' and several other well-known stories for children, though we trace a family likeness in their productions.

'The Wonder Seeker' is an attempt to render natural history interesting to children, under the sugared disguise of a tale; and, so far, we must regard it as a failure. Truth and fiction will not in this case help one another on, and the two incongruities do not look the better for being forcibly intertwined. The hero who listens to, and discovers, all these wonders, is, at seven or eight years old, when his history opens, a spoilt, ill-mannered, proud, overbearing boy—an unfavourable specimen of an odious class—but is presently converted to a state of heavenly and preternatural goodness by a course of natural history.

In this way, two subjects and two books have, as it were, been spoiled into one rather absurd one. Separately, the boy would have been reformed by ordinary methods, with which our experience of cause and effect could have sympathized,

while the natural history would have assumed a more orderly, and therefore instructive arrangement, and the young reader's faculties would have been spared the confusion consequent on being hurried from wolves to locusts, from nightingales to dogs, from beetles to tigers, without any reason that we can trace, except the extremely discursive minds of the speakers and thinkers in this volume. Moreover, by the plan it adopts, all the inhabitants of nature's kingdom are represented as always doing wonders, so that any poor child inspired by Charles Douglas's success in wonder-seeking to make similar researches, would be in danger of giving up the real pursuit in despair, as a dull one. To the story as a *story*, another evil results from this blending of two objects into one; for, in order to satisfy Charles Douglas's awakened curiosity, and thus to bring out the instructive portion of the book, he is made the exclusive object on whom a clergyman of middle life, and from his occupation naturally busy, bestows an unlimited quantity of his time and thoughts. As it is a serious injury to children in real life to make them of overwhelming importance; so it is an error to represent them as such in fiction. It is enough to make ordinary little boys dissatisfied with their lot in life, to see how eagerly Charles Douglas is attended to, while they are frequently enjoined 'not to interrupt,' 'not to be troublesome,' 'not to ask so many questions,' 'to go into the nursery, or be quiet,' all forms of rebuff which our readers can recall, as having once been familiar as household words in their own ears; and from which they can probably trace some salutary and quieting influence. The little Douglas has at his service, besides his papa, an ancient family retainer, who never says anything, but has a fund of loyal devotion within, which makes him ready to sacrifice his life for his young master on the slightest occasion—a pony of his own—a tutor who, however, plays a subordinate part,—and above all so strong a hold on the affections of the rector of the parish (Mr. Stanley), a gentleman living in a beautiful parsonage, and possessing a horse of the pure Arabian race, that he joyfully devotes the best hours of his day and the best years of his life to the exclusive pleasure and instruction of this young gentleman. They ride and walk about all day, looking for natural wonders and sometimes visiting the poor, and they read natural history all night. Nor is Mr. Stanley ever so busy as not to be able to renounce every other call on his time for this paramount one.

In the end, Master Douglas, in a fit of reckless bravery, nearly breaks his neck; and after being nursed by Mr. Stanley, is ordered off to Germany. It was a surprise to us, as showing inconsistency in the good rector, that he did not immediately

resign his living, in order to accompany the invalid, who set out with only his father, his tutor, and his grey-haired retainer in his suite; however, for four years they drag on life asunder, till in the last page we are again introduced to the faithful Mr Stanley, in a broken-down chariot, somewhere on the Alps, whence he is rescued by Charles Douglas. It seems he has been pursuing the party from town to town for days, having resolved to travel for the future with his young friend. 'Yes,' he says, 'we have met again, my dear boy, not, I trust, to be speedily parted.'

As an example of the subjects the book treats of, as well as of a certain exaggeration of tone, we extract what follows. Charles has made a discovery of the grave-digging propensity of beetles, and is engaged in an interesting experiment: four black beetles under a glass-case are burying the remains of a bullfinch. At first the beetles are more intent on making an escape from their prison than in pursuing their funeral labours, and in this aspect of affairs Charles is summoned to breakfast.

'At last he was obliged to go away, and he did so in very low spirits, for he began to think that this experiment would be of no avail. I do not know that his disappointment prevented Charles from eating any breakfast, but he certainly gave a far shorter time to it than usual, and returned to the glass-case, where he gave one quick look, and then clapped his hands in delight, for it was quite evident that the work was already begun.'

'Two of the beetles had disappeared,—they must then be hid under the bird; and this was soon proved, for by slow degrees a small mound of earth rose all round, as if the little sextons were building a fortress to protect their work. That day the pretty Arab, Zora and Mite were brought to the door as usual; but they pawed the ground, neighed, and shook their bridles in vain, not even a ride could tempt Mr. Stanley or Charles from their post at the table: and they were rewarded; for the interest of their watch more than repaid them for their promised ride \* \* \* \* That evening the bullfinch lay an inch and a half below the surface of the earth, and looked as if neatly laid out and stretched upon its little bier. The next day it was covered over, and the work of the industrious beetles was finished.'

'This was certainly proof sufficient that Charles's had been a real and true discovery: but he never seemed weary of making certainty still more certain. Birds, moles, frogs, snails—all were one after another laid under a glass-case, and to one and all the little grave-diggers, as Charles persisted in calling them, performed the same good office.'

'"Do not you think, Mr. Stanley," he said, "that it would be delightful spending a whole lifetime doing nothing else but watching the habits and natures of all the living creatures in the world? not man,—that would not interest me half so much.—but animals, and birds, and fishes, and insects? I think I should like the insects best of all, because some of them are so very small, that their ingenuity and wisdom seem more extraordinary—may I call it wisdom, Mr. Stanley?"'

'"I see no reason," said Mr. Stanley, smiling at Charles's anxious look of inquiry,—"I see no reason why, if you like the word, we should not talk of the wisdom of a worm or a fly, as well as of the sagacity

an elephant, or the cunning of a fox; we often see less wisdom in the works of man than in those, for instance, of the May-fly in the first stage of its existence. Are you aware that it comes into life a helpless, shapeless little creature, a white worm of small size?"

Then follows a description of the little silken house, or case, in which the worm exists till it becomes a fly, and in which it floats on the water; the whole account given with a sort of romantic unction which makes the more accurate matter-of-fact books on entomology seem cold and poor.

"Oh how strange, how very strange, Mr. Stanley, all these things are! What credit we give to the person who first invented ships, and who, I dare say, made a great many trials before he knew how to manage the proper balance; and here is this little worm that might put them all to shame. I do wish, Mr. Stanley, that I had a hundred times more sense than I have, and could know and understand all these things perfectly. Though I delight to hear about them so much just now, they sometimes puzzle me; I cannot understand them. Do you think I ever shall?" he asked, despondingly.

"You will at least improve," answered his friend; "but trust me, dear Charles, many people, older and wiser than you, are puzzled about these things: no human understanding can master all, no, nor a hundredth part of all the difficulties, all the wonders of God's works. I do not warn you of this to discourage you; on the contrary, I think you are in a fair way of overcoming many of those difficulties that now seem to you insurmountable. You already know a great deal. I dare say, when you look back only two or three years, you wonder how you could then be so ignorant; and it will be the same some years hence. What seems to you great knowledge now, will then be very little in your eyes. We shall, I hope, go on instructing each other, shall we not? Or do I take too much credit to myself, Charles, in thinking I have done you a little good since we met?"

"A little good! Oh, Mr. Stanley! do not say that," exclaimed Charles, darting from his seat, and throwing his arms round his friend. "You would not say that, if you knew all. 'A little good.' Oh! when I remember what I used to be, how I do wonder that you could ever be so kind to me! But God put it into your heart—I know He did—that when it seemed He had taken away everybody that loved you, you might find one left; for I will love you all my whole life, and thank you and pray for you,—indeed I will." And poor little Charles, in his anxiety to prove to Mr. Stanley his gratitude, seemed to lose the power of doing so; for he stopped suddenly, and, looking up in his friend's face, burst into tears.

Let no mamma or tender friend, charmed by Charles Douglas's sensibility, try experiments on their own little darlings, hoping to train them to the same powers of expression: they will infallibly be disappointed—at least until the child learns what is expected from it. 'I have done you a little good,' followed by this burst of affection so ready at a summons! Of all sublunary things, a child's deep, *real* emotions are least under the beck and call of another; they are least to be reckoned on at a given moment. Children surprise us by showing feeling and emotion when we do not expect it from them, and are dull and passive when we do. We do not know how to touch the chords

of their hearts; and it is well for them that we do not, else, with a busy, vain curiosity, men would be for ever sounding and prying into the delicate instrument, till its thrilling, divine tones would become no better than a tinkling cymbal, all surface and all noise.

'Then tear we not the veil away,  
Nor, ruthless, tell in open day  
The tender spirit's dream.  
O let the deepening stream  
Might from the mountain-springs in silence draw;  
O, mar we not His work, who trains His saints in awe!'

Though we consider order and system essential in books of instruction, and, besides, feel strongly that the plan of assembling together a quantity of miscellaneous natural wonders defeats its end, by inducing on the reader a very incredulous spirit, yet, so far as a book inspires interest and curiosity on such subjects, it is a valuable one. Of all tastes which we would wish to encourage early in children, a love of Nature is to our mind the most important. Childhood seems the appointed time for its development, and if that golden season slips by, unenlightened on the beauties and the marvels around us, maturity finds us too busy and too dull to make room for them, or to discern them. It is beyond measure surprising, and yet a matter of every-day experience in ourselves, and in our friends, that this natural world,—beautiful, wonderful, and for ever changing, open to all men's eyes, and needing nothing but eyes to see,—should yet be a sealed book to the majority of mankind; that men should walk amid fair scenes, day by day, and yet see only the path they tread on; that the sky should glow over our heads, and the flowers bloom at our feet; that a world of life and wonderful instincts should perpetually be unfolding itself before us; and that we should pass through it so absorbed in business, or care, or vain imaginations, as to be unconscious of all, and return to our daily tasks with little other benefit and refreshment than what bodily exercise and purer air must bring. We would not of course say that many are utterly blind to the beauties of this outer world, but let most men compare their pleasures and impressions in the course of an ordinary country walk with those of a true lover and observer of Nature, and they will grant there is force in what we say. It is not, however, that we would have children fluent talkers about such impressions—which in early youth must be unconscious ones,—but that they should then begin to feel them. After years will prove to them how pure a consolation, how true a freshener of existence this love is;—as time advances, bringing troubles in its train,—as this moral world shows itself harassing, restless, disappointing; and

all things change and grow dark but Nature, that type of its Creator, ever working, yet ever at rest, and inspiring in those who will watch its movements, both its rejoicing activity and its repose.

It is some sense (unconscious perhaps) of the value of this intercourse with Nature, which makes it such delight to witness an infant's dawning sympathy with the world, animate and inanimate, around it—its first intelligent glance at moon and stars, flowers and insects. The homeliest nurse will use all her arts to win such precious smiles, too soon to be attracted from objects like these, by bolder and louder claimants for admiration, but which, if duly nurtured, may grow into a love strong and lasting as life itself.

We cannot touch on this subject without being reminded of a treasury of beautiful thoughts on children and their ways—the latest gift of a poet to whom his generation already owes so much. The following poem, though pursuing a deeper train of thought, will already have occurred to many of our readers. Such, however, as have fallacious memories will yet thank us for quoting—

‘LOOKING WESTWARD.

- ‘ Had I an infant, Lord, to rear,  
And mould in Jesus' Law,  
How should I watch in hope and fear  
The first deep glance of awe,
- ‘ When for a bright and conscious gaze,  
He lifts his eyelids meek ;  
And round his own world's little maze,  
Some marvel fain would seek !
- ‘ Bright be the spot, and pure the ray,  
That wins his steadfast eye;  
A path of light a glorious way,  
To guide his soul on high.
- ‘ O, rich the tint of earthly gold,  
And keen the diamond's spark ;  
But the young lamb of Jesus' fold  
Should other splendours mark.
- ‘ To soothe him in the unquiet night,  
I ask no taper's gleam,  
But bring him where the aerial light  
Falls from the moon's soft beam.
- ‘ His heart at early morn to store  
With fancies fresh and rare,  
Count not thy jewels o'er and o'er,  
Show him no mirror's glare ;
- ‘ But lift him where the eastern heaven  
Glow with the sun unseen,  
Where the strong wings to morning given  
Brood o'er a world serene.

- 'There let him breathe his matin thought  
Of pure, unconscious love;  
There taste the dew by angels brought,  
In silence from above.
- 'Yet might I choose a time, me seems  
That earliest wistful gaze  
Were best to meet the softening beams  
Of sunset's glowing maze.
- 'Wide be the western casement thrown,  
At sultry evening's fall,  
The gorgeous lines be duly shown,  
That weave Heaven's wondrous pall.
- 'Calm be his sleep, whose eyelids close  
Upon so fair a sight;  
Not gentler mother's music flows,  
Her sweetest, best good-night.
- 'So hastes the Lord our hearts to fill  
With calm baptismal grace,  
Preventing all false gleams of ill,  
By His own glorious Face.'

The simple, passive contemplation of Nature is, however, hardly consonant with childhood. A child does not commonly show himself deeply impressed by merely looking at a fine landscape: he longs to be in it, to be acting in the scene, and thus feel himself part of it:—he must be doing; must build with the snow, and slide on the ice, and bathe in the stream, and gather the flowers, and sport himself in the sunshine, and climb the trees, and range the hills; but while he thus seems only acting his own part, all the scene wherein he performs it is printing itself indelibly on his memory, and founding a store of pure and freshening thoughts; his present wild joy to become food for happy reflection in future tranquil years.

This propensity to be doing much excuses to our heart what it is the fashion to apply very hard names to—bird's-nesting and similar vices. Certainly, that child is best who, loving and ardently admiring the prize, yet remembers the absent mother, and, mindful of her fluttering despair, leaves untouched the treasure where he found it; his the subdued will, the gentle heart! his moderation, his forbearance establishes a lasting bond between him and Nature's works; his love for them is purest and most lasting. But is nothing to be said for the town-bred boy, wandering away to the fields and woods in his seldom-recurring holiday? His keen glance detects amongst highest branches a confused mass of rough twigs, which duller eyes could not distinguish from the similar tussock at his feet. A few bold and well-judged springs, and he is looking down upon his discovery. Where, through his whole life, will he see anything more beautiful? So rough, so unformed it looked from below, and here

how smooth, how graceful! what sweet contrast between the downy white within and the tender green of its mossy edge! what order, what skilful blending of incongruous and refuse material into an exquisite and perfect whole. And the four small eggs so wondrous bright, and smooth, and round! And all this is his! he has found it—he may keep it—he may place it by his bed-side, and find it there when he wakes next morning! The dingy garret is brightened to his imagination already, by its presence; he thinks how his sisters will admire—how the boys will gather round and envy him his prize; and forgetting that he makes one little pair disconsolate, he carries off the spoil. It may be he hears a feeble twitter, and his heart misgives him; but it is too late, he thinks, now; and birds will get over their sorrow like men, and build another nest. Happy those who can admire things within their reach without wanting to have them! it is a rare and a noble virtue: but at least, a bird's nest is a temptation, and if men will not think so, they have forgotten their childhood, or have had a very peculiar one.

But to return from a long digression to our books, which in this instance, as they relate to boys' pleasures and pursuits, seem rather in harmony with it.

'The Boy's own Library' contains a good deal that may amuse them; many lively stories of quaint characters, and village incidents, some of which we recognise as having amused our own childhood, and some information on natural history and country matters, told in an animated manner. Indeed, the cheerfulness of this series is something quite remarkable, reminding us of that determined hilarity to be found in the corners of country newspapers, as the bright season of the year comes on—and which is often constrained to express itself in quaintnesses and other singularities of style. The author, in sympathy with his youthful readers, and in remembrance of his own boyhood, can hardly restrain his own gladness of heart, into which everything, animate and inanimate, is supposed to enter, and which must be his excuse for certain unchristian oburgations ('by Jove!' for example,) and occasional familiarities and vulgarities of style.

We suppose this resolute happiness affords an example of 'the healthy tone,' which is now so frequent a subject for commendation with reviewers, when they wish to condense strong approval of a publication into the fewest words. The boy-friends of the author are led to suppose all they see as happy and prosperous as themselves. When the hay-makers are described as loading waggons with mountains of hay as heavy as themselves, he exclaims, 'Theirs is a happy life!' an immunity from care, which the village labourer would hardly take to himself;

—and the travelling chair-mender is described as exempt from every trouble of humanity. It is thus that he and his friend the tinker, to adopt the phraseology of Mark Tapley, 'come out strong,' under adverse circumstances.

'What is that has arrested your attention now beside the rustic cottage up the lane?—The old chair-bottomer. He leads a happy life enough, no doubt. You see the small rushes which he every now and then mixes up with the larger ones?—Those are of English growth; such as we saw beside the river, and waving above the bank where we beheld the water-hen. He can always have plenty of those for the trouble of cutting them; the larger come from Holland. His is not so good a trade as it once was, for there are not so many chairs bottomed with rushes since cane seats came into fashion. Watch how nimbly and strongly he twists the rushes with his fingers; now in this corner, then in that, plat after plat is laid down; and every time he goes round the corner of the chair the hole in the middle grows less. How merrily the ragged fellow whistles! What cares he? He carries his shop upon his back, and finds employment in every village he comes to. If he does his work well, he is sure of a glass of beer and a crust of bread and cheese. That woman keeps the village alehouse, and she has come to talk with him about mending and bottoming her chairs before the club-feast is held at her house. Rare quarters will he have there, and you will hear him singing in the kitchen in an evening, after he has done his work, like a linnet; and, perhaps, his old crony, the tinker, is at work somewhere in the neighbourhood and will join him at night, when they will talk over the pleasant trips they have had together, the many beautiful villages they have seen in their rambles, and which is the pleasantest road to take if you wish to reach them. Wonderful things have these two happy old fellows seen in their travels; nests, and snakes, and water-newts, and great gledes, that carried off young chickens. They have chased young foxes and hunted young hares, and taken rooks'-nests from the topmost branches of many a tall elm-tree; and when they could get no work in autumn you never saw what quantities of brown nuts and ripe blackberries they would bring home. No two boys were ever happier than they are when out in the country together.'

From the successes and failures of individuals, with their narrowness of views, their partial aims, their limited experience, we turn now to a work written for the enlightenment of young children—free from all these hindrances to perfection—the product of united wisdom, and careful consultation, and enlarged philosophy.

Children have hitherto been left to see, and feel, and touch, very much as instinct guides them; their senses have been supposed able to do their work without the aid of formal written documents; and, as the common law of England exists in the memories, and experience, and customs of men rather than in books, so those great principles of our physical being, the five senses, have been thought able to act without formal treatises to inform them that they see, and feel, and touch, and smell. We all know that we see, and we also know in a sense *what* we see, without the assistance of a book to tell us. However, it has been discovered that infants should not be left, as they have

been, to their own discoveries and conclusions, but that they should take up these earliest pursuits more *selon les règles*—that they should not only see the sun, but *know* that they see it, and also be brought to a distinct statement of *where* they see it,—in the heavens out of their reach—and not, as in uninstructed ignorance they might have imagined, ‘in a room, or lying on the road.’ To rectify the prevalence of such common and natural errors, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, under the sanction of the fifty distinguished gentlemen who form its Committee, have published a very profound work, entitled, ‘Exercises for the Improvement of the Senses—for Young Children;’ the aim of which seems to be to throw discredit on intuitive knowledge, and not to admit anything to be known until it has been taught by this learned Society. We quote, *verbatim et seriatim*, the following ‘questions on the body,’ which occur early in the volume:—

- ‘Where is your head?
- ‘Where is your neck?
- ‘Is your head above or below your neck?
- ‘Which is nearest to your neck, your shoulders or your head?
- ‘Are your eyes above or below your cheeks?
- ‘Where is your right cheek?
- ‘Where is your left cheek?
- ‘Is your nose to the right or left of your right cheek?
- ‘Is your nose to the right or left of your left cheek?
- ‘Are your cheeks outside of your nose?
- ‘Is your nose outside of your cheeks?
- ‘Which is nearest the floor, your knee or your foot?’

And again, the following questions, which we have selected, as the book advances:—

- ‘Did you ever see people walking about with shoes on their hands?
- ‘Why should we not wear shoes on our hands?
- ‘Did you ever hear a horse talk?
- ‘What is the noise called that you make when you are very much pleased?
- ‘What is the noise called that you make when you want me to know anything?
- ‘How do you feel when you want something to eat?
- ‘Where do you put bread and meat at dinner?
- ‘What do you do to the things you eat, when they are in your mouth?
- ‘Could you eat by putting bread or meat into your hand instead of your mouth?
- ‘Can you bite with your hand?
- ‘Here is a piece of bread; how do you know it is not a piece of cheese?
- ‘Is sugar of any use?
- ‘Can you get it in the fields and roads, like dirt and sand?
- ‘Is a fly smaller or larger than you?
- ‘Did you ever see a cat or a dog asleep?
- ‘Do tables and chairs sleep—do they eat and drink?
- ‘Did you ever hear any noise come from the church?
- ‘Is the church as large as a house, do you think?’

- 'Why are you called Jones as well as Mary?
- 'Are you ever called anything but Mary Jones?
- 'Where was the sun when you saw it—was it in a room, or lying on the road?'

So long as intuition will tell us all this, we believe that most men will prefer its repose, to the bustle of more conscious knowledge. A child does not *know* anything more at the end of these questions, than it did at the beginning, (except in the matter of right hand and left, which we confess intuition will not teach,) the only new idea it can have acquired, is the knowledge that it knows, and so far it may be a loser in humility. Not but that there is, after all, a sort of difficulty in the questions, for the very strangeness of them. In surprise that we should be asked them, our reasoning powers are held in abeyance. What can a 'noise' coming from the church mean? And again, in that startling and perplexing query, 'Here is a piece of bread; how do you know it is not a piece of cheese?' we feel at first, simply that we know it is not, and we suppose that the questioner also knows; but for a moment we are puzzled. Presently, however, rousing our faculties from a bewilderment which, in his eyes, will surely pass for ignorance, we discriminate, with philosophical accuracy, between cows and corn-fields, and discover that, after all, there is something clever in *knowing* that we know the difference.

We extract the following series of questions on liquids, for the sake of the observations the author has appended to this branch of his subject :—

- 'What do you drink with your dinner?
- 'What do you drink with your breakfast?
- 'What colour is milk?
- 'Which is softest, bread or water?
- 'If you let fall a piece of bread, can you pick it up?
- 'Why do you not take up water in the same way as you pick up bread?
- 'Which is most like water, glass or wood?
- 'Can you drink glass?
- 'How is glass like water?

'This last exercise can be expanded in the following manner :—A piece of common window glass may be taken—the finger can be held behind the glass, and the child asked—can you see my finger? The finger should then be put before a card, and then behind a card. Repeat the experiment with the glass, and vary the experiment until the child discovers, and expresses his discovery, that he can see a finger through glass, but not through card. It is not worth while to trouble him with the word transparent at present, for no additional knowledge will be thereby obtained. When he is farther advanced, he may be told that things we can see through, are called transparent. When the difference between the card, &c., and the glass, in respect of its transparency, has been understood, take a drinking-glass and repeat the above exercise; put the finger first into, then on the opposite side of the glass; let the child evince clearly by words, that he can see the finger through two portions of the glass: then pour water into the glass, repeating the preceding exercises. That the child also may clearly understand that water is transparent, independently of its situation in a glass

(for he may perchance think that the water is rendered transparent by the vessel), put something, as a shilling, into it, and show him that the shilling can be seen, notwithstanding that the water is between it and his eye; and repeat and continue the exercises on two or three occasions. Unless the examination be varied, in every possible manner, the teacher cannot be safe against some false association in the child's mind.'

Now what does a child really learn from all this parade of teaching, all these experiments, all these precautions against false impressions? Absolutely nothing. From the time that a baby flattens its face against a window-pane, it knows perfectly well that glass is a hard transparent substance. And so soon as it can see the sponge at the bottom of its bath, and stretches forth its hand through the yielding fluid to reach it, it knows that water is a soft transparent substance, though following the suggestion of our author, it does not use the word transparent at present, 'for no additional knowledge will be thereby obtained.' Yet some three or four years after, it may be taught to think it knows a good deal, without one addition to its stock of ideas, from finding all its unconscious impressions made the subject of question and answer in a book, and may gain such a sense of cleverness and importance as elated M. Jourdain, when he first learnt from his grammarian that he was talking prose. He had talked prose just as easily and fluently, for fifty years, as at the moment of this discovery, but he had never been proud of it till now. This method of instruction, with nothing to teach on the one hand, and on the other, of laborious learning, without acquiring any new idea—has results which reminds one of the fish dinners described in *Tancred*, 'repletion without sustenance;' or of another still airier banquet, which it may be in the memory of our readers to have seen infants subjected to by some careless nurse, who, to stay the cries of her helpless charge, holds the empty vessel, which once contained its food, to its eager and hungry lips. The poor babe sucks on all the more laboriously for the failure of each successive effort, till its ineffectual exertions end, as in the intellectual repast we compare to it, in painful and empty inflation.

We cannot conclude our remarks on children's books without some mention of two series of volumes, which merit extensive circulation,—*'The Family Library,'* which is complete, and *'The Select Library,'* now in progress. They consist of both republications and new works—in neither case written for children, but not the less adapted to their taste. For the pleasure children take in books is of two kinds. Naturally, such as are written expressly for them, which are about children like themselves, which tell of joys, and troubles, and interests, just like their own, have their earliest preference; as the first stories told to a little

child are about good and naughty little boys and girls. This is the pleasure of sympathy. But as their powers expand, as the simple process of reading becomes mechanical, another class of books is opened to them; such as in no wise directly concern children, but which tell of the perils and adventures, the thoughts and feelings, the joys and sorrows of manhood, which reveal to them something of what life is. The moment when a child first sees this new world opening before it, is indeed an enchanting one, full of such intense delight, such consciousness of awakening powers, that it may be regarded as a turning-point of existence. All must, more or less, keenly remember this period in their own lives, and perhaps will be able to point out some particular book—containing, it may be, a picture of romantic or adventurous life,—and read at this critical period of their youth with such full apprehension and sympathy, that it seems as it were to have influenced their whole subsequent current of thought, and set it in one fixed direction from that time forward. No actual insight into society can produce this effect. Much intercourse with the world at a very early age has, indeed, a precisely contrary effect, and dwarfs the imagination instead of expanding it. A child cannot comprehend the busy scene it finds itself in, and in ineffectual attempts to exercise an immature judgment on objects beyond its reach, ceases to exert those powers which properly belong to its age. The least injury that can be expected from introducing children early into what is conventionally called the world, is this intellectual blight: their moral nature may be far more fatally injured. A boy of ten may be *blâsé*; there may be nothing new left for him to see, no scene of society with which, in his own poor way, he may not be familiar. The children of Paris have been described, we trust by a prejudiced pen, as having all this air of premature experience, and already wearing a look of weariness and satiety; and that from living always in public, and in a whirl of amusement.

No books can have quite this ill effect; bad or injudicious ones may taint a young imagination, or awaken pride and vanity in all their evil forms,—a course of fashionable novels could hardly fail of involving this consequence; but though childhood, by this means, ceases to be amiable, it is still there; fancy is not destroyed; hope, at least, is left. What incalculable extent of moral evil a perfectly promiscuous course of reading may produce on some minds, is of course beyond all human calculation; or how deeply and permanently the imagination may be affected. It is such considerations make us feel the value of a series of books adapted for this stage of childhood; books that will instruct and enlarge the mind, and amuse the fancy; which

will introduce them to distinguished past and living authors of our own and other countries; and all carefully freed, not only from what is directly harmful, but also from such topics as children had best, for the present, remain ignorant of.

This is not really a reading age; the world is busier than ever, and people say, when they grow up and live in it, that they have no leisure. Let our children, then, make good use of the peaceful golden time, and read with such earnestness in youth that the habit may abide with them through life; or even if then they follow the world's fashion, and so are thrown back upon the labours of their childhood, they may have stored up something worth knowing at that age when men learn easiest and remember longest.

---

ART. II.—*First Impressions of England and its People.* By  
HUGH MILLER. London: Johnstone. 1847.

THIS is a volume which ranks very decidedly above the ephemeral swarm of tours which the sunshine of the summer holidays annually gives birth to, and is worthy of occupying our attention by itself, instead of being despatched in the batch with others of the same genus. The writer is no ordinary observer, and what he thinks worth telling, is pretty sure to be worth hearing. We will not say that there are no superfluous pages in the volume, or that there are no signs of writing to make book; but we are able to say that there is less of book-making, and more appearance of the genuine minutes of an active and acute mind, than it is often our good fortune to find in a traveller's volume. We have not, indeed, the lurid brilliance of 'Eothen,' or the substantial knowledge of 'The Crescent and the Cross;' but we have a considerable variety of original remark on familiar subjects—on English character and common life;—good descriptions of well-known scenery;—and some well-told rambles to places (like The Leasowes and Hagley) not generally visited.

The author, Mr. Hugh Miller, of Cromarty, and now, we believe, editor of a leading Edinburgh weekly paper, is well known to our readers north of the Tweed by a previous work, 'The Old Red Sandstone,' by which he earned the just reputation not only of a pleasing writer on geology, but of having, by his original researches, done much to establish the existence of vertebrate animals in that formation. He is, throughout, the self-taught Scotchman, and the merits and the faults of this volume are to be referred to one or other of these two qualifications. For it is a positive qualification for observation of English life and scenery to have been born and reared in Scotland, and to be crossing, like Mr. Miller, the Border for the first time. Only a Scotchman or an American would observe fine shades of national character, which, from their very familiarity, escape the native; while the Scotchman is less liable than the American to fall into those blunders on every day matters, and that continual misconception, which pervade all foreigners' views of this country. From Washington Irving or Mr. Miller, we may gain a fresh light to see ourselves in; from a German tourist, such as Raumer or Kohl, we can but learn what Germans think of us—we get light on the German, not the English mind, and our principal amusement in reading

them must be, we should think, in tracing the sources of their mistakes to *their* national prejudices. It is the German in England that we study, not England by help of the German. As for French tours, they are so supremely ridiculous that the less said of them the better. German pedantry and French egotism are equally fatal to the exercise of that delicate tact, which, dismissing from view broad national characteristics, as well as notable singularities, can fix and describe those minuter general traits, the observation and comparison of which alone can give the knowledge of national character which is worth having. The observer should be habituated to a system of things sufficiently different to produce the effect of contrast, and to have something with which to compare what he sees ; and sufficiently similar to prevent his attention from being arrested by the obvious and prominent features of the new country. An instance of what we mean is supplied by what is remarked by Mr. Miller,—that so much of the cockney literature is of a rural character. It is the force of contrast that enables the Londoner to find redolent of poetry mere hedge-side nature, a lane, a field, the most common-place brook, the most every day daisy and primrose. Because of the different scenes among which he has to live it is that the London poet prizes beauties so trivial and down-trodden that they escape the notice of even the poet that lives among them.

It may, perhaps, create surprise, to find so much stress being laid on the difference between the English and Scotch character. It may be thought that now that Edinburgh is within sixteen hours of London, and that the intercourse is so unlimited, that no difference of importance now exists, beyond a few peculiarities, not enough to constitute a national distinction, or more than is to be found in almost every county of England. But if we conceive sufficiently the spirit of enmity and hatred which for so many centuries kept the two people apart, a rampart far more impregnable than Hadrian's wall, we shall understand how different their case is from that of any portion of England, and how much must be required, even after the feud is forgotten, to obliterate the distinctive marks it originated. The relations of Scotland towards England, as compared with that of any distant country towards the metropolitan centre, may be said to be this. There is a common type of character and manners in the middle class in this country, which is most fully realized in those parts of it in which there is most general admixture in education and in after life, and therefore in the capital, or rather,—for continued residence in London superinduces its own peculiarities,—in that class who, resident in the large towns of the metropolitan counties have the most main-

tained intercourse with London, and with each other. Towards this central and circulating heart, the more languid life of the remoter districts is continually flowing; and so far as each member comes short of the common type, it is from having been insufficiently penetrated by the vital fluid, and a defect in becoming assimilated to the whole mass. Provincial peculiarities are thus defects—incomplete specimens of the genus to which they belong. National characteristics are the properties of the species found most perfect in those individuals who approach nearest to the national type. In Scotland we find, what we do not find in any English county, a different set of ideas, habits, manners, rules of society and of trade, language, and law, as the standard and type towards which character tends. This may be illustrated by what Mr. Miller has observed, (p. 234,) that every six or eight square miles of area in Great Britain, nay, every town or village, has its own distinguishing intonations, phrases, modes of pronunciation; in short, its own style of speaking the common language. In workmen's barracks, where parties of mechanics gathered from all parts of the country spend the greater part of a twelvemonth together, he has detected these colloquial peculiarities in the forming. All these peculiarities of phrase and pronunciation are defects, departures from the normal standard of pure English. But Lowland Scotch is a distinct and substantial dialect, and yet the varieties with which it is spoken, from Galloway to Aberdeen, gravitate round a common type, like the different shades which Herodotus distinguished in the Ionic of the Asiatic Ionians. It is well known that English is spoken most purely in the Highlands, in Inverness for example, and for the obvious reason that they have learnt it as a foreign dialect; it is the book-taught language of an educated people of whom Gaelic is the mother tongue. It is the same with the adoption of English habits by the educated classes; so far as they have done so, they have denationalized themselves by adopting those of another nation, in the place of the old Scotch model,—more akin to the French than to the English,—not improved provincial angularity into the metropolitan polish.

While on this subject, we may collect from different parts of the volume observations on the contrasts presented by the two countries. And first, the physical differences of the two populations.

'I had entered a considerable way into England ere I was struck by the peculiarities of the English face and figure. There is no such palpable difference between the borderers of Northumberland and those of Roxburghshire. But as the traveller advances towards the midland counties, the English cast of person and countenance becomes very apparent. The

harder frame and thinner face of the northern tribes disappear shortly after one leaves Newcastle; and one meets instead with ruddy, fleshy, compactly-built Englishmen, of the true national type. There is a smaller development of bone, and the race, on the average, seem less tall; but the shoulders are square and broad, the arms muscular, and the chest full; and if the lower part of the figure be not always in keeping with the upper, its inferiority is perhaps rather an effect of the high state of civilization at which the country has arrived, and the consequent general pursuit of mechanical arts that have a tendency to develop the arms and chest, and to leave the legs and thighs undeveloped, than an original peculiarity of the English as a race. The English type of face and person seems peculiarly well adapted to the female countenance and figure, and the proportion of pretty women to the population,—women with clear fair complexions, well-turned arms, soft features, and fine busts, seems very great. To my eye, however, my countrymen—and I have now seen them in almost every district in Scotland—present an appearance of rugged strength, which the English, though they take their place among the more robust European nations, do not exhibit; and I find the carefully-constructed tables of Professor Forbes, based on a large amount of actual experiment, corroborative of the impression. As tested by the *dynamometer*, the average strength of the full-grown Scot exceeds that of the full-grown Englishman by about one-twentieth—to be sure, no very great difference, but quite enough in a prolonged contest, hand to hand, and man to man, with equal skill and courage on both sides, decidedly to turn the scale. The result of the conflict at Bannockburn, where, according to Barbour, steel rang upon armour in hot close fight for hours, and at Otterbourn, where, according to Froissart, the English fought with the most obstinate bravery, may have a good deal hinged on this purely physical difference.”—Pp. 238, 239.

The character of their habitations is no less distinct than that of the inhabitants:—

‘The older English dwelling houses furnish a contrast to our Scotch ones of the same age. In Scotland the walls are of solid stone-work, thick and massy, with broad-headed chamfer-edged rybats, and ponderous soles and lintels selvaging the openings, whereas the wood-work of the interior is almost always slight and fragile, formed of spongy deal, or with hollowed fir rafters. After the lapse of little more than a century, there are few of our Scotch floors on which it is safe to tread. In the older English dwellings we generally find a reverse condition of things; the outsides, constructed of slim brick-work, have a toylike fragility about them, whereas inside we find strong oaken beams and long-enduring floors, and stairs of glossy wainscot. We at once recognise the great scarcity of good building-stone in the one country, and of well-grown forest-wood in the other, as the original and adequate cause of the peculiarity. Their dwelling-houses seem to have had different starting points, those of the one being true lineal descendants of the old Pict’s house, complete from foundation to summit without wood; those of the other, lineal descendants of the old forest dwellings of the Saxon, formed ship-like in their unwieldy oaken strength, without stone. Wood to the one class was a subordinate accident of late introduction, stone to the other; and were I sent to seek out the half-way representatives of each, I would find those of England in its ancient beam-formed houses of the reign of Elizabeth, in which only angular interstices (?) in the walls are occupied by brick, and those of Scotland in its time-shattered fortalices of the type of the old Castle of Craig-house in Ross-shire, where floor rises above floor in solid masonry, or of the type of Borthwick Castle, near Edinburgh, stone from foundation to ridge.’—P. 173.

This genealogy of our domestic architecture appears to us true, as it certainly is ingenious; and the very exceptions to the general features of difference here given, exceptions which will occur to everyone, serve to establish Mr. Miller's reasoning. If the old manor-houses and granges of Worcestershire show no lack of stone, it is to be ascribed to the near neighbourhood of the Broadway-hills offering a supply of excellent free-stone, of which the midland counties, or the chalk downs of the southern, are destitute; while, on the other hand, the wooden frontings of the Edinburgh houses are to be referred to the edict of James IV. in 1588, permitting the citizens to extend their houses seven feet further into the street, in order to get the Burrow-muir cleared of timber. And the Norman invader must, we suppose, be put aside from the comparison; for a Norman castle or cathedral, no matter where situate, stone, and the best, was never stinted, so much so that Mr. MacCulloch says, that one half of the ancient strong-holds in the Scotch Highlands, thrown together into an heap, would be found scarce equal in the aggregate to a single English castle of the more magnificent type.

It is again the contrast with Scotch scenery that gives vividness to Mr. Miller's descriptions of English scenery:—

'The eighty miles of the Manchester and Birmingham railway are quite the country for travelling over by steam. If one misses seeing a bit of landscape as the carriages hurry through, and the objects in the foreground look dim and indistinct and all in motion, as if seen through water, it is sure to be repeated in the course of a few miles, and again and again repeated. I was reminded, as we hurried along, and the flat country opened and spread out on either side, of webs of carpet-stuff nailed down to pieces of boarding, and presenting at regular distances returns of the same rich pattern. Then detached houses stand up amid the green fields; little bits of brick villages lie grouped beside cross roads; irregular patches of wood occupy nooks and corners; lines of poplars rise tall and taper amid straggling cottages; and then having once passed houses, villages, and woods, we seem as if we had to pass them again and again; the red detached houses return, the bits of villages, the woody nooks and corners, the lines of taper poplars amid the cottages, and thus the repetitions of the patterns run on and on.'—P. 48.

'York, like all the greater towns of England, if we except the capital and two or three others, stands on the New Red Sandstone, and the broad extent of level fertility which it commands, is, to a Scotch eye, very striking. There is no extensive prospect in even the South of Scotland, that does not include its wide ranges of waste, and its steep mountain sides never furrowed by the plough; while in our more northern districts, one sees from every hill-top which commands the coast, a landscape coloured somewhat like a russet shawl with a flowered border; there is a new selva of green cultivation on the edge of the land, and all within is brown heath and shaggy forest. In England, on the contrary, one often travels, stage after stage, through an unvarying expanse of flat fields laid out on the level formations, which, undisturbed by trappean or metamorphic rocks, stretch away at low angles for hundreds of miles together, forming blank

tablets on which man may write his works in whatever characters he pleases. Doubtless such a disposition of things adds greatly to the wealth and power of a country ; the population of Yorkshire at the last census, equalled that of Scotland in 1801. But I soon began to weary of an infinity of green enclosures that lay spread out in undistinguishable sameness, like a net on the flat face of the landscape, and to long for the wild free moors and bold natural features of my own poor country. One likes to know the place of one's birth by other than artificial marks, by some hoary mountain, severe yet kindly in its aspect, that one has learned to love as a friend,—by some long withdrawing arm of the sea, sublimely guarded, where it opens to the ocean by its portals of rock,—by some wild range of precipitous coast, that raises high its ivy-bound pinnacles, and where the green wave ever rises and falls along dim resounding caverns,—by some lonely glen with its old pine forests hanging dark on the slopes, and its deep brown river roaring over linn and shallow in its headlong course to the sea. Who could fight for a country without features, that one would scarce be sure of finding out on one's return from the battle, without the existence of the mile-stones?—P. 26.

The natives of mountainous countries have ever been proverbial for being wanderers, whether Scotch or Savoyard, and paradoxical as it may seem, this very desire to see other countries springs in fact from the force of their attachment to their own. In a country devoid of natural features, it is persons and houses, both transient and perishable objects, towards which the infant affections are attached. If the wanderer, who, young and sanguine, went forth from such a home to seek his fortune in new scenes, return at all, it is from a sorrowful curiosity to see what changes time has wrought—to find the home of his birth levelled with the soil, the protectors of his youth only remembered by the inscription on their grave-stone, and the old church itself smartened out of recollection by the hands of some zealous innovator. But one who has been bred under the shadow of some everlasting hill, knows that kith and kin may have vanished, or worse, may have forgotten him, but he is quite sure of finding the mountains and the loch where he left them, and as ready to welcome him and cheer his age as they cradled his youth. Not that the mountaineer is wanting in family affection—the highlands are the home of clanship ; but he has, besides these mortal ties, a magnetic attraction which keeps his deepest feeling true to one point. Hence, while natives of champaign countries are continually migrating, natives of a mountainous country, though errant adventurers in youth, generally find their way back to settle in the country where they were born.

‘ Yon weather-beaten hind,  
Whose tattered plaid and rugged cheek  
His northern clime and kindred speak ;  
Through England's laughing woods he goes,  
And England's wealth around him flows.

Ask if it would content him well,  
 At ease in those gay plains to dwell:  
 Where hedgerows spread a verdant screen,  
 And spires and forests intervene,  
 And the neat cottage peeps between?  
 No, not for these will he exchange  
 His dark Lochaber's boundless range;  
 Not for fair Devon's meads forsake  
 Bennevis grey and Garry's lake.'

And the poetry to which the two countries give birth is similarly contrasted. As the mountains and mists of the north are represented in the stormy rhapsodies of Ossian, and the rough Border glens and swollen torrents inspire the rude horse-play, half fight, half fun, of the lowland rhymers; so the rich plains, meandering brooks, and sedgy fens of England, have penetrated deep into our native poetry, and have furnished colour and allusion to our poets from Shakspeare and Milton, down to Tennyson and Hood. But the characteristics of peculiarly English landscape have been best painted by a Scotchman. Thomson was born at Ednam in Roxburghshire, was at school at Jedburgh, and did not quit Scotland till his twenty-fifth year. Thoroughly English as his description is, curious evidence is furnished by Sir H. Nicolas's recent edition, in which a few of Thomson's early productions have been printed, that he only learnt very gradually even to speak and write the language correctly. These juvenile effusions are not (like Burns's) written in lowland Scotch, but are full of inaccuracies of expression and accent, and of English vulgarisms, as of one doubtfully acquiring the language. It is on the same principle that made Thomson our truest rural poet, that Mr. Miller is so genuine an admirer of landscape so English in its taste as that of Cowper and Shenstone. Two of his pilgrimages, in a limited tour, are to Olney and the Leasowes.

But to go on with his illustrations of the difference between the character of the two nations.

'Nothing in the English character so strikingly impressed me as its immense extent of range across the intellectual scale. It resembles those musical instruments of great compass, such as the pianoforte and the harpsichord, that sweep over the entire gamut, from the lowest note to the highest; whereas the intellectual character of the Scotch, like instruments of a narrower range, such as the harp and the violin, lies more in the middle of the scale. By at least one degree it does not rise so high; by several degrees it does not sink so low. There is an order of English mind to which Scotland has not attained; our first men stand in the second rank, not a foot-breadth behind the foremost of England's second-rank men; but there is a front rank of British intellect in which there stands no Scotchman. Like that class of the mighty men of David to which Abishai and Benaiah belonged, great captains who went down into pits in the time of snow and slew lions, or who lifted up the spear against three hundred

men at once and prevailed, they attain not with all their greatness to the might of the first class. Scotland has produced no Shakspeare; Burns and Sir Walter Scott united would fall short of the stature of the giant of Avon. Of Milton we have not even a representative. Bacon is as unique as Milton, and as exclusively English; and though the grandfather of Sir Isaac Newton was a Scotchman, we have no Scotch Sir Isaac. I question, indeed, whether any Scotchman attains to the powers of Locke: there is as much solid thinking in the Essay on the Human Understanding, as in the works of all our Scotch metaphysicians put together. It is, however, a curious fact, and worthy of careful examination, as bearing on the question of development purely through the force of circumstances, that all the very great men of England, all its first-class men, belong to ages during which the grinding persecutions of the Stuarts repressed Scottish energy, and crushed the opening mind of the country, and that no sooner was the weight removed, like a pavement-slab from over a flower-bed, than straightway Scottish intellect sprung up, and attained to the utmost height to which English intellect was rising at the time. The English philosophers and literati of the eighteenth century were of a greatly lower stature than the Miltons and Shakspeares, Bacons and Newtons of the two previous centuries; they were second-class men, the tallest however of their age anywhere, and among these the men of Scotland take no subordinate place. Though absent from the competition in the previous century, through the operation of causes palpable in the history of the time, we find them quite up to the mark of the age in which they appear. No English philosopher for the last hundred and fifty years produced a greater revolution in human affairs than Adam Smith, or created a more powerful influence on opinion than David Hume, or did more to change the face of the mechanical world than James Watt. The history of England, produced by a Scotchman, is still emphatically the English history, nor, with all its defects, is it likely soon to be superseded. The prose fictions of Smollett have kept their ground quite as well as those of Fielding, and better than those of Richardson. Nor does England during the century exhibit higher manifestations of the poetic spirit than those exhibited by Thomson and Burns. To use a homely but expressive Scotticism, Scotland seems to have lost her *bairn-time* of the giants; but in the after *bairn-time* of merely tall men, her children were quite as tall as any of their contemporaries.

'Be this as it may, it is unquestionable that England has produced an order of intellect to which Scotland has not attained; and it does strike us as at least curious, in connexion with the fact that the English, notwithstanding, should, as a people, stand on a lower intellectual level than the Scotch. I have had better opportunities of knowing the common people of Scotland than most men; I have lived among them for the greater part of my life, and I belong to them; and when in England I made it my business to see as much as possible of the common English people. I conversed with them south and north, and found them extremely ready, for, as I have already remarked, they are much franker than the Scotch to exhibit themselves unbidden. And I have no hesitation in affirming that their minds lie much more profoundly asleep than those of the common people of Scotland. We have no class north of the Tweed that corresponds with the class of ruddy, round-faced, vacant English, so abundant in the rural districts, and whose very physiognomy, derived during the course of centuries from untaught ancestors, indicates intellect yet unawakened. The reflective habits of the Scottish people have set their stamp on the national countenance. What strikes the Scotch traveller in this unawakened class of the English, is their want of curiosity respecting the unexciting and the unexaggerated, things so much on the ordinary level as to be neither prodigies nor shows. Let him travel into the rural districts of the Scotch

Highlands, and he will find the inquisitive element all in a state of ferment regarding himself. He finds every Highlander he meets adroit of fence, in planting upon him as many queries as can possibly be put in, in warding off every query directed against himself. The way-side colloquy resolves itself into a sort of sword and buckler match, and he must be tolerably cunning in thrusting and warding, who proves an overmatch for the Highlander. And in the Lowlands, though perhaps in a less marked degree, we find the same caution and curiosity. In the sort of commerce of natural information carried on, the stranger, unless he exercise great caution, is in danger of being the loser. It is the character of the common people in this kind of barter, to take as much and give as little as they can. Not such the character of the English. I found I could get from them as much information of a personal nature as I pleased, and on the cheapest possible terms. The Englishman seems rather gratified than otherwise to have an opportunity of speaking about himself. He tells you what he is, and what he is doing, and what he intends doing; gives a full account of his prospects in general, and adds short notices of the condition and character of his relatives. As for you, the inquirer, you may if you please be communicative about yourself and your concerns, and the Englishman will listen just for a little; but the information is not particularly wanted, he has no curiosity to know anything about you. And this striking difference which obtains between the two people is a fundamental one. The common Scot is naturally a more inquisitive being than the common Englishman, he asks many more questions, and accumulates much larger hoards of fact.

‘ But the broader foundations of the existing difference seem to lie rather in moral, than in natural causes. They are to be found, I am strongly of opinion, in the very dissimilar religious history of the two countries. Religion, in its character as a serious intellectual exercise, was never brought down to the common English mind, in the way in which it once pervaded, and still to a certain extent saturates, the common mind of Scotland. Nor is the peculiar form of religion best known in England, so well suited as that of the Scotch to awaken the popular intellect. Liturgies and ceremonies may constitute the vehicles of a sincere devotion; but they have no tendency to exercise the thinking faculties,—their tendency bears rather the other way, they constitute the ready-made channels through which abstract, unideal sentiment flows without effort. The Arminianism too, so common in the English Church, is a greatly less awakening system of doctrine than the Calvinism of Scotland. It does not lead the earnest mind into those abstruse recesses of thought to which the peculiar Calvinistic doctrines form so inevitable a vestibule. The man who deems himself free is content simply to believe that he is so; while he who regards himself as bound is sure to institute a narrow scrutiny into the nature of the chain that binds him; and hence it is that Calvinism proves the best possible of all school-masters for teaching a religious people to think. I found no such peasant metaphysicians in England as those I had so often met in my own countrymen who, under the influence of earnest belief, had wrought their way, unassisted by the philosopher, into some of the abstract questions of the schools. And yet, were I asked to illustrate by example the principle of the intellectual development of Scotland, it would be to the history of one of the self-taught geniuses of England, John Bunyan, that I should refer. Had the Tinker of Elstow continued to be throughout life what he was in his early youth, a profane irreligious man, he would have lived and died an obscure and illiterate one. It was the wild turmoil of his religious convictions that awakened his mental faculties. Had his convictions slept, his whole mind would have slept with them, and he would have remained intellectually what the great bulk of the common English still are.

'In at least one aspect, however, religion, if we view it in a purely secular aspect, and with exclusive reference to its effects on the present scene of things, was more essentially necessary to the Scotch as a nation than to their English neighbours. The Scottish character seems by no means so favourably constituted for working out the problem of civil liberty as that of the English. It possesses in a much less degree that innate spirit of independence, which, in asserting a proper position for itself, sets consequences of a civil and economic cost at defiance. In the courage that meets an enemy face to face in the field, that triumphs over the sense of danger and the fear of death, that when the worst comes to the worst, never estimates the antagonist strength, but stands firm and collected however great the odds mustered against it, no people in the world excel the Scotch. But in the political courage manifested in the subordinate species of warfare that has to be maintained, not with enemies that assail from without, but with class interests that encroach from within, they stand by no means so high; they are calculating, cautious, timid. The man ready in the one sort of quarrel to lay down his life, is not at all prepared, in the other, to sacrifice his means of living. And these striking traits in the national character are broadly written in the history of the country. In perhaps no other instance was so poor and so limited a district maintained against such formidable enemies for so many hundred years. The story so significantly told by the two Roman walls is that of all the after history of Scotland, down to the union of the two crowns. But, on the other hand, Scotland has produced no true patriots, who were patriots only; none, at least, whose object it was to elevate the mass of the people, and give to them standing, in relation to the privileged classes, which it is their right to occupy. Fletcher of Saltoun, though from the Grecian cast of his political notions an apparent exception, was, notwithstanding, but a mere enthusiastic Scot of the common national type, who, while he would have made good the claims of his country against the world, would, as shown by his scheme of domestic slavery, have subjected one half of his countrymen to the unrestrained despotism of the other half. It was religion alone that strengthened the character of the Scotch, when it most needed strength, and enabled them to struggle against their native monarchs and the aristocracy of the country, backed by all the power of the state, for more than a hundred years. . . . Knox is the true representative of those real patriots of Scotland who have toiled and suffered to elevate the character and standing of her common people; and in the late disruption may be seen how much and how readily her better men can sacrifice for principles' sake, when they deem their religion concerned. But apart from religious considerations, the Scotch affect a cheap and frugal patriotism, that achieves little and costs nothing. In the common English there is much of that natural independence which the Scotchman wants, and village Hampdens, men quite as ready to do battle in behalf of their civil rights with the lord of the manor as the Scot with a foreign enemy, are comparatively common characters. Nor is it merely in the history, institutions, and literature of the country in its Great Charter, in its Petition of Right, its Habeas Corpus Act, its Trial by Jury, in the story of its Hampdens, Russells, and Sidneys, or in the political writings of its Miltons, Harringtons, and Lockes, that we recognise the embodiment of this great national trait. One may see it scarce less significantly stamped in the course of a brief morning's walk, on the face of the fields. There are in Scotland few of the pleasant styles and sequestered pathways open to the public, which form in England one of the most pleasing features of the agricultural provinces. The Scotch people, in those rural districts in which land is of most value, find themselves shut out of their country. Their patriotism may expatiate as it best can on the dusty

public road, for to the road they have still a claim, but the pleasant hedges, the woods and fields and running streams are all barred against them; and so generally is this the case, that if they could by and by tell that the Scotch had taken Scotland, just as their fathers used to tell in joke, as a piece of intelligence, that "the Dutch had taken Holland," it would be no joke at all, but a piece of most significant news almost too good to be true.

In this very just appreciation of the intellectual characteristics of the two people, every reader will be ready to join; but though the remarks themselves are unquestionably true, we think that the author is in too great a hurry when he finds the cause of the Scotch mental development in their religious doctrines, the adoption of which at first is but one of the phenomena to be accounted for. Why was Calvinism so readily accepted by the people? There were predisposing causes in their mental physiology, and the predestinarian theology once adopted has reacted on their minds and been the instrument of culture. Religious fatalism seems a system especially fitted for the class of intellect Mr. Miller has so well described, clear and logical, loving the positive and decisive, and determined upon eliminating all difficulties and contradictions. The foreknowledge of God being posited, and other phenomena of life irreconcilable with this truth being overlooked, the predestinarian creed is a consistent, clear, and definite scheme, singularly flattering to the proud austerity and egotism which appears so prominent in the temper of the first Covenanters. The original fallacy and narrowness of basis being overlooked, the parts of the scheme admit of being demonstrably proved, and carried to even extravagant lengths with a consistency of reasoning, by the side of which the just statement of the complicated relations of man to God, and of the tangled and broken skein of human life, must needs seem confused, contradictory, and ill-reasoned. And it so happens that of all the writers of the period of the Reformation, Calvin is the one most adapted to be generally relished by the Scotch. There is in the Institutes none of the enthusiasm, the exaggeration, the wilful paradox of Luther, but a methodical system expounded in calm clear language, as dialectical as a schoolman's. The same characteristics mark the Scotch metaphysicians of the eighteenth century. First principles being given, they have been admirable in expounding, illustrating, and even discovering subordinate laws; but when they have attempted to construct a complete philosophy of mind, they have betrayed the barrenness, narrowness, and exclusiveness of an intellect clear-sighted but not profound. The average amount of talent in Scotland is greater than in most other countries; genius is rarer. Literary ability is common; but few works by Scotch writers bear the stamp of individuality; they are such as might be written by any

educated person. The intellectual power of the nation has never yet been directed to exploring what is peculiar to itself; and until the time of Scott almost all its men of talent who had education, expended their powers in modes of composition which were never meant to have any relationship with the native tastes of their country. If Burns had formed his mind among them, he would perhaps have left all his native thoughts behind him, and gone to write tragedies for a London theatre, second-hand imitations of Otway or Rowe, and the ploughman's true genius would have been lost to us. The Scottish talent for ratiocination has been exhibited in very various directions in metaphysics, law, and political economy; but mere reason, like mathematics or chemistry, is in all countries the same. There is no peculiar triumph in its possession. Mackintosh, Adam Smith, Stewart, Macculloch, Jeffrey, are English, or at least British, in talent, and have nothing national about them. But poetry, imagination, art, all the modes of expressing the complex and combined sentiments of the mind, require a separate and national literature as their vehicle. The Scotch have not found this, except within the limited range in which Burns, Hogg, or Allan Ramsay may be said to have struck it out. And the circumstance of their compositions being written in the dialect of the lower classes, almost shows of itself that that in Scotland which is national, neither arises from, nor addresses itself to, the educated classes.<sup>1</sup> In short, the Scotch mind is one which takes education well; in apprehension it is not so quick as the French, nor so slow as the English; but it is more just than the former, and more inclined to theory than the latter. But it is a love of theory which does not, like the German, disincite it to facts, but on the contrary induces it to collect them. Of these facts it requires an explanation, finds a satisfactory one, and then presses on to gather in a fresh field, putting its deductions by, like so much manufactured goods ready for use, not to be employed as material for new deductions, to be continually sifted and resifted. It is thus conversant with a wide extent of the tertiary strata of human knowledge, but never descends to explore the primary formations. No better example can be given of what we would describe than the writings of Robert Chambers. The great popularity of his works—he will be found in many a back-parlour in Scotland to which Scott has not penetrated—is to be ascribed to his having exactly hit the national taste for a superficial generalization, implying throughout a reference to a popular metaphysics, based

---

<sup>1</sup> See 'Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,' iii. 327.

on the facts and relations concerning the middle class. His general observations are often minute, sometimes attenuated, and even threadbare of meaning, but they can seldom be said to be commonplace. They have an air of originality about them, and can always be read once with pleasure, and a probably more novel in form to an English reader than to the author's own countrymen. They have a cast of feature like what we are accustomed to remark in the Dissenting literature of England, apart from its puritanism, which we often see in countenances that have no deeply formed character, and describe as general intelligence. The cultivation of the educated class in England takes the form of taste and polish, and classical language; that of Scotland takes a logical and metaphysical form. The motions of the intellect are more visible than in the classical system, the aim and art of which is to conceal its art. Scotch education is very imperfect in the classical languages; a young man from a Scotch college has almost to begin *de novo*, on coming to one of our Universities. But he is generally better able to deal with facts, less likely than the English schoolboy to take up with conventional views in the lump, more disposed to think for himself. He trusts his own judgment more, and is not given to catch a tone of thought from his companions. Hence he is not the material easily to make the man of the world of; one indispensable requisite for which is to adopt the prevailing habits of thought, and to move under them as easily as if they had been made for you. Observe a mixed company of Scotch and English men of business; the English, though perhaps with less intellect and less information than the Scotch, will give the tone to the conversation, and the other party will instinctively yield the field to them. But in a business transaction, if there is a gainer and a loser, it will rarely happen that the Scotchman will be on the latter side. It is just the same in politics; politically they have been slowly absorbed into the weightier and wealthier state, but, man to man, the relation of Scotch and English intellect would be about that of their comparative physical strength, as shown by the dynamometer. On the same principle may be explained the fact that a Scotch audience of the lower class is a better audience for an educated man to address than the corresponding one in England. A man will not be understood by an English mob unless he has previously become sufficiently well acquainted with them to be able to hit their peculiar prejudices, or their predominant feelings at the moment; but a stranger might safely address an assemblage of Scotchmen on the abstract question. No dull and hopeless clods of earth are there, but men who in the midst of the toils and hardships of the life of

Husbandsmen and shepherds, are continually experiencing all that variety of mental impressions which is to be found expressed in the poetry of Ramsay or Burns. And the same in the pulpit. We do not think the average of presbyterian preaching is above that of the English pulpit, but it is better listened to; it is more adapted to the congregation, and less of a portion of the routine than ours. That in which the English sermon fails is not so often want of ability, as want of fitness for the audience. The speaker belongs to a different class from his hearers, and has not mixed enough with them to enter into their modes of thought. The link of a common philosophical turn of idea which serves to connect the best educated Kirk minister with the humblest of his flock is not there. In habits and sphere the English parson is cut off from his parishioners, and there is no intellectual bridge by which they can communicate. Hence so many of the lower classes in this country are either Wesleyans or of no religion.

'The type of English dissent in the middle rank,' says Mr. Miller, 'is Independency, and shrewd, intelligent, thoroughly respectable men the English Independents are. But when I got among the lower English people I lost sight of Independency altogether. The only form of dissent I then encountered was Wesleyanism; in the New Connexion political, speculative, and not over sound in its theology; in the Old, apparently much more quiet, more earnest, and more under the influence of religious feeling. The type of dissent seems as decidedly Wesleyan among the humbler English as it is Independent among the middle class; nay, judging from what I saw, and my observations, if necessarily not very numerous, were at least made at points widely apart, I am inclined to believe that a preponderating share of the vital religion of the labourers and handicraftsmen of the English people is to be found comprised among the membership of this excellent body. And yet, after all, it takes up but comparatively a small portion of the lower population of the country. Among the great bulk of the humbler people religion exists not as a vitality, not even as a speculative system, but simply as an undefined hereditary prejudice that looms large and uncertain in the gloom of darkened intellects. And to the extent to which this prejudice is influential, it favours the stability of the Established Church. The class who entertain it evince a marked neglect of the Church's services, give no heed to her teaching, rarely enter her places of worship even; nay, her right has been challenged to reckon on these as adherents at all. They have been described as a neutral party that should be included neither in the census of dissent nor of the Establishment. But to the latter they decidedly belong. They regard the National Church as theirs, as a Church of which an Englishman may well be proud, and in which each one of them some short time before he dies is to become decent and devout. And there may be much political strength, be it remarked, in prejudices of this character. Protestantism in the Lord G. Gordon mobs was but a prejudice, not a religion. These mobs were religious mobs without religion; but the prejudice was, notwithstanding, a strong political element, which, until a full half century had worn it out of the English mind, rendered concession to the Papists unsafe. We see nearly the same phenomenon exhibited by the Orangemen of Ireland of the present day, a class with whom Protestantism

is a vigorous influential principle, though it bears scarce any reference to a world to come; and find in like manner the Episcopalian prejudice strong among the English masses broken loose from religion.

'When I first came among the English I was impressed by the apparent strength of dissent in that country. At least two out of every three Englishmen I met in the lodging-houses, and no inconsiderable proportion of the passengers by the railway, so far as I could ascertain their denominations, were, I found, dissenters. I had lodged in respectable second-class coffee-houses and inns, I had travelled on the rails by the second-class carriages; I had thus got fairly into a middle stratum of English society, and was not aware at the time that, like some of the geologic formations, it has its own peculiar organisms, different in the group from those of either the stratum above or the stratum below. Dissent is a mid-formation organism in England, whereas Church-of-Englandism more peculiarly belongs to the upper and lower strata. Church-of-Englandism puts up at the first-class inns, travels by the first-class carriages, possesses the titles, the large estates, and the manor-houses, and enjoys, in short, the lion's share of the vested interests. . . . It possesses among the higher classes a double element of strength. It is strong, on the principle eulogized by Burke, from the union which it exhibits of high rank and the sacerdotal character. Religion developed in the Puritanic type, and existing as an energetic reforming spirit, is quite as independent of riches and exalted station in its ministers now as it was in the days of the apostles; but to religion existing simply as a conservative influence,—and such is its character in the upper walks of English society,—wealth and title are powerful adjuncts. When the mere conservative clergyman has earls and dukes to address, he is considerably more influential as a rector than as a curate, and as an archbishop than a dean. The English hierarchy is fitted to the English aristocracy. And, further, it derives no little strength through an element from which the Establishment of Scotland, owing, in part, to its inferior wealth, but more to the different temper of the Scotch people, derives only weakness;—it is strong in its secular and Erastian character. There is scarce an aristocratic interest in the country, Whig or Tory, with which it is not intertwined, nor a great family that has not a large money stake involved in its support. Like a stately tree that has sent its roots deep into the joints and crannies of a rock, and that cannot be uprooted without first tearing open with levers and wedges the enclosing granite, it would seem as if the aristocracy would require to be shaken and displaced by revolution, ere, in the natural course of things, the Establishment would come down. The Church of England is, at the present moment, one of the strongest institutions of the country.

'There is, however, a cankerworm at its root. The revival of the High Church element, in even its more modified form, bodes it no good, while in the extreme Puseyite type it is fraught with danger. In the conversions to Popery, to which the revival has led, the amount of damage done to the Establishment is obvious—it is robbed of some of its most earnest, energetic men. These, however, form merely a few chips and fragments struck off the edifice. But the eating canker introduced by the principle into its very heart, threatens results of a greatly more perilous cast. . . . The position in which the revived influence has placed the English Church is one of antagonism to the tendencies of the age. Institutions waste away like icefloes stranded in thaw-swollen rivers, when the general current of the time has set in against them. The present admiration of the mediæval cannot be other than a mere transitory freak of fashion. The shadow on the great dial of human destiny will not move backward; vassalage and serfship will not return. Science will continue to extend the limits of her empire, and to increase the numbers of her adherents unscared by any

spectre of the defunct scholastic philosophy which Oxford may evoke from out of the abyss. It is worthy of notice, too, that though Popery and Puritanism, the grand antagonist principles of Church history for four centuries, are both possessed of great inherent power, the true analogue of modern Puseyism proved but a weakling, even when at its best. The Canterburyanism of the times of Charles I. did that hapless monarch much harm. While many a gallant principle fought for him in the subsequent struggle, from the old chivalrous honour and devoted loyalty of the English gentleman down to even the poetry of the playhouse and the *esprit du corps* of the green-room, we find in the thick of the conflict scarce any trace of the religion of Laud. It resembled the mere scarlet rag that, at a Spanish festival, irritates the bull, but is of no after use in the combat.'—Pp. 384, &c.

Here, as before, we find the author quick-sighted in noticing the prominent features presented by English society, but missing the mark when he attempts to speculate or assign causes. And there is something inconsistent in his reasoning, even on his own grounds. If 'religion,' as he says, 'existing as an energetic reforming spirit,' is as powerful and as independent of external aids now as in the days of the apostles, 'Puseyism,' in which, in other parts of his book, (see, for example, his account of a 'Puseyite' chapel at Birmingham, p. 239.) he acknowledges this energetic tendency to exist, cannot be at the same time 'the canker-worm at the root;' it should be rather the life and spirit which comes just in time to revivify the decaying branches. And we need hardly point out to our English readers the blunder, not unnatural in a Scotch Presbyterian, of regarding the movement in the Church of England as a mere echo of the Laudian era. But we are not going to involve ourselves in controversy; we have quoted these passages simply as observations on English social life, of which 'Puseyism' is now in its external relations a solid element—and not for the sake of their theological bearings. As for the more decidedly controversial portions of the volume, they are its worst parts. They are not only out of place, but are in themselves feeble. It is the *sutor ultra crepidam*. The argument on the Atonement, which meets us at the outset, the defence of the orthodoxy of the geologists, and the refutation of the 'Infinite Series' of natural causes, have too much the character of the sermon, and have too often made their appearance in that capacity before, to be incorporated with Impressions of England. And yet, as is almost always the case, these very themes, where the author is weakest, are those on which he exhibits most of his characteristic tendency to dogmatism or opinionativeness. He pronounces on these abstruse points with the air of a man who has triumphantly set the controversy at rest for ever, but which only betrays to the better informed that he has not yet advanced so far as to feel the difficulty. This is the besetting fault of

self-taught men, who, by dint of strong minds, have raised themselves from ignorance to an equality with the educated class. They forget that, after all their efforts, it is but an equality, and not a superiority to others which they have attained, and they take, like Richard Cobden to lecturing the House of Commons, to setting everybody right on every subject.

We shall now give one or two more extracts illustrative of English habits as compared with Scotch. Here is the difference between an English and Scotch Sunday in its economic bearings:—

‘(At Manchester) I sauntered down to the gate by which a return train was discharging its hundreds of passengers fresh from the Sabbath amusements of the country, that I might see how they looked. There did not seem much of enjoyment about the wearied and somewhat dragged groups; they wore, on the contrary, rather an unhappy physiognomy, as if they had missed spending the day quite to their minds, and were now returning, sad and disappointed, to the round of toil from which it ought to have proved a sweet interval of relief. A congregation, just dismissed from hearing a vigorous evening discourse, would have borne, to a certainty, a more cheerful air. There was not much actual drunkenness among the crowd, thanks to the preference which the Englishman gives to his ale over ardent spirits, not a tithe of what I would have witnessed on a similar occasion in my own country. A few there were evidently muddled; and I saw one positive scene. A young man, considerably in liquor, had quarrelled with his mistress, and, threatening to throw himself into the Irwell, off he had bolted in the direction of the river. There was a shriek of agony from the young woman, and a cry of “stop him! stop him!” to which a tall, bulky Englishman, of the true John Bull type, had coolly responded by thrusting forth his foot as he passed, and tripping him at full length on the pavement, and for a few minutes all was hubbub and confusion. With, however, this exception, the aspect of the numerous passengers had a sort of animal decency about it, which one might in vain look for among the Sunday travellers on a Scotch railway. Sunday seems greatly less connected with the fourth commandment in the humble English mind than in that of Scotland, and so a less disreputable portion of the people go abroad. There is a considerable difference, too, between masses of men simply ignorant of religion, and masses of men broken loose from it; and the Sabbath-contemning Scotch belong to the latter category. With the humble Englishman, trained up to no regular habit of Church-going, Sabbath is pudding day, and clean-shirt day, and a day for lolling on the grass opposite the sun, and, if there be a river or canal hard by, for trying how the gudgeons bite, or if in the neighbourhood of a railway, for taking a short trip to some country inn famous for its cakes and ale; but to the humble Scot become English in his Sabbath views, the day is, in most cases, a time of sheer recklessness and dissipation. It was a shrewd remark of Sir Walter Scott, that the Scotch, once metamorphosed into Englishmen, make very mischievous Englishmen indeed.

‘Among the varieties of the genus philanthropist, there is a variety who would fain send our working people into the country on Sabbaths to become happy and innocent in smelling primroses, and stringing daises on grass stalks. An excellent scheme theirs, if they but knew it, for sinking a people into ignorance and brutality, for filling a country with gloomy

workhouses, and the workhouses with unhappy paupers. 'Tis a pity that the institution of the Sabbath in its economic bearings should not be better understood by the utilitarian. The mere animal that has to pass six days of the week in hard labour, benefits greatly by a seventh day of rest and enjoyment; the repose according to its nature proves of signal use to it, just because it is repose according to its nature. But man is not a mere animal; what is best for the ox and the ass is not best for him, and in order to degrade him into a poor unintellectual slave, it is but necessary to tie him down, animal-like, during his six working days, to hard engrossing labour, and to convert the seventh into a day of frivolous, unthinking relaxation.

The history of the Scotch people during the seventeenth and the larger portion of the eighteenth centuries strikingly illustrates the value of the Sabbath. Religion and the Sabbath were their sole instructors, and this in times so little favourable to the cultivation of mind, so darkened by persecution, and stained with blood, that we derive our knowledge of the character and amount of the popular intelligence mainly from the death-testimonies of our humbler martyrs, here and there corroborated by the incidental testimony of Burnet. In these noble addresses from prison and scaffold, the composition of men drafted by oppression almost at random from out the general mass, we see how rigorously our Presbyterian people had learned to think, and how well to give their thinking expression. In the quieter times which followed the Revolution, the Scottish peasantry existed as at once the most provident and intellectual in Europe, and a moral and instructed people passed outwards beyond the narrow bounds of their country, and rose into offices of trust and importance in all the nations of the world. There were no Societies for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in those days. But the Sabbath was kept holy, it was a day from which every dissipating frivolity was excluded by a stern sense of duty. The popular mind with weight imparted to it by its religious earnestness, and direction by the pulpit addresses of the day, expatiated on matters of grave import, of which the tendency was to concentrate and strengthen, not scatter and weaken, the faculties; and the secular cogitations of the week came to bear in consequence a Sabbath-day stamp of depth and solidity. The one day in the seven struck the tone for the other six. Our modern apostles of popular instruction rear up no such men among the masses as were developed under the Sabbatarian system in Scotland. Their aptest pupils prove but the loquacious *gabbers* of their respective workshops, shallow superficialists that bear on the surface of their minds a thin diffusion of ill-remembered facts and crude theories, and rarely indeed do we see them rising in the scale of society; they become Socialists by hundreds, and Chartists by thousands, and get no higher. The disseminator of mere useful knowledge takes aim at the popular ignorance; but his inapt and unscientific gunnery does not include in its calculations the parabolic curve of man's spiritual nature; and so, aiming direct at the mark, he aims too low, and the charge falls short."—P. 45, &c.

Our readers must be beginning to think that 'Impressions of England' are rather too much taken up with giving the author's impressions of Scotland: we will only remind them that this appearance is owing to the selection which we have made, with the view of illustrating one people by comparison with the other, and proceed to render account of some visits to purely English subjects. In a brief and not very extended tour, four expeditions were devoted to visiting the homes of four poets—

Stratford, Olney, Hagley, and the Leasowes. For by a union of tastes, not at all singular, though not generally recognised, the geologist, the collector of facts, who finds himself at home amidst the lanes and the smoke of Birmingham and Glasgow, and spends days in a survey of the Dudley coal-field, has a no less genuine love of poetry and natural scenery, and loves to expatiate not only over the grander features of the northern mountains, but the tamer beauties of the English midland, and the elegancies of artificial landscape. To account for this he tells us that accident had thrown in his way, when a boy, a copy of Dodsley's *Shenstone*, among the ten or twelve English poets, whom at a time when books were a luxury of difficult procurement, he used to con over and over at the rate of about twice in the twelvemonth. The accident of this poetic library formed one half of Mr. Miller's mind, as the stone-quarries of Cromarty had the formation of the other half.

*Shenstone*, the tuner of some of the most melodious of the ditties of the Arcadian school, and a steady favourite not only with the professed critics but the public, till the rise of the romantic school suddenly antiquated the poetry of the eighteenth century in a mass, left nothing behind him so finished or so durable as the *Leasowes*, by far his greatest work. In elaborating that little domain, 'pointing his prospects, entangling his walks, and 'widening his waters,' he spent twenty years of his life, and his fortune. It is a singular coincidence, that the creator of *Abbotsford* was in part urged to that unhappy ambition by the example of *Shenstone*, and yet with the warning of *Shenstone's* ruin before him, perished on the same shoal. 'I can trace,' says Sir Walter in one of his prefaces, 'even to childhood, a pleasure derived from Dodsley's account of the *Leasowes*; and I envied the poet much more for the pleasure of accomplishing the objects detailed in his friend's sketch of his grounds than for the possession of pipe, crook, flock, and *Phillis* to boot.' Yet the poem written in wood and water in the hollows of the *Cleat Hills*, appears to be fast following the fate of the twenty-six 'Elegies,' and the 'Schoolmistress,' and the future historian of the eighteenth century may have to owe to Mr. Miller's visit his knowledge of this most perfect creation of the art of landscape, at the time when that art was in its perfection.

A small sloped or reclining valley having two branches, something in shape like the letter Y, opens into a broader valley rich and well wooded, which is formed by two lines of hill, opposite but not parallel (like the outstretched sides of a parallel ruler), which rise at the edge of the flat basin of the Dudley coal-field. This forked reclining valley is the *Leasowes*. As it partakes along its bottom of the slope of the eminence on which it lies,

it possesses what is not common in the central parts of England, true down-hill watercourses, along which the gathered waters may leap in a chain of cascades; while it commands in its upper recesses, though embraced and sheltered on every side by the surrounding hill, extended prospects of the country below. It thus combines the scenic advantages of both hollow and rising ground, the quiet seclusion of the one, and the expansive landscape of the other. But though wood and water and hill are still there, and the oaks and beeches as grouped by the poet's hand have been yet spared, neglect and desolation have marred all the elaborate grace which the skill of the artist had shed upon them. The spring

‘All bordered with moss  
Where the harebells and violets grow,’

flows on, but moss, harebells, and violets, with the path that led to them, and the seat that fronted them, are gone; the waters fall dead and dull into a quagmire, ‘like young human life leaping out of unconscious darkness into misery,’ and the chain of artificial lakes are changed into a boggy swamp of coarse grass and rushes, bordered by scraggy alders. Temples of Pan and the Muses may be traced by their foundations, decayed oak posts show where seats invited to view some choice fairy vision of dell and thicket, and two barrowfuls of brick denote the site of Virgil's obelisk. The gold-fish—

‘Not a brook that is limpid and clear  
But it glitters with fishes of gold’—

alas they have long been food for pike; and to complete the whole, the Birmingham and Hales Owen canal, on an embankment some seventy or eighty feet in height, cuts right across the south of the dell just where it should have opened on the campaign beyond.

‘With the poet's erections, every trace of his lesser ingenuities has disappeared from the landscape; his peculiar art, for instance, of distancing an object to aggrandise his space, or in contriving that the visitor should catch a picturesque glimpse of it just at the point where it looked best; and that then losing sight of it, he should draw near by some hidden path, over which the eye had not previously travelled. The artist with his many-hued pigments at command, makes one object seem near and another distant, by giving to the one a deeper, and to the other a fainter, tinge of colour. Shenstone, with a palette much less liberally furnished, was skilful enough to produce similar effects with his variously tinted shrubs and trees. He made the central objects in his vista, some temple, or root-house, of a faint retiring colour; planted around it trees of a diminutive size and a ‘blanched fady hue,’ such as the almond, willow, and silver osier; then after a blank space he planted another group of a deeper tinge, trees of the average hue of the forest, such as the ash and the elm; and then, last of all in the foreground, after another blank space, he laid down trees of deep-tinted foliage

such as holly and yew. To the aerial he added the linear perspective. He broadened his avenues in the foreground, and narrowed them as they receded, and the deception produced he describes, and we may credit him, for he was not one of the easily satisfied, as very remarkable. Good reason had he to be mortally wroth with the members of the Lyttleton family, when, as Johnson tells us, they used to make a diversion in favour of Hagley, somewhat in danger of being eclipsed at the time, by bringing their visitors to look up his vistas from the wrong end.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Some of the other arts of the poet, are, however, still very obvious. It was one of his canons, that "when an object had been once viewed from its proper point, the foot should never travel to it by the same path which the eye had travelled over before." The visitor suddenly lost it, and then drew near obliquely. We can still see that all his pathways were covered ways which wended through thickets and hollows. Ever and anon, whenever there was ought of interest to be seen, they emerged into the open day, like moles rising for a moment to the light, and then straightway again buried themselves from view. It was another of his canons, that "the eye should always look downwards upon water." "Customary nature," he remarks, "made the thing a necessary requisite. Nothing can be more sensibly displeasing than the breadth of flat ground," which an acquaintance, engaged like the poet in making a picture gallery of his property, had placed between his terrace and his lake. So in the Leasowes, whenever water enters into the composition of the landscape, the eye looks down upon it from a commanding elevation; the visitor never feels as he contemplates it that he is in danger of being carried away by a flood should an embankment give way. It was yet further another of Shenstone's canons, that "no mere slope from the one side to the other can be agreeable ground; the eye requires a balance;" not however of the kind satirized by Pope, in which

"Each alley has its brother,  
And half the platform just reflects the other;"

but the kind of balance which the higher order of landscape painters rarely fail to introduce into their works. "A building, for instance, on one side may be made to contrast with a group of trees, a large oak, or a rising hill, on the other." And in illustration of this principle, we find that all the scenes of the Leasowes are, at least, well balanced, though all their central points are, unluckily, away; the eye never slides off the landscape, but cushions itself upon it with a sense of security and repose. "Whence," says the poet, "does this taste proceed, but from the love we bear to regularity in perfection?" But, after all, in regard to gardens, the shape of the ground, the disposition of the trees, and the figure of the water, must be sacred to nature, and no forms must be allowed that make a discovery of art.'

The history of the Leasowes would not be complete, unless we were to quote Goldsmith's account of their fate subsequent to the poet's death.

'The garden was completely grown and finished; the marks of every art were covered up by the luxuriance of nature, the winding walks were grown dark, the brooks assumed a natural selvage, and the rocks were covered with moss. Nothing now remained but to enjoy the beauties of the place, when the poor poet died, and his garden was obliged to be sold for the benefit of those who had contributed to its embellishment.

'The beauties of the place had now for some time been celebrated, as well in prose as in verse; and all men of taste wished for so envied a spot, where every turn was marked with the poet's pencil, and every walk awakened genius and meditation. The first purchaser was one Mr. Truepenny, a button-maker, who was possessed of three thousand pounds, and was willing to be also possessed of taste and genius.

'As the poet's ideas were for the natural wildness of the landscape, the button-maker's were for the more regular productions of art. He conceived, perhaps, that as it is a beauty in a button to be of a regular pattern, so the same regularity ought to obtain in a landscape. Be that as it will, he employed the shears to some purpose; he clipped up the hedges, cut down the gloomy walks, made vistas on the stables and hogsties, and showed his friends that a man of true taste should always be doing.

'The next candidate for taste and genius was a captain of a ship, who bought the garden because the former possessor could find nothing more to mend; but, unfortunately, he had taste too. His great passion lay in building, in making Chinese temples and cage-work summer-houses. As the place before had the appearance of retirement, and inspired meditation, he gave it a more peopled air; every turning presented a cottage, or ice-house, or temple; the garden was converted into a little city, and it only wanted inhabitants to give it the air of a village in the East Indies.

'In this manner, in less than ten years, the improvement has gone through the hands of as many proprietors, who were all willing to have taste, and to show their taste too. As the place had received its best finishing from the hand of the first possessor, so every innovator only lent a hand to do mischief. Those parts which were obscure, have been enlightened; those walks which led naturally, have been twisted into serpentine windings. The colour of the flowers of the field is not more various than the variety of tastes that have been employed here, and all in direct contradiction to the original aim of its first improver. Could the original possessor but revive, with what a sorrowful heart would he look upon his favourite spot again! He would scarcely recollect a dryad or a wood-nymph of his former acquaintance, and might, perhaps, find himself as much a stranger in his own plantation as in the deserts of Siberia.'

This is Goldsmith's tale (not certainly spoiled in the telling) of the dilapidations of improvers and men of taste. The dilapidation of decay and neglect has been slower, but, perhaps, more matter-of-fact; and its progress was further accelerated by the English amusements of the sight-seers.

'Young men tried their strength by setting their shoulders to the obelisks; and old women demonstrated their wisdom by carrying home the seats to their fires; a robust young fellow sent poor Mr. Somerville's urn spinning down the hill; a vigorous iconoclast beheaded the piping faun at a blow. There were at first large additions made to the inscriptions, of a kind which Shenstone could scarce have anticipated; but anon, inscriptions and additions too began to disappear; the tablet in the dingle suddenly failed to compliment Mr. Spence; Virgil's grove no longer exhibited the name of Virgil. The "ruinated priory wall" became too thoroughly a ruin; the punch-bowl was shivered on its stand; in short, much about the time when young Walter Scott was gloating over Dodsley, and wishing he too had a property of which to make a plaything, what Shenstone had built and inscribed on the Leasowes could have been known but from Dodsley alone. His artificialities had perished like the artificialities of another kind of the poets his contemporaries; and nothing survived in his more material

works, as in their writings, save those delightful portions in which he had but given body and expression to the harmonies of nature.'

Shenstone had not even so much enjoyment of his plaything as his more celebrated imitator. Few men, as may be seen from his letters, have enjoyed life less.

'He was not vicious; he had no overpowering passion to contend with; he could have had Phillis had he chosen to take her; his fortune, nearly three hundred pounds a-year, should have been quite ample enough, in the reign of George II. to enable a single man to live, and even to furnish a surplus for making gimcracks in the Leasowes. He had many amusements; he drew tastefully; had a turn, he tells us, for natural history; wrote elegant verse, and very respectable prose; the noble and the gifted of the land honoured him with their notice; above all, he lived in a paradise, the beauties of which no man could better appreciate, and his most serious employment, like that of our common ancestor in his unfallen state, was "to dress and to keep it." And yet, even before he had involved his affairs, and the dun came to the door, he was an unhappy man. "I have lost my road to happiness," we find him saying, ere he had completed his thirty-fourth birth-day. Nay, we even find him quite aware of the turning at which he had gone wrong. "Instead of pursuing the way to the fine lawns and venerable oaks which distinguish the region of happiness, I am got into the pitiful parterre-garden of amusement, and view the nobler scenes at a distance. I think I can see the road, too, that leads the better way, and can show it to others; but I have got many miles to measure back before I can get into it myself, and no kind of resolution to take a single step. My chief amusements at present are the same as they have long been, and lie scattered about my farm. The French have what they call a *parque ornée*, I suppose approaching about as near to a garden as the park at Hagley. I give my place the title of a *ferme ornée*." Still more significant is the confession embodied in the following passage, written at an earlier period:—"Every little uneasiness is sufficient to introduce a whole train of melancholy considerations, and to make me utterly dissatisfied with the life I now lead, and the life which I foresee I shall lead. I am angry and envious, and dejected and frantic, and disregard all present things, just as becomes a madman to do. I am infinitely pleased, though it is a gloomy joy, with the application of Dr. Swift's complaint, 'that he is forced to die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.'" Amusement becomes not very amusing when rendered the exclusive business of one's life. All that seems necessary to render fallen Adams thoroughly miserable, is just to place them in paradises, and, debarring them serious occupation, to give them full permission to make themselves as happy as they can. Well would it have been for poor Shenstone had the angel of stern necessity driven him early in the day out of his paradise, and sent him into the work-day world beyond, to eat bread in the sweat of his brow. I quitted the Leasowes, in no degree saddened by the consideration that I had been a hard-working man all my life, from boyhood till now, and that the future, in this respect, held out to me no brighter prospect.'—P. 171.

We shall not follow Mr. Miller over the more beaten ground of Stratford and Olney. One of his remarks in Westminster Abbey will serve to show how the most hackneyed sights may suggest new inferences.

'The next thing that caught my eye were two slabs of Egyptian porphyry, a well-marked stone, with the rich purple ground spotted white and

pink, inlaid as panels in the tomb of Edward I. Whence, in the days of Edward, could the English stone-cutter have procured Egyptian porphyry? I was enabled to form, at least, a guess on the subject, from possessing a small piece of exactly the same stone, which had been picked up amid heaps of rubbish in the deep rocky ravine of Siloam, and which, as it does not occur *in situ* in Judea, was supposed to have formed at one time a portion of the Temple. Is it not probable that these slabs, which, so far as is yet known, Europe could not have furnished, were brought by Edward, the last of the crusading princes of England, from the Holy Land, to confer sanctity on his place of burial, mayhap originally, though Edward himself never got so far, from that identical ravine of Siloam which supplied my specimen? It was not uncommon for the crusader to take from Palestine the earth in which his body was to be deposited; and if Edward succeeded in procuring a genuine bit of the true Temple, and an exceedingly pretty bit to boot, it seems in meet accordance with the character of the age, that it should have been borne home with him in triumph to serve a similar purpose.'—P. 353.

We must now take our leave of Mr. Miller. Though we have consulted our readers' interests in selecting such portions as we thought likely to be most acceptable to them, yet we are far from having exhausted the volume; and, indeed, have altogether abstained from the geological observations, which form a main feature of the volume, and which will be read with pleasure by the unscientific reader.

ART. III.—1. *J. D. Fuss, De Poesi et Poetis Neolatinis Dissertatio.* Leod. 1837.

2. *Matthiæ Casimiri Sarbievii Carmina.* Argentorati, 1803.

WE never enter a large library without fully sympathizing with him who, at the sight of so many books now totally unread and unknown, and at the thought of the laborious days and sleepless nights wasted in their composition, burst into a flood of tears. No sight more humiliating to the pride of man than the dust which envelopes, and the worms which devour volumes, the authors of which fondly hoped that they would delight, instruct, and profit future generations. Such works, we mean, as those which are consigned to the narrow, dark, topmost shelves of libraries: works only to be attained by mounting the highest ladder the establishment can furnish:—and when attained, needing a five minutes' purification from cobwebs and dirt, before the scholar can venture to open them.

But perhaps of all the works which the voice of the learned is unanimous in consigning to oblivion, none are more absolutely, and (on the whole) more justly condemned, than the writers of modern Latin poetry. The immense mass of compositions in this branch is but little known. The *Deliciæ* of the English, French, Italian, Dutch, and German poets, who wrote in Latin between the revival of learning and the year 1600, occupy twenty-five thick and closely printed duodecimo volumes: that is, contain the bulk of about one hundred *Æneids*. Now these *Deliciæ* extract but a few lines from some, a few pages from other, voluminous writers: the immense mass of the whole is almost beyond conception. And when it is considered that at least as much more was written between the years 1600 and 1700, the idea of the time and labour thus employed, and, as the event proved, thrown away, becomes quite overwhelming.

And yet some portion of this mass was deserving of a better fate:—and from time to time attempts have been made to reintroduce some of these forgotten writers to public notice. Pope, in the year 1740, republished a selection from the works of the Italian poets; and the two volumes thus occupied, are creditable both to himself and to his publisher.

Were a *Pleiades*, after the example of the Alexandrian grammarians, to be selected from the writers of modern Latin poetry, the usual literary verdict would, we suppose, honour the following authors:—John Baptist Spagnoli, better known as *Mantuanus*, Vida, Casimir Sarbiewski, Buchanan, San-

nazar, the Cardinal de Polignac, and Vanier. Nor are we inclined to dispute the justice of this selection, with the exceptions of Mantuan and Buchanan: for whom we should substitute Fracastor, or Balde, or (if moral considerations were left out of the question) Secundus. All of the above-named writers, except Buchanan, were members of the Roman Communion: and most of them more or less connected with sacred subjects.

Whatever praise may be conceded to sacred poems composed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, their effect, when compared with the hymns of the earlier Church, is precisely that of a *cinque cento* building when contrasted with that of a Gothic cathedral. Compare an ode of Horace with a primitive or mediæval hymn on a similar subject:—the change is astonishing. Set side by side their treatment of any topic connected with death,—that of consolation to surviving friends. Contrast Horace's

'Tu frustra pius, heu! non ita creditum,  
Pocis Quintilium Deos,'

with the noble anapæsts of Prudentius:—

'Deus ignee fons animarum,  
Duo Qui socians elementa,  
Vivum simul ac moribundum  
Hominem Pater effigiasti, &c.

But take the same Horace in contrast with one of the writers of the seventeenth century. How strongly does Casimir's 'Ode ad D. Virginem Matrem, cum illi dicata navis in Indiam solveret,' recall an ode to Diana or Venus!

'Diva ventorum pelagique præses,  
Quæ laborantes super alta naves,  
Summoves saxis, uteroque Nerei  
Eripis imo,' &c.

Nor can we see that the adoption of a classical measure was the occasion of this difference. We can point to hexametrical poems of mediæval writers which have all the solemnity of the measures more usually adopted by the Church. We make no apology for quoting an entire poem written by Marbodius, Bishop of Rennes, towards the year 1000: because it strikes us as unusually solemn and impressive. Its subject is the death of some Abbat, with whom the author appears to have been acquainted.

'Summe Pater Christi, Qui semper es atque fuisti,  
Et Qui semper eris, nec cresces, nec minueris,  
Da, Deus, Abbati Regni promissa beati!  
Nate Patris Christe, Quem mundus credidit iste  
Æqualem Patri, spoliato remque baratri,  
Abbatem serva pro quo rogat ista caterva!

Vivificum Flamen, Patris Proisque Ligamen,  
 Nec minor alterutro, quoniam procedis ab utro,  
 Abbati præsta non deficientia festa!  
 Per totum mundum Cui, Nati dicta secundum,  
 Voto communi Trino servitur et Uni,  
 Vivens o vere! defunctorum miserere!

We find no difference in the spirit of these lines from that of the *Stabat Mater*, the *Dies Iræ*, or any other glorious mediæval hymn. By way of contrast, the reader may examine the hymns of Pope Urban VIII., which came out with all the luxury of Roman typography from the papal press. A more wretched cento from the works of Horace can hardly be imagined.

A few remarks may here find a place on the measures of the hymns principally employed by the Church. Of these the principal is Iambic Dimeter (long measure). It is written either metrically, as by Prudentius; or rhythmically, as by S. Ambrose; although the latter kind of hymn was almost invariably, and, with very bad taste, got rid of in the great revision of the Roman *Breviary*. Take as an example the *Tristes Erant Apostoli*, which has been indeed cramped into metre, but has lost nearly all its sweetness.

## UNREFORMED.

'Tristes erant Apostoli,<sup>1</sup>  
 De nece sui Domini,  
 Quem morte crudelissimâ  
 Servi damnârunt impii.  
 Sermone blando Angelus  
 Prædixit mulieribus:  
 In Galilæa Dominus  
 Videndus est quantocyus.  
 Illæ, dum pergunt concitæ  
 Apostolis hoc dicere,  
 Videntes Eum vivere  
 CHRISTI tenent vestigia.  
 Quo agnito, Discipuli  
 In Galilæam propere  
 Pergunt, videre faciem  
 Desideratam Domini.  
 Quæsumus, Auctor omnium,  
 In hoc Paschali gaudio  
 Ab omni mortis impetu  
 Tuum defende populum.  
 Gloria Tibi, Domine,  
 Qui surrexisti a mortuis  
 Cum Patre et Sancto Spiritu  
 In sempiterna secula.'

## REFORMED.

'Tristes erant Apostoli,  
 De CHRISTI acerbo funere:  
 Quem morte crudelissimâ  
 Servi necârunt impii.  
 Sermone verax Angelus  
 Mulieribus prædixerat:  
 Mox ore CHRISTUS gaudium  
 Gregi feret fidelium.  
 Ad anxios Apostolos  
 Currunt statim dum nuntiæ,  
 Illæ micantis obvia  
 CHRISTI tenent vestigia.  
 Galilæa ad alta montium  
 Se conferunt Apostoli,  
 Jesuque, voti compotes,  
 Almo beantur lumine.  
 Ut sis perenne mentibus,  
 Paschale, JESU, gaudium,  
 A morte dirâ criminum  
 Vitæ renatos libera.  
 DEO Patri sit gloria,  
 Et Filio, qui a mortuis  
 Surrexit, ac Paraclito,  
 In sempiterna secula.'

The hymns, κατ' ἐξοχήν, of the church, have all been written in this measure, with but one or two exceptions. For example,

<sup>1</sup> It is odd enough that Mr. Newman should, in his *Hymni Ecclesiastici*, give the reformed editions of the hymns as the compositions of S. Ambrose.

the Veni Creator Spiritus,—the Vexilla Regis prodeunt, the Deus Tuorum Militum, the Ad Regias Agni Dapes; and last, but not least, though officially unauthorized by the Church, the exquisite poem of S. Bernard, De Nomine JESU. Rhyme very seldom occurs in these stanzas: though assonances sometimes do. Our readers are probably aware that assonances are the rhymes of vowels, leaving the consonants out of the question. Thus *bad, war, mat*, are assonant to each other. This verse is an example:

‘Pœnas cucurrit fortiter,  
Et sustulit viriliter:  
Pro Te effundens sanguinem,  
Æterna dona possidet.’

Again, Trochaic tetrameter catalectic,

‘As at Porto Bello lying  
On the gently swelling flood,’

is another very favourite measure of the Church’s. The rhymes are usually perfect, and very often run in triplets, as:—

‘Pange lingua gloriosi  
Corporis mysterium:  
Sanguinisque pretiosi,  
Quem in mundi pretium  
Fructus ventris generosi,  
Rex effudit gentium.’

Assonances here also occur sometimes; as in the *De Paradiso* of S. Peter Damian, a few stanzas of which we will quote for their very beauty:—

‘Non alternat luna vices,  
Sol vel cursus siderum:  
Agnus est Felicis Urbis  
Lumen innociduum;  
Nox et tempus desunt ei,  
Diem fert continuum.  
Omni labe defalcata,  
Carnis bella nesciunt:  
Caro facta spiritalis,  
Et mens unum sentiunt;  
Pace multâ perfruentes,  
Scandala non perferunt.  
Inde statum semper iidem  
Exultantes capiunt;  
Clari, vividi, jucundi,  
Nullis patent casibus;  
Absunt morbi; semper sanis  
Senectus juvenibus.  
Hic perenne tenent esse,  
Nam transire transiit;  
Inde virent, vigent, florent,  
Corruptela corrui;  
Immortalis vigor vitæ  
Mortis jus absorbit.’

It is worthy of notice, how very seldom the Church has made use of classical measures in her hymns. The 'Gloria, Laus, et Honor,' is perhaps the only world-famous one that forms an exception. The reader doubtless remembers the touching account of the origin of that hymn. Theodulph, Bishop of Orleans, had been thrown, on some frivolous charge, by the Emperor Louis, into prison, during the course of Lent. On the Palm Sunday, while the king and his nobles were on their way to High Mass, the captive Bishop sang from the window of his prison the processional hymn which he had composed, and its immediate effect was his liberation.

Sapphics, also, are sometimes employed by the Church; and are perhaps the best adapted of any classical metre to her purposes. Prudentius rises above himself when celebrating the triumph of the 'Innumerable Martyrs of Saragossa:—

'Quantus, Eventi, tua bella sanguis  
Tinxerit; quantus tua Primitive;  
Quum tuos vivax recolit triumphos

Laus Apodemi.

Plenus est artis modus annotatas  
Nominum formas recitare CHRISTO,  
Quas tenet cælo liber explicandus

Tempore justo.

Octo tunc Sanctos recolit decemque  
Angelus, coram PATRE FILIOQUE  
Urbis unius regimen tenentes

Jure Sepulchri.'

Mediæval poets got hold of the rhythm of this measure, and compounded it unmetrically; a system in which, as might be expected, they met with little success.

Alcaics are but ill adapted to the songs of the Church, and were scarcely known till introduced into the reform of the Paris breviary. The hymn, 'Descende cælo: te Michael vocat,' on Michaelmas-day; and that 'Regnator orbis summus et Arbiter,' on the Feast of the Holy Guardian Angels, will be perpetual monuments of bad taste.

Whether Latin rhyme can be successfully revived, is a question to which Dr. Fuss, in the work which stands first on our list, has paid some attention. To say that it possesses no sweetness is, we imagine, to be guilty of a kind of classical pedantry. The most successful measure is the following kind:—

'Sacramenta Fidei pridem inchoavi,  
Quando Dei Filium in Jordane lavi,  
Et figuras veteris Legis consummavi,  
Cum de Suo Latere dextero manavi.

Ego sapientiæ sum assimilata,  
Cujus fonte pectora plena sunt potata;  
Unde si quæ fuerint corda irrigata,  
Non affliget amplius, suis hæc creata.'

And it is generally used in historical poems, legends of saints, and the like; though more frequently only with two lines rhyming, as—

'Apud Lambeth obiit, labor jam finitur,—  
Et in Cantuariâ corpus sepelitur:  
Licet prohibuerit Abbas rigorose  
Jacet ibi conditus glebâ gloriose.'

The reason why Trochaics are fitter for Latin rhyme than Iambics is very clear. The former, by their very nature, require double rhymes; the latter do not; and double rhymes are almost the only kind of rhyme that the ear can catch in Latin.

Anapæsts would supply this want; but probably they were felt to be too light a measure for the solemnity of a Christian hymn. They do indeed occur; usually, however, in proses and intermixed with other kinds of verse, as—

'Dic nobis, Maria,  
Quid vidisti in viâ?  
Angelicos testes,  
Sudarium et vestes.'

The hymn, 'Adeste fideles,' is, however, an exception.

When hexameters are employed in Church hymns, they are very seldom furnished with rhymes. There were two methods in which this process took place; the one, properly called Leonines, where the middle and end rhymed:—

'Martyr Sancte Dei, duc ad loca me requiei.'

This involved its own peculiar difficulties; for it was necessary either that the second foot should be a spondee, or that its last syllable, as in the above instance, should commence a dissyllabic word, otherwise we get such horrible verses as—

'Ille tuos cinêres servet Pancratius hæres.'

The first syllable of the third foot is considered common:—

'Virgo coronata, duc nos ad regna beata.'

And we find some instances where a single rhyme was thought sufficient:—

'Sit nomen Domini benedictum in nomine Petri;'

which leaves us really no rhyme, as it falls on the *arsis* of one foot and the *thesis* of another.

The other kind of Leonine hexameter is where two suc-

cessive ones rhyme. This was a great favourite with Hildebert of Mans, who has filled page after page with this measure.

'Vertimus ut libitum est privata ad commoda leges,  
Destruimusque focos, et tristi tempore reges.'

It is rather astonishing that, while the Western Church is so rich in metrical hymns, and so prolific of metres themselves, the Eastern Communion should hardly have any deserving the name. Her *Troparia*, her *Contakia*, her *Heirmoi*, her *Stichera*, are almost all in poetical prose. It is curious that Leonines never came into use, of which Homer furnishes some examples; *e. g.*—

ἄσπετος αἰθομένοιο, θεῶν δέ ἐ μήνις ἀνῆκεν  
πᾶσι δ' ἐθήκε πόνον, πολλοῖσι δὲ κήδε' ἐφῆκεν  
ὥς Ἀχιλεὺς Τρώεσσι πόνον καὶ κήδε' ἐθήκεν. II. φ. 523.

And—

ὥς εἰπὼν ἐν χερσὶ κόμην ἑτάροιο φίλοιο  
θήκεν τοῖσι δὲ πᾶσιν ὕφ' ἡμερον ὥρσε γόοιο  
καὶ νύ κ' ὀδυρομένοισιν ἔδω φάος Ἑλλιοιο. Ψ. 152.

There is such a measure in modern Greek, applied to secular purposes, as—

δὲν με λανθάνει τὸ ψωμὶ τὸ καλοῦσθον  
οὐδ' ὁμορφον φαλάγγιον, μὲ μέλι γεναμένο,  
οὐδὲ καλλὰς αὐτόπιτες ἢ πολυσησαμάταις,  
οὐδὲ ἐκείναις ἢ λευκαῖς, ὅπου 'νιὲ ζαχαράταις.

But the ecclesiastical metre of the Greeks seems to be confined to their distichs of rhythmical Iambics, *e. g.* which turn, almost universally, on a conceit;

Σὴμ πατρικὴν γύμνωσιν εὐφρόνως σκέπων,  
Τὰς πατρικὰς εὐρατο εὐχὰς ἐς σκέπην.

And—

Μὴ θεὸς ἰάφει πατρὸς αἰσχύνῃ πλάτος  
βίου πλατυσμὸν εὐχὰς πατρὸς λαμβάνει.

Of M. Fuss's Neolatine attempts, as he calls them, we cannot speak very highly. He adopts classical expressions, and uses classical elisions, while employing mediæval licenses, and exhibiting mediæval rhymes. The result is, that his poems are neither one thing nor the other. We will give an example from Schiller's 'Song of the Bell,' where he has carefully preserved the metre.

'Lieblich in der Bräute Locken  
Spielt der jungfräuliche Kranz,  
Wenn die hellen Kirchen-glocken  
Laden zu des Festes Glanz.  
Ach! des Lebens schönste Feier  
Endigt auch den Lebens-Mai;  
Mit dem Gürtel, mit dem Schleier,  
Reisst der schöne Wahn entzwei.

'Suave comis flos coronans  
Ludit in virgineis:  
Clare quum campana sonans  
Convocat sponsaliis.  
Vitæ ver, heu! terminatur  
Festo hoc pulcherrimo:  
Blandus error, heu! nudatur  
Rupto velo et cingulo.

Die Leidenschaft flieht, Die Liebe muss bleiben, Die Blume verblüht, Der Frucht muss treiben, Der Mann muss hinaus In's feindliche Leben, Muss wirken und streben, Und pflanzen und schaffen, Erlisten, erraffen, Muss wetten und wagen, Das Glück zu erjagen.	Cupido languescit, Rosæ nec fas, Dum foeta marcescit Satietas. E lare vir vitæ In sæva vocatur, Fervensque conatur, Seritque creatque Captatque raptatque Audendo, tentando, Fortunam venando.
Da strömet herbei die unendliche Gabe, Es füllt sich der Speicher mit köst- licher Habe; Die Räume wachsen, es dehnt sich das Haus.'	En undique manant uberrima dona, Beata, en, replent granaria dona, Et latior domus jam spatiis est.'

Try now the same in English; and it will be seen how much more easily our own language throws itself into the sense of the German.

'Lovely from her ringlets stealing  
O'er the bride her roses fall;  
When the clear church bells are pealing  
For the wedding festival.  
Ah! Life's sweetest morning ended  
All the May of life must fail,  
And the lovely dream is rended,  
With the girdle and the veil.  
Passion hastens away:  
Love still we must nourish;  
The bloom must decay  
But the fruit shall flourish.  
The man must go out  
Into hostile existence,  
Must conquer resistance,  
Must be working and striving,  
Creating, contriving,  
Must risk and adventure  
On fortune to enter:  
Then wealth, like a torrent, streams in without measure:  
The granary swells with the labour-gained treasure:  
The rooms are extended—the house is enlarged.'

Here is another example from Schiller's familiar 'Das Mäd-  
chens Klage:—

'Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,  
Das Mägdlein wandelt am Ufer's grün;  
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,  
Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,  
Das Auge von weinen getrübet:  
Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,  
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr:  
Du Heilige, rufe dem Kind zurück:  
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,  
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.'

'Quercetum fremit, eunt nubila,  
 Puella sedet ad litora,  
 Fracta æstuat unda et æstuat;  
 Et nigram in noctem gemitus dat,  
 Oculos plorando turbata;  
 Cor mortuum, mundus est vacuus,  
 Nec voto quidquam habet amplius,  
 Tu, Sancte, tuam prolem recipias:  
 Mihi contigit terræ felicitas,  
 Ego vixi et amavi beata.'

Again, the English runs more smoothly than the Latin even in our own halting version, which we offer, in obedience to Coleridge's well-known invitation to translators:—

'The oakwood roareth, the storm-clouds race,  
 The maiden the green sea-strand doth pace:—  
 And breaketh the billow with might, with might,  
 And her song rings out to the darksome night;  
 Her eyes are faded with crying:—  
 My heart it is dead—the world it is woe—  
 There's nothing to wish for beyond or below:  
 Thou, Holy One, welcome thy child to rest!  
 I have shared in earth's all brightest and best;  
 I have lived and loved—I am dying.'

How admirably the same rhythm will render in English the ecclesiastical hymns of the Western Church, Mr. Wackerbath has shown in his '*Lyra Ecclesiastica*.' We give one specimen:—

'Et si poenas infernales  
 Cognovisses, quæ et quales,  
 Tuos utique carnales  
 Appetitus frangeres,  
 Et innumera peccata,  
 Facta, dicta, cogitata,  
 Mente tota consternata,  
 Merito deplangeres.  
 Quando caro sepelitur,  
 Heu! de spiritu nil scitur:  
 Utrum gaudet an punitur,  
 Non fit magna mentio.  
 Luctus quidem simulatur,  
 Sed substantia vastatur,  
 Et propinquis generatur  
 Zelus et contentio.  
 Sed his paucis propalatis,  
 Partim tactis et narratis,  
 Quæ tum sanctis tum damnatis  
 Præparata legimus;  
 Jam prudentius agamus,  
 Sanctam vitam degamus;  
 In hoc mundo defleamus  
 Mala quæ peregrimus.

'Couldst thou realise the presence  
 Of hell's deep and dark horrescence,  
 All thy fleshly concupiscence  
 Thou to master wouldst not fail;  
 And thy sins past numeration,  
 Word, and deed, and cogitation,  
 With a soul in consternation,  
 Thou wouldst worthily bewail.  
 When to earth the body goeth,  
 Of the soul man little knoweth,  
 Little saith and little sheweth  
 Of its joy or misery.  
 Grief, indeed, is simulated,  
 But the wealth is dissipated,  
 And contention generated,  
 'Mid the consanguinity.  
 But these few things being stated,  
 Partly touched on and narrated,  
 Which to sinners destined,  
 And to saints, we plainly read,  
 Take we rede of wisdom's giving,  
 Choose we holiness of living,  
 And while yet on earth, in grieving  
 Wail we every evil deed.

Non vivamus ut jumenta,  
Ne post mortem ad tormenta  
Veniamus, et lamenta  
Intolerabilia.  
Modo veniam precemur,  
Mortem CHRISTI meditemur,  
Ad superna præparemur  
Desiderabilia.

Live we not like brute creation,  
Lest, at death, to desolation,  
We should come, and lamentation,  
And intolerable ire.  
Pray we now for GOD's salvation,  
Meditate we JESU's Passion,  
Dwell, while here, in conversation,  
With the joys that saints desire.

It is now our intention to offer a few remarks on three of the poets whom we have named above, Mantuan, Casimir, Buchanan.

Baptista Spagnoli, surnamed Mantuan from the place of his birth and residence, was the earliest of these. Here, in 1448, he entered the order of the Carmelites at an early age, and was seven times vicar-general of his native city, and at last advanced to be prior-general of the order. He devoted himself entirely to the composition of Latin verse, and left behind him 55,000 lines, which have been published at Antwerp in four volumes, 8vo. He was, by contemporaries, evidently considered the equal of Virgil. The popularity of his Eclogues was long unbounded; Badius honoured them with a comment; Murmutius prefixed an argument in verse to each; Laurentius drew up an index to the whole, as in the case of a classical author. They were read at all English schools till the great rebellion; they seem to have retained much of their popularity till the beginning of the eighteenth century; they have been translated into English by Tuberville; and even now, in such dictionaries as Ainsworth and Young, Mantuan stands as an authority. So that Holofernes was by no means singular in his opinion. 'Ah! good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice—

'Venegia, Venegia,  
Che non te vede, e non te pregia.'

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan; who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.'

Unfortunately Mantuan must now be judged by more critical rules than the worthy pedant had ever heard of. Of his 55,000 lines, we only profess to have read the eighth part; namely, his Eclogues, three books of his Parthenice, his Christian Fasti, and his epic, to dignify it by that title, The Messiah. Probably, however, if we judge him by these we shall not be uncharitable to his fame.

His Eclogues were written about the year 1474, though not published till 1498. They are ten in number; the first eight the composition of the poet's early youth, the others a later addition. We do not wonder at their popularity. There is a freshness and reality about some of their pictures of country

life which is very charming; and, notwithstanding some instances of that carelessness and hurry which eventually has blasted Mantuan's reputation, are, generally speaking, correct in diction and harmonious in rhythm. We except the two last, which are in all respects inferior to the rest, and, of all imaginable subjects, are occupied by certain controversies of the day on Carmelite discipline. The great fault in the language is the anxious display of the writer's learning, and the strange and profane mixture of Christianity and paganism. Thus, a shepherd, in enumerating those who have returned from the infernal regions, mentions Theseus, Orpheus, Hercules, and our Lord.

Some of our readers may wish to know what sort of poetry it was which Sir John Cheke quoted, and Buchanan impressed on gentle King Jamie's whipping-boy. We will not inflict it on them in the original; but we will endeavour to furnish them with a translation of one of the Eclogues; and, in compliment to Master Holofernes, we will take the one—

‘Fauste, precor, gelida quando pecus omne sub ulmo,  
Ruminat,’

and so forth, which will, at all events, live in Shakspeare's verses with a life far beyond its own merits.

‘*Lubin*.—Colin, the cattle seek the elm's cool shade;  
Be ours the task, on yon soft hillock laid,  
To tell some tale of love: lest sleep surprise  
Midst nature's silence, our unguarded eyes;  
And starting from our slumber, we behold  
The prowler's ravage, and the scattered fold.

Colin.—Of old I knew that spot; it saw my grief  
When day by day rolled on without relief;  
And, since thou wilt to hear a shepherd's fate  
In deeds of love, mine own will I relate.  
Here, in my sullen silence, day by day,  
Careless of friends, I sighed my life away.  
My flute was silent, and my bow unstrung;  
The filbert clusters all unplundered hung.  
No monster wolf I chased from out the grove,  
Nor basket now, nor pastoral wreath I wove;  
Reared in no rustic game my manly shape,  
Nor plucked the wild wood strawberry and the grape.—  
But why with rustic themes prolong my rhyme?  
The day hastes onward, and we lose our time:  
Thou ask'st me, what the cause? I deem no shame  
To answer boldly with my Lucy's name.

Lubin.—No! 'tis no news to hear how love's strong art  
Can chain each sense, and fascinate the heart;  
Sure 'tis no god, as writ in books we find,  
Who brings such magic to unhinge the mind.

Colin.—The worst is yet to follow: kept apart  
I scarce could see her, though all mine in heart;

Where'er she went, there too might I discern  
Her wedded sister, and her step-dame stern :  
As from the bacon she that guards the house,  
The watchful cat, keeps off the bright-eyed mouse.

*Lubin.*—The full may safely praise a fast ; and he  
Whose thirst is quenched, unmoved the thirsty see.

*Colin.*—But now the fields to shine in gold begin :  
And 'tis the time to put the sickle in :  
The step-dame, whom I spoke of, comes between  
Her daughters, as our custom is, to glean ;  
I marked their progress, and I followed slow ;  
My love she knew not, or feigned not to know ;  
For well she knew that I had sent of late  
A leveret and two doves to Lucy's gate.

*Lubin.*—Where, but for that, so many virtues meet,  
'Tis hard that poverty should teach deceit.

*Colin.*—Her bonnet thrown aside,—for close the air,—  
A flowery chaplet wreathed my Lucy's hair :  
Sideways I stole across the field, and tried,  
Unnoticed by the dame, to reach her side ;  
And as we wrought together, gathered near  
To ease her labour, many a straggling ear.  
When, for my pains, I gained at last one smile,  
Her mother's eye was on her face the while.

*Lubin.*—And who could blame her much, or blame at all ?  
She only picked the ears that you let fall :  
Prudence, indeed, would greater distance keep ;—  
But on ! thy tale serves well to banish sleep.

*Colin.*—" Lucy !"—she cried—(poor Lucy turned away)  
" Why so far straggling from the rest to-day ?  
Here, by the alders, is the shade more cool,  
Where the leaves dance reflected on the pool :  
Come hither then !"—In vain she praised the shade ;  
Lucy wrought harder than before, but stayed :  
No word I uttered, and I gave no sign ;  
But still I held my station in the line.  
Now cheering by my jokes the reaping train—  
Now by short snatches of some pastoral strain.

*Lubin.*—To love entails a yoke as hard as e'er  
Our horses in the plough, or oxen bear.

*Colin.*—That saying, by experience must be had.

*Lubin.*—Perchance it was. Who has not once been mad ?

*Colin.*—Time passed away, and paler still my hue,  
Thinner my cheeks, my features sharper grew ;  
By false pretences could I not belie  
That changing index of the mind, the eye.  
At length my father wooed me to disclose  
My grief, and tell the secret of my woes.

*Lubin.*—A father's love is still his child's best guide,  
How'er a frown that love may sometimes hide.

*Colin.*—He heard, and promised, as he might, to aid ;  
And ere the winter fade the flowerets fade,  
All was agreed, and promises were past,  
And Lucy's self was to be mine at last.  
How oft I sought her when the moonbeams shone,  
With the bright hope of finding her alone !

Though disappointed, still I held my aim,  
 Framed some new pretext, and once more I came :  
 Now 'twas my axe, and now my grindstone ; now  
 Sure I had left the coulter of my plough.  
 And when all these no more excuse could yield,  
 I brought some rustic present from my field.  
 Once, when I came at midnight, to my grief,  
 The dogs flew out, and took me for a thief :  
 I fled,—by nature framed more swift than they ;  
 And thus at length that winter passed away.  
 Now spring returns,—the grape shoots bud again ;  
 The blossoms glitter in the April rain :  
 Nature revives once more,—the blackbird sings ;  
 The firefly glitters past on dazzling wings.  
 All perils o'er, all obstacles o'erthrown,  
 The morning dawns, and Lucy is my own.  
 Why should I needs each wedding game describe,  
 And every sport that blessed the rustic tribe ?  
 Enough ;—The eve passed calm and bright away,  
 And youths and maidens sang our nuptial lay.  
*Lucin.*—Colin, your sheep are moving in the track  
 Towards the vineyard,—we must drive them back.'

The Parthenice, which has been most prolixly and laboriously illustrated by the indefatigable Badius, is a work of merit far inferior to that just noticed. The first part, in three books, treats of the Blessed Virgin ; the second, in the same number, on the Passion of S. Catherine ; the third, in two books, on those of SS. Lucy, Margaret, and Apollonia. There is also said to be one on S. Cecilia, which we have not seen.

The faults of all these poems are the same : carelessness, haste, impatience of correction, repetition of ideas, confusion of Christianity with Paganism, pedantry, and want of judgment.

The same plot is constantly employed. We first have a geographical and historical view of the scene of the poem ; then a description of the state of the Roman Empire ; next a council of the gods, for the purpose of crushing Christianity, which ends by their determining to destroy the poet's present heroine : all make a noble stand against violence the first day ; all are healed by a celestial messenger on the succeeding night ; all crowned with martyrdom on the following morning.

To prove the heterogeneous mixture of his ideas, he brings the Muses and Graces from Hellas to serve as attendants on the Blessed Virgin : he devotes some twenty lines to the catalogue of the personages famous in Pagan story with whom she was acquainted ; and in the Salutation itself we have more than one mythical reference.

For his want of judgment ; in the marriage-feast of S. Joseph he describes at length the massive silver and gold plate then brought forth by the servants. His pedantry, though everywhere

remarkable, is nowhere so much so as in the descriptions he gives of night. Having mentioned the hour, he gives a list of some twenty or thirty stars, and their exact position, with the minuteness of an astronomer; and this not once nor twice, but many times.

We will conclude with one or two specimens of his more serious poetry.

The infancy of a child is made the subject of a very sweet simile:—

‘So, when the rose bush spring’s first breath hath kissed,  
And yet its leaves are like a verdant mist;  
A green and tiny globe must first enclose  
The perfect beauty of the full-blown rose;  
Till summer suns, and breezes of the west,  
Woo, with soft breath, the little stranger’s breast;  
Swells, with the genial sap, the vest of green:  
Next, through its side, a ruby streak is seen;  
The silken petals, one by one, unfold  
Round the bright seeds, and anthers tipped with gold;  
Till June, returning, bid its ruby lip,  
The glassy dewdrops dare, unshamed, to sip.’

The pre-eminence of the Blessed Virgin over other saints is made the subject of a somewhat novel comparison:—

‘So, where famed Ganges from his Indian source  
Through solemn forests winds his twilight course;  
The fiery gems that sparkle in his bed,  
Midst the dark stones a brighter lustre shed.’

Of a different style is the following:—

‘And deem not virtue gained an easy task;  
Her favours long and arduous labour ask.  
Stern discipline the chief must undergo,  
Ere he can march resistless on the foe;  
Thy soul must, if it pant to win the field,  
Do what it would not, what it would must yield;  
Bear self-denial’s yoke, or else descend  
From worse to worse, with misery for its end;  
Till, such is habit’s power, by slow degrees  
The very toils, that erst so galled it, please.’

From Mantuan we proceed to a far greater poet.

Matthew Casimir Sarbiewski, born in 1595, at Sarbiew, an insignificant village, near Plonsk, in Poland, is justly considered the prince of modern Latin poets. We are not ashamed to confess that we regard him as so very nearly equal to Horace, that it would be hard indeed to decide on their respective merits; and to own that we do not prefer the *Qualem ministrum* of the latter to the *Terrena linquo: tollite præpetem* of the former. ‘After Lucretius and Statius,’ says Coleridge, ‘I know no

Latin poet who can be compared for sublimity of ideas to Casimir Sarbiewski. His language, too, is worthy of any poet of the Augustan age.' His early attachment to Latin poetry is beautifully described by himself:—

'Albis dormuit in rosis  
Arbustisque jacens et violis Dies  
Primæ cui potui vigil  
Somnum Pieria rumpere barbitō.  
Curæ dum vacuus puer  
Formosæ legerem litora Narviæ.  
Ex illo mihi posteri  
Florent sole dies : qui simul aureæ  
Infregit radios lyræ,  
Jam nec scuta sonat, nec strepitum truci  
Gradivi—sed amabiles  
Ruris delicias,' &c.

After studying at Wilna, he entered the Society of Jesus in the year 1612, and in 1623 visited Rome, a journey of which he has left a poetical account. Here he was received with marked favour by Urban VIII., the then reigning Pontiff, a prelate who, while by no means deficient in the higher qualities which should distinguish the successor of S. Peter, carried the literary refinement and stupendous magnificence of the Roman Court to its highest pitch. To him some of our poet's finest odes were addressed.

The grateful bard celebrated his patron in many such a noble strain (we are not discussing its theology) as the following:—

'Te Vaticanis Maurus et Æthiops  
Affusus aris, te tepidi canunt  
Devexa mundi, te remotæ  
Litora personuere Chrysæ.  
Magnusque late diceris arbiter  
Cælumque, Terrasque, et Maria, et Styga  
Amnemque Cocytii severum et  
Elysiam cohibere Lethen.  
Tibi (benignæ si qua fides spei)  
Sternentur olim magnanimæ ad pedes  
Gentesque Regesque. O caduci  
Præsidium columenque mundi,  
Jam nunc labantis pondera seculi et  
Depræliantum funera Principum  
Pronasque regnorum ruinas  
Consilioque humerisque siste.  
Tardum sereni partibus ætheris  
Te Sidus addas ; neu properas citus  
Mensis reclinare, et faventium  
Ambrosiæ accubuisse Divum.'

As we said before, this is not Christian poetry in its highest sense, any more than S. Peter's is a Christian temple in its highest sense. Cocytus and Lethe, and the favouring gods,

and ambrosia, are words and terms unknown to the poets of the Church. Nevertheless, the verses are magnificent, and Urban knew that very well. He entrusted Casimir with a revision of several of the hymns in his reformation of the Breviary; and the *Ad regias Agni dapes*, in particular, is said to have been amended by him.

On his leaving Rome, Urban presented him with a golden medal, as he had before done with the poetic laurel. Casimir professed first Rhetoric, and then Philosophy, in the Academy at Wilna, and was much about the Court of Ladislaus IV., by whom he was greatly esteemed.

The prospect of expelling the Turks from Europe occupied a large share of the attention of Urban VIII.: and Casimir enthusiastically entered into the scheme. His own country suffered far too deeply by the attacks of the infidels to allow him to remain an inactive spectator of her losses. Again and again, like a Christian Tyrtæus, he called on the princes and potentates of Europe to forget their mutual differences, to cast off their enervating luxury, to drive the false prophet from Constantinople, and to plant their standards by the Holy Sepulchre.

‘Ibimus?’

An nos Caleno mensa tenet mero,  
Cœnæque regnorum redemptæ  
Divitiis populique censu?  
Dum nos Lyæi regificis super  
Descripta mensis prælia pangimus;  
Fusoque metamur Falerno  
Mœnia, diluimusque fossas.  
Surgamus. Omnes prima vocat dies,  
Et Phœbus:—*at non noster ab Indiis*  
*Phœbus, Quirites, nec Latino*  
*Orta dies famulatur orbi.*

We challenge the warmest admirers of Horace,—and we profess ourselves to be of that number,—to point out a more sublime turn in any of his odes than the lines we have italicized. In another ode he pursues the temporal advantages of such a crusade, in a strain most perfectly Horatian. It is the 12th of the 1st Book.

With such sentiments it was likely that one of his finest compositions should be that in which he celebrated the defeat of the whole Turkish army by the Polish forces, in September, 1621. Even Dr. Watts took fire in translating, or rather imitating, this ode:—and has left a poem in his lyrical works well worthy of perusal.

‘Carpite, dum licet

Dum tuta vobis otia, carpite  
Oblita jam vobis vireta  
Emeriti, mea cura, tauri:

Victor Polonus dum positâ super  
 Respirat hastâ; sic etiam vigil  
     Sævusque. Proh! quantis, Polone,  
     Moldavii tegis arva campi  
 Thracum ruinis.'

And again—

'Non tanta campos grandine verberat  
 Arctos nivalis: non fragor Alpium  
     Tantus, renitentes ab imo  
     Cum violens aget Auster ornos  
 Hinc quantus atque hinc impetus æreo  
 Diffusus imbri. Miscet opus frequens  
     Furorque virtusque, et perenni  
     Immoritur brevis ira famæ.  
 Diu supremam nutat in aleam  
 Fortuna belli:—stat numerosior  
     Hic Bessus, hic contra Polonus  
     Exiguus metuendus alis.'

But, after all, the most valuable of the poems of Casimir are those in which he inserts some of the pithy *gnomæ* in which both Pindar and Horace so much excelled.

Such are the following:

'Quæ tibi primum dedit hora nasci  
 Hæc mori primum dedit. Ille longum  
 Vixit, æternum sibi qui merendo  
     Vindicat ævum.'

Again:

'Ille qui longum fuit, esse magnus  
 Desinit mœror. Facilem ferendo  
 Finge Fortunam: levis esse longo  
     Discit ab usu.'

Or, in a more Christian strain:

'Quæ possunt adimi, non mea credidi:  
 Nunquam pauperior, si meus integer.'

The idea of an interior kingdom, which cannot be affected by external circumstances, is a very favourite one with Casimir:

'Exile regnum, Pausilipi, sumus:  
 Sed se obsequentem qui sibi subdidit  
     Hic grande fecit si suasset  
     Ipse roget, peragatque leges.  
 Rex est profanos qui domuit metus.  
 Qui cum stat unus, castra sibi facit:  
     Casumque Fortunamque pulchro  
     Provocat assiduus duello.'

Of sacred poems, strictly called, our author left but very few. The most beautiful of these, as it is also one of the shortest, we will quote entire:

'Urit me Patriæ decor:  
 Urit conspicuis pervigil ignibus  
 Stellati tholus ætheris,  
 Et lunæ tenerum lumen, et aureis  
 Fixæ lampades atriis.  
 O noctis choreas, et teretem sequi  
 Juratæ thyasum faces!  
 O pulcher Patriæ vultus, et ignei  
 Dulces excubiæ poli!  
 Cur me stelliferi luminis hospitem,  
 Cur heu! cur nimium diu  
 Cælo sepositum cernitis exulem?  
 Hic canum mihi cespitem,  
 Hic albis tumulum sternite liliis  
 Fulgentis pueri Domus.  
 Hic leti pedicas exuor et meo  
 Secernor cineri cinis.  
 Hic lenti spoliū ponite corporis  
 Et quidquid superest mei:  
 Immensum reliquus tollor in æthera.'

One more example shall suffice: it is the conclusion of the fifth Ode of the second Book:

'Parumne tellus in medias patet  
 Immensa montes? hinc miserabili  
 Quassata terrarum tumultu  
 Stare pavent titubantque regna,  
 Unâque tandem funditus obruunt  
 Cives ruinâ. Stat tacitus cinis,  
 Cui serus inscribat viator:  
 CUM POPULO JACET HIC ET IPSE  
 CUM REGE REGNUM. Quid memorem super  
 Infusa totis æquora portubus  
 Urbes inundari? et repenti  
 Tecta Deūm sonuisse fluctu?  
 Regumque turres, et pelago casus  
 Jam jam latentes? Jam video procul  
 Mercesque differri, et natantem  
 Oceano fluitare gazam.  
 Alterna rerum militat efficax  
 In damna mundus. Cladibus instruit,  
 Bellisque, rixisque, et ruinis  
 Sanguineam Libitina scenam:  
 Suprema donec stelligerum Dies  
 Claudat theatrum. Quod morer hactenus  
 Viator aurarum? et serenas  
 Sole domos aditurus, usque  
 Humana mirer? Tollite præpetem  
 Festina vatē, tollite, nubila:  
 Qua solis et lunæ labores  
 Cæruleo velut æthra campo.  
 Ludor? sequaces an subeunt latus  
 Feruntque venti? jamque iterum mihi  
 Et regna decrevere, et immensæ  
 Ante oculos periere gentes.  
 Suoque semper terra minor globo  
 Jam jamque cerni difficilis suum  
 Vanescit in punctum? O refusum  
 Numinis Oceanum! O carentem

Mortalitatis portubus insulam !  
 O clausa nullis marginibus freta !  
 Haurite anhelantem, et perenni  
 Sarbivium glomerate fluctû !'

It will be seen by the above extracts that Dr. Johnson is guilty of much injustice to Casimir when he calls him a writer possessing many of the faults and beauties of Cowley. It is true that here and there glittering prettinesses and affected conceits occur in his graver lyrical poems,—and his *Silviludia*, pieces composed, as their name imports, in the woods, while Ladislaus and his Court were indulging in the pleasures of the chase, are nothing else but strings of such conceits. They are, however, very sweet in their way, and far superior to anything that Cowley would have written on these subjects. They are curious, also, as the only instance of an attempt in any way successful to strike out a new style of Latin poetry. One verse from the *Silviludium* to Dew, may serve as an example :—

'Placidi Rores matutini  
 Qui sereno  
 Lapsa coelo  
 Mollia florum  
 Versicolorum  
 Ocellatis folia :  
 Qui florentibus in conchis  
 Late virentis  
 Æquora prati gemmulatis,' etc.

It must not be supposed, however, that Casimir has not some very grave faults. Of these, undoubtedly the worst is, his perpetual paganism of expression in addressing the saints. Sometimes, indeed, it degenerates into positive profanity. If the reader calls first to mind Horace's invocation to Venus,—

'O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique, etc.  
 Ferridus tecum puer,' etc.

we cannot but be shocked by Casimir's parody :

'Aurei Regina Maria coeli, etc.  
 Aureus tecum Puer,' etc.

But this was the fault of the age rather than of the man.

In a critical point of view, Casimir's Latinity, if not positively faultless, approaches perhaps nearer to perfection than that of any before or after him. He affects Græcisms, indeed, to a preposterous extent,—and we constantly meet with such expressions as 'Jucundæ metuens juventæ,'—'Avaræ mensium Lunæ,'—'Hinnit ager, fluviiue balant.' At the same time he is particularly happy, here and there, in his Latin expression of a Grecian idea: for example—

'Sunt et novarum non vacuæ mihi  
 Laudum pharetræ. Prome reconditum  
 O Musa telum. Quem sonoro  
 Pieridum jaculamur arcu?'

which, while completely Latin, is more perfectly Pindaric than perhaps any stanza in Horace. In the construction of his verses Casimir is generally very happy. He employs no measure but such as Horace has authorized, and all so recommended he has used. His Alcaic stanzas have a rhythm superior to that of any other poet, his great master excepted: though here and there we find an instance of that vicious licence by which the third foot of the third line is an Iambus, *e.g.*—'Curetes æræ, jam frementes.' It is wonderful that so exquisite an ear as the poet's evidently was, should not have been shocked at the violation of all harmony thus occasioned.

Of Casimir's life we have nothing further to tell than that he was taken from the world at the age of forty-four, on the 2d of April, 1640. His remaining poems consist of four books of odes, one of epodes, one of miscellanies, and one of sacred epigrams. But he had also composed, though he had not put the finishing hand to, an epic poem, 'The Lechiad,' so called from Lech, the real or supposed founder of the Polish kingdom. This, after the poet's death, was stolen, and thus lost to the world. The first edition of the odes appeared at Cologne in 1625, but contained only three books; nor did the fourth appear till Plantin published it at Antwerp in 1634. The consideration that the finest monuments of Casimir's genius were composed before he was thirty, and that, during the last fifteen years of his life, he wrote but one book of odes which we possess, must make us regret the loss of the epic poem which occupied the best and most vigorous years of his existence.

We will now leave our poet in that quiet grave, *Quo cum*, as he says himself—

'Quo cum volentem fata reducerint,  
 Nil interest an morbus an hosticus  
 Dissolvit ensis, quo supremum  
 Urget iter. Semel advehemur  
 Quam navigamus semper in insulam,  
 Seu lata magnis stravimus æquora  
 Reges carinis: seu Quirites  
 Exigua vehimur phaselo.  
 Illo beatum margine me meus  
 Exponat asser. Cur ego sistere  
 Æterna reformidem quietus  
 Litora, si peritura linquam?'

Let us now turn our attention to George Buchanan, a writer who has had the singular good fortune not only to acquire an extravagant reputation in his own time, but to preserve it to

ours. Of his troubled life we are not going to write; we shall simply confine ourselves to his version of the Psalms. To say that he shows himself inferior in this famous work to men whose names as poets are scarcely known in England,—to Livin van der Beker (Lævinus Torrentius,) Caussin, Barlaeus, Daniel Heinsius, Grotius, Arius Montanus, and a thousand others,—to say that Milton and Cowley, as Latin poets, are very far his superiors,—all this is very far short of the truth. We confidently affirm that Buchanan possessed no taste, no ear,—little poetical feeling,—no reverence for sacred subjects,—and but a very moderate portion of Latinity. These are serious charges, and we hope to be able to prove them.

It is a curious thing, how very seldom Buchanan ventures on Alcaics. He seems to have felt his weakness in these,—the most perfect of lyrical measures. Let us see how he acquits himself when he attempts them, and take the eleventh Psalm as a specimen:—

‘Quum spe salutis non dubia fruar  
Deoque fidam, vos mihi dicitis  
Facesse rupes in remotas  
Antevolans pavidas volucres.’

‘In God I have put my trust,’—the Psalmist abruptly and sublimely begins. Buchanan commences with ‘enjoying no doubtful hope of safety, and trusting in God.’ The connecting link between these two clauses, of which one explains the other, is a glaring psychological fault; but a short syllable was required to eke out the second line, and *que* presented itself opportunely. Then how poor the epithet *remotas*!—how like the school exercise of a boy, who looks in the *gradus* for an epithet to finish a line! ‘*Vos mihi dicitis*’;—in the very place where, of all others, the pronoun should not have been expressed, it is emphasized with all the importance of a prominent position in the stanza. And where David, in the indignant confidence of faith, asks, ‘*How say ye thus to my soul?*’ Buchanan turns it into the insipid statement, ‘Ye do say to my soul.’ Nor is this all;—as he has written the stanza, it means, ‘Because I trust in God, therefore ye say to my soul.’ Now, if the writer intended this meaning, he was grossly ignorant of the Psalmist’s: if he did not intend it, he is guilty of false Latinity. It had been easy to avoid these mistakes by writing, *Qui mihi dicitis*, &c. In the third line, besides the miserable rhythm, and the poor epithet, there is, we believe, false Latinity in the ‘*Facesse in rupes*.’ The expression is not suited for grave poetry, and prose writers omit the preposition. The last line, again, misses the meaning. ‘Flee as a bird,’ does not convey the idea of swiftness, to which Buchanan confines it; but hurriedly,

thoughtlessly, confusedly, without waiting to see whether there were any real cause for danger.

‘Intendit arcum (en aspicias) impius,  
Nervo sagittas admovet, ut petat  
Incogitantes e latebris  
Innocuos animique rectos.’

In the first line, the parenthesis is most weak, and only put in to ‘cram’ the verse. The two last lines are monstrous. The rhythm of the third: the transposition of *e latebris* after *incogitantes*: the phrase *incogitantes innocuos*;—all these would be a disgrace to a public schoolboy.

‘At Tu potenti Rex bone dextera  
Domas rebelles: et facis irrita  
Decreta vesani furoris  
Contra humiles male nil merentes.’

‘The foundations will be cast down:’ ‘quæ perfecisti, destruent:’ ἡ κατηρτίσω καθεῖλον. Nothing in these translations like the first line and a half. The third line is here perfect as to rhythm; but it is at the expense of so tautologous an epithet as *vesanus* to *furor*. The last line, for grammar and sound, is equally despicable; and the strange position of the *nil* would make the sense doubtful, could we not refer to another quarter for explanation.

‘Æterna cœli templa colens Deus  
Et lucido astrorum in solio sedens  
Humana per terras acutis  
Facta oculis speculatur omnes.’

The two former are fair second-rate lines; the poverty and mislocation of *omnes*, and the awkward chasm of *facto oculis*, are bad enough.

‘Non justus Illum non latet impius  
Cuncta intuentem: sed studio ad nefas  
Pronos maligno justus orbis  
Ex animo Moderator odit.’

Here we begin with a sufficiently spirited line, which is diluted down to the usual degree of tameness, by the explanatory *cuncta intuentem* which follows it. The complication of the remaining part of the stanza, where nearly every word is placed wrong,—to say nothing of the extraordinary phrase,—‘*pronos maligno studio ad nefas*,’—is clear to every one.

‘Super scelestos retia depluet:  
Ignes remisto sulphure flammeos  
Ad impios eliminandos  
Fulminæ rapiunt procellæ.’

Besides the Anglicism and baldness of the first line, we may observe that there is no such word as *depluet*. The impersonal

depluit is in use; and in a doubtful and probably false reading of Propertius (ii. 16), we find it joined with an accusative. But even assuming that to be a sufficient authority for such an usage, there is not a shadow of excuse for *depluet*. In the next line we have the ridiculous tautology *ignes flammeos*. The third line is barbarous in rhythm, and absurd in sense; for *elimino*, used as an active verb, has but two meanings—to turn out of doors, and to publish abroad. We also remark on the impropriety of making the *fulminæ procellæ rapere* the *flammeos ignes* against the wicked.

‘ Justosque justus justitiæ Parens  
Amore sancto amplectitur unice,  
Et fraudis ignarum ante vultus  
Assidue videt æquitatem.’

The play of words in the first line is miserable enough; and the *unice*, put in to fill out the second, very bald. Whether the two last lines have any meaning at all, Buchanan probably knew; certainly no one else can elicit any thing like sense from them.

Now this Psalm is a fair specimen of Buchanan's powers; and we are bold to say that there are not five respectable lines in it. But we will now take a view of some more egregious failings in the same writer's works.

In the first place, we accuse him of false quantities, for which a public schoolboy would be flogged. In Psalm vii. l. 9, we have this notable line in an Alcaic stanza:

‘ Si verus iudex me merito arguit.’

In the Tragedy of S. John Baptist (p. 249 of Wetstein's Amsterdam edition of 1687) an Iambic line runs thus:

‘ Unde deorsum perpeti lapsu ruunt.’

At page 255 of the same tragedy:

‘ Omnibus illum prosequi bonis decet.’

Page 245 of the same:

‘ Ecquid animo æquo fers dignitatem tuam.’

Where the double false quantity is so horrible, that we might, were it not for his other blunders in a similar way, give Buchanan the advantage of the emendation ‘*dignitatem fers tuam*.’

We have said before, and every one knows, that the great test of a good ear in Latin verse is the structure of the third line of the Alcaic stanza. It is superfluous to observe that the types of this line, as to cæsure, are:

Deprome quadrimum Sabinâ,—the most perfect—  
 Silvæ laborantes geluque—  
 Declive contempleris arvum.

And every line which may not be referred to one of these, is faulty in structure. Let us now try a Psalm of Buchanan's by this rule. We will take the xixth. The third lines are—

Tot luce flammæ coruscis—good  
 Suspendet, et terræ capaces—good  
 Non fortuito res caducas—bad  
 Non voce quæ paucorum ad aures—bad  
 Quæ nesciat certâ meantis—bad  
 Aut mane castris prodeuntem—bad  
 Auro refulgens, gemmeaque—bad  
 Artusque; viresque; impetumque— {perhaps excusable on  
 { account of the sense.  
 Obliqua vitali colore—good  
 Divina ut arcanis habenis—good  
 Hac plectitur culpâ æquitate ut—very bad  
 Verenda cultu quam nec annis—bad  
 Jucundiorâ melle, et auro—horrible  
 Non nescius custodientem—bad  
 Ergo repurga quas refudit—bad  
 Sic me malorum e maximorum—very bad  
 Placatus, a nostræ salutis—good.

Out of seventeen, there are but five that are good.

Another fault of Buchanan is the number and poorness of his epithets. In this he is a remarkable contrast with Casimir, who sometimes, by a single epithet, will render a whole verse picturesque.

But Buchanan's chief faults are his excessive periphrases. The simple beginning of the xxiiiird Psalm, 'The Lord is my Shepherd: therefore can I want nothing,' is thus 'improved':

'Quid frustra rabidi me petitis canes?  
 Livor propositum cur premis improbum?  
 Sicut pastor ovem, me Dominus regit:  
 Nil deerit penitus mihi.'

'God standeth in the congregation of princes: He is a judge among gods,' receives this profane version:

'Regum timendorum in proprios greges  
 Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovæ;'

which the writer probably thought a happy interversion from Horace; and to those who appreciate the comic use of the word *præsto*, the following will appear hardly less shocking: 'If I climb up into Heaven, Thou art there, &c.

'Petamne cælum? *præsto es hic.* Ad inferos  
 Demergar? illinc non abes.'

We have said enough, we think, to make good our character of Buchanan. What could have procured him his fame it is difficult to say. Doubtless his religious principles may, in great measure, account for it; and the agreeable flattery which he dispensed, in halting verse, to the principal reformers, rendered them not unwilling to praise the medium for the sake of that which it conveyed. We ought not to forget to mention that both the poems of Buchanan, and those of his contemporary and friend, Beza, are defiled by some of the grossest indecencies which ever disgraced paper.

We will end, however, with a passage which has been much and justly admired; and occurring in a poem in so commonplace a subject as May-day, is the more startling:—

‘Talis Beatæ incubat Insulis  
 Felicis auræ perpetuus tepor,  
 Et nesciis campis senectæ  
 Difficilis, querulique morbi.  
 Forsan supremis cum Deus ignibus  
 Orbem piabit, lætaque sæcula  
 Mundo reducet, talis aura  
 Ætherios animos fovebit.’

- ART. IV.—1. *Mount Sorel; or, The Heiress of the De Veres.* By the Author of The '*Two Old Men's Tales.*' In 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand. 1845.
2. *Father Darcy.* By the Author of '*Mount Sorel,*' and The '*Two Old Men's Tales.*' In 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand. 1846.
3. *Emilia Wyndham.* By the Author of The '*Two Old Men's Tales,*' '*Mount Sorel,*' &c. In 3 vols. London: Henry Colburn, publisher, Great Marlborough Street. 1846.
4. *Norman's Bridge; or, The Modern Midas.* By the Author of '*Emilia Wyndham,*' The '*Two Old Men's Tales,*' &c. In 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street. 1847.

THE man whose idea of Paradise was to 'lie upon a sofa all day and read new novels,' might realize it in the present day to his heart's content. We have novels of every kind, and good ones too, as far as interest and excitement go, to gratify all tastes and suit all fancies. First and foremost there is the religious novel, polemical or otherwise, but generally polemical, with its 'clear views' and dogmatic statements, mixed up with *ex-parte* delineations of general tendencies and individual developments. These, however, are not always amusing; and while some are prosy and tiresome, others are irreverent, and almost all unfair. There is at best an evident determination to make out a case. And nothing is more easy. A lively imagination joined to a one-sided view of things—and they often go together—will easily so arrange the incidents of a story, or describe the elements of a character, as to satisfy 'the party' for which the book is written, that such and such vices or virtues are the natural results of such and such religious opinions. Still the works in question are often striking, and sometimes edifying, for they are written now by persons who are at once clever and earnest, and, in spite of the repulsiveness of the subject, while the devout are attracted by occasional glimpses of better things, even those who only read for amusement are not insensible to the wit and fancy with which that subject is adorned. Then, people like to see the Jesuits shown up, or the Roman Catholics in general, or the dissenters, or High Church, or Low Church, as the case may be; and thus their minds are in a position to receive whatever impressions the writer may be pleased to give. The best religious fictions are those which deal least in exaggeration and *abuse*. Among which, in spite of various drawbacks, may be reckoned '*Margaret Percival.*' It is full of deep

feeling, and, though not without polemics, it is not debased by mere party spirit. So is 'Geraldine.' Even in the Romanist novel there is an apparent candour of statement, an absence of all bitterness, which are strikingly contrasted with certain Protestant novels that we could mention, while a depth of religious sentiment is not unfrequently laid open, which 'Christians of all denominations' might do well to look into. Platform exhibitions are indeed painted with cruel truth, but they who know them best, know that it is difficult to exaggerate their hollowness and falsehood. Next to the religious novel comes the novel of Political Economy, of which Miss Martineau, and her opponent the Rev. C. Tayler, have given us no contemptible specimens. We have neither time nor inclination, in a slight review of works of fiction, to canvass the truth or falsehood of the dogmas advocated on either side. We object to the Political Economy of the lady's books in particular, not because it is false, but because it is unreadable. Who can turn from the exquisite stories of this touching writer to the dry disquisitions upon free trade, or the circulating medium, with which they are mixed up? We shrewdly suspect that more readers besides ourselves 'pass over,' as children would say, 'the good advice,' which the mind is not then in a posture to receive.

Perhaps the same may be said of the political romances of Mr. Disraeli. His brilliant pictures of life and manners in 'Coningsby' and 'Tancred,' and the eloquent development of the deeper yearnings of the human heart which surprises and thrills one in his pages, certainly owe nothing of their charm to his political disquisitions. The fact is, that the novel, in its best and most effective form, is neither a treatise of theology, nor a treatise of science, nor a treatise of morals, at least in a didactic shape. Even Miss Edgeworth has marred the effect of her very amusing and interesting sketches by a specific object too prominently declared. Like Joanna Baillie, she has given us pictures of one individual passion brought out in strong relief, while the nicer gradations of character, as seen in real life, are lost in the salient points of the fictitious exhibition. The consequence often is, that much of the benefit which should be gained by the lesson is lost, merely from its exaggeration. In 'Vivian,' for example, the hero is placed under circumstances where *decision* would seem almost impossible, and thus, instead of blaming his vacillation, we are led to pity and excuse it. We do not forget that Miss Edgeworth, with talents that every one must admire, and a delineation of character with which few can fail to be charmed, is chargeable with graver faults than that which has been specified. Her books seem almost intended to show how little need there is of Christianity in order to reform the world; while her estimate of personal purity, in the

male sex at least, is lamentably defective. In the tale, to which allusion has been made above, the adultery of the hero is considered scarcely a fault by his friend, an *exemplary clergyman*, and is thought no objection to his immediate acceptance by the severe and high-minded, not to say puritanical Lady Sarah.

But to return; the novel which lays the strongest hold upon the mind and keeps it, is the novel of character, which describes life as it is under circumstances of vivid interest, or else describes common and every-day occurrences as they appear to minds acute in observation, and accurate in detail. Much has been said, from Aristotle downwards, about the conduct of the story as the principal object and principal attraction of fictitious narrative, but unless the conduct of the characters be included in that definition, it is difficult to assent to its truth. That there is a certain charm in a well-arranged series of events, cannot be denied, but it does not necessarily demand a deep knowledge of human life, or of the human heart, and may be possessed by minds of a very inferior order. All that is wanted is a lively imagination and an easy style. Yet such books as 'St. Clair of the Isles,' and 'The Children of the Abbey,' are still read, and may be read once at least, with sufficient amusement. When we speak of the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe and of Maturin, we speak of a much higher style of composition. Possessing as they do more than all the interest which belongs to a stirring narrative, striking in events, and thrilling with mystery, there are not wanting occasional delineations of individual character which seem to bring them under the head of the novel of life and manners. But the romances in question described a state of society which never existed, and though, by appealing with unrivalled power to the all-absorbing emotions of curiosity and terror, they exercised for a time a wonderful influence over the public mind, it soon passed away. We are old enough to remember the school which they created, the many imitations which issued in quick succession from the Minerva press, and with which the shelves of our circulating libraries then groaned. All are now forgotten. People felt that their business was with 'man as he is,' not with 'man as he is not,' and left the pine-clad mountains and roaring torrents of the Apennines, the frowning turrets of Udolpho and the secrets of its mysterious chambers, for the brilliant sallies of the banquet or of the drawing-room, the companionship of the actual men and women with whom they were brought into contact in the wear and tear of ordinary life.

The novel of character was carried at an early period to a high degree of excellence in England. In spite of his profound ignorance of the conventional manners which he professed to paint, the two great works of Richardson abound in delineations

of individual character, as it exists independent of external position. He knew nothing of people of rank and fashion, but he knew every thing of the human heart. Even in the awful 'Clarissa,' with its severe unity of purpose, its few actors and scanty events, the depth of his observation and the fineness of his tact are sufficiently seen. But in 'Sir Charles Grandison,' the full powers of his acute and observing mind are developed in all their completeness. All that he *could* know he knew, and he knew well how to tell it. Accordingly, even in the present day, though few who have wept and trembled over the pages of 'Clarissa' will not shudder to open the book again, in spite of our more rapid and stirring literature numbers still recur to the interesting scenes of the later novel, and live over again the emotions of their earlier years.

In speaking of the novel of character, it is impossible not to feel that in this style of composition Fielding and Smollett hold a distinguished place. Perhaps there are few writers who, in this respect, surpass them. But in these works, which as literary compositions deserve very high praise, there is a sad defect. Their tone of morals is lamentably low, and the scenes which they depict are consequently without dignity and elevation. There is an absence of all enthusiasm. There is no yearning after the good and true, no feeling of the seriousness of life, no high thoughts and earnest aspirations. No man ever rose from the pages of Fielding or Smollett with a purer mind or a tenderer heart. All is 'of the earth, earthy.' One cannot help wishing, in spite of the wit and fancy which breathe throughout, that 'Tom Jones' and 'Peregrine Pickle' had never been written, or that they were now forgotten.

Miss Burney's novels, every one knows, are far from being open to this serious charge, though in one point they resemble the compositions of these earlier writers, inasmuch as they paint scenes and characters of low life with poignant humour and striking truth. Perhaps, with the single exception of the masterly delineation of Mrs. Delville in 'Cecilia,' Miss Burney succeeds best in the ludicrous. There may be occasional exaggeration, as in the case of Briggs, the miser guardian, but in all her portraits of vulgarity and folly there is an exuberance of fun and frolic, and a sustained consistency of representation, which are beyond all praise. Perhaps, in the whole range of fiction, it would be difficult to point out a richer scene than the meeting of the three guardians in the novel mentioned above. Charlotte Smith, though not equal to Miss Burney as a painter of life and manners, was long and not undeservedly popular, and must not be overlooked. Sir Walter Scott himself has borne testimony to the well-conceived and well-sustained character of Mrs. Rayland, in 'The Old Manor House,' a novel which is still

read with no slight interest, even in these days of superior literary achievement. As we come farther down, the novel of character and manners meets us at every turn. We say nothing of the author of 'Waverley' and 'Guy Mannering,' for to express a tenth part of what he has done for the imaginative literature of his country would require a volume. We say nothing also of Mr. James, who has been considered by some his rival as well as his imitator, because we know but little of his works. He is a most prolific writer; but books, that are written easily, are often *not* so easily read; and, when we have turned over his pages, they have reminded us not unfrequently of Madame de Staël's suggestion, that people on certain occasions should be allowed to *send their clothes to a party* and stay at home themselves. Mr. James seems less acquainted with men and women themselves than with their costume. But we cannot pass over Miss Austen. Aiming at no overpowering pathos, and no startling effects, she describes the foibles of common life, and the mixed motives which prompt the actions of ordinary characters, with a minute analysis which, if it has ever been equalled, has certainly never been surpassed. In her personages, moreover, though they never rise beyond the level of our daily experience, there is that wonderful individuality which stamps them on the mind for ever. Who can ever forget Mr. Woodhouse, or Mr. Collins, or Mr. and Miss Crawford, or Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, or Lady Catherine de Burgh, or any of the other characters embodied in her truthful fictions? But, in order fully to appreciate this perfect writer, patient investigation is wanted. It will never do to hurry over her pages for the sake of coming as soon as possible to the catastrophe. The beauty of the composition is in the detail. Every sentence, almost every word, tells. It is the elaborate finish of a Dutch painting, of which the individual touches are scarcely perceptible, while the combined result is perfection. We think that, if life had been spared to her, Miss Austen would have done still better things, *i. e.* she would have had a higher aim. In one of her posthumous productions, 'Persuasion,' her best and last, united with the same graphic power which distinguished her former works, there is a more earnest tone and a nearer approach to deep and devout feeling. Perhaps, the most successful living writer of fiction, and in a literary point of view the most deservedly so, is the author of 'Pelham.' Like Maturin, he is the antipodes of Miss Austen. He deals in striking contrasts and thrilling situations. Perhaps, a more awful scene can scarcely be imagined than that in 'Clifford,' where the father and the son stand opposed to each other, face to face, in a court of justice, in the relative positions of judge and cri-

minal, both determined to sustain the trial with unshrinking fortitude. But his novels are, over and above, novels of character and manners. In one of them, for example, the court of Louis XIV., Madame de Maintenon in particular, is painted with a historic fidelity not inferior to that of Scott himself. But, while we allow the merit of his works as literary compositions, we condemn their moral standard. The feelings called forth are not healthful. It is not merely that he depicts great crimes and absorbing passions, which he *must* do whose object it is to 'purify by pity and terror,' but that he enlists our sympathies in the behalf of guilt. As Sidney Smith once wrote, his aim seems to be to 'gild the gallows and excite a prejudice in favour of being hanged.' This is a great error in taste as well as in morals. In fact, it is not true. High thoughts and amiable feelings are not the usual concomitants of crime, nor do base and selfish dispositions go hand in hand with regularity of conduct and moral restraint. From Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer to Lady Morgan there is a wide interval. Not that her Ladyship is without merit as a novel-writer. Far from it. In spite of much affectation, and not a little bad taste, few people paint life and manners better. 'O'Donnel' is a proof of this. The scenes in Lady Llanberris' country house are infinitely amusing, and the three female characters who play the most prominent part in the novel are touched with a masterly hand, strikingly contrasted and admirably sustained. The capital defect, to use a very soft word, of Lady Morgan's writings, is their evil tendency. She is not merely careless about doing good, she seems to lay herself out to do mischief. Her heroes, all her best men, indeed, are studiously represented as immoral, and, virtually, lauded on that very account; and her heroines are intrinsically but little better. She never seems to write a book without the express purpose of undermining some high principle or devout feeling. Thus, in the 'Missionary,' the sublime self-devotion of the apostolical nuncio ends in a love affair with the Brahminical priestess, who is his only convert. Mrs. Trollope is a congenial spirit; coarse, worldly, but at the same time intensely clever. She paints well and truly whatever is in accordance with her own actual impressions, and does not trench upon the high-minded and the spiritual, which she can neither feel nor comprehend. While we shrink, therefore, with positive abhorrence from such books as the 'Vicar of Wrexhill' and 'Father Eustace,' we can be amused with the 'Widow Barnaby,' in spite of the essential vulgarity of the character, relieved as it is by sketches of life and manners, of which, while we admire the vividness, we see no reason to doubt the truth. Mrs. Gore is a brilliant describer of fashionable life. Her

style is well adapted to show it off. Sportive, gay, glittering, full of poignant allusions and elegant *badinage*. The coruscations, indeed, are often too frequent, till the eye is blasted with excess of light. This is strikingly the case in 'Cecil,' which is really one continued fire-work. 'Mothers and Daughters' may, perhaps, be considered altogether her best work. It is less ambitious, has less mannerism, and, above all, has more *good* in it, than always falls to the share of this lady's compositions; for she, too, is chargeable with grave moral defects, and, first and foremost, with a sad want of reverence. Scriptural language and allusions are constantly introduced into her novels, not to awaken seriousness, but to point a witticism, or give effect to a sarcasm. But, there are writers of fiction, we are happy to know, of a very different character, whose moral purity and devotional feeling are not inferior to their literary merit. Such in times past were Mrs. West and Miss Hamilton, whose object it was to stem the tide of anarchy and unbelief, which was inundating the land under the title of the 'New Philosophy,' and of which Godwin, Mary Wolstonecroft, and Mary Hayes, were some of the chief directors. The novels of these distinguished women, indeed, written as they were for a specific purpose, come, strictly speaking, under the head of the polemical novel, as 'Modern Philosophers' and the 'Infidel Father' sufficiently prove; but the late Mrs. Brunton, who held a distinguished place among those novelists who paved the way for a higher tone of moral and religious instruction than had been usually connected with works of fancy, had no such exclusive aim. 'Self-Control' and 'Discipline' are merely the works of one whose amiable, cultivated, and pious mind gave dignity and importance to a branch of literature, which had hitherto been looked upon as trifling, if not mischievous. The novels of Jane and Anna Maria Porter are still highly esteemed, but not more highly than they deserve; for they teach the sternest lessons of self-sacrifice, at the same time that they powerfully excite the imagination and touch the heart. Mrs. Opie, Quaker as she is, need not regret the 'Tales of Real Life,' which painted so purely and so well the world in which she once lived, and of which she was the life and charm. The author of 'Tremaine' also, in spite of occasional heaviness in the style, and unsuspected worldliness in the plan of his works, must be numbered among the more recent writers who are enlisted on the side of virtue and religion: while the productions of Mrs. Bray, whose literary merit has gained an abiding niche in the Temple of Fiction, are as meritorious in their tendency as they are polished in their execution. And here we must not pass over in silence the novels of the authoress of 'Rhoda.' In her first publication, 'Things

by their Right Names,' she took at once the line from which she never swerved; and though there was little in that work which gave promise of the graceful facility, the intimate acquaintance with actual life, the closeness of observation, the power of description, and the depth of pathos, which broke forth in her acknowledged master-piece, like the 'Gossip's Story' of Mrs. West, which it resembles in a little didactic stiffness, it showed the purity and earnestness of one who understood and felt the serious responsibilities of man.

We do not think that 'Rhoda' has been appreciated as it deserves. The characters are true to nature, strikingly varied, and admirably sustained; that of Mrs. Strickland, in particular, is beyond all praise. It is the perfect delineation of a high-bred woman of the world, containing just that mixture of good and evil which is found in real life, and issuing in just the result to which such principles and such conduct would naturally lead. We know nothing more awful in its simple truth (for it never oversteps the modesty of nature) than the death-bed of Mrs. Strickland. The novels of Miss Farriday deserve to take their place by the side of 'Rhoda,' for their high tone of moral excellence and devout feeling, as well as for their literary merit. 'Marriage,' indeed, is rather a succession of brilliant pictures than a well-connected story; but who that passes from one to the other with increasing interest and delight, can feel that anything is wanted to complete their charm? Some of the noblest characters portrayed by this lady are sketches of real life, and it will be a pleasure to the reader to be told that their excellence is anything but exaggerated. There are not a few women of rank and fashion, who hold as high a place in the literary as in the social scale; and their works are almost all distinguished by earnestness of purpose and loftiness of principle. Such are the 'Tales,' edited by Lady Dacre, and the later productions of Lady Charlotte Bury. 'Ellen Waring,' 'A Marriage in High Life,' and 'Trevellyan,' form a cheering and delightful contrast to the impiety of Lady Morgan, the grossness of Mrs. Trollope, and the flippant irreverence of Mrs. Gore. The recent publications of Lady Georgiana Fullerton are not, strictly speaking, novels of character and manners; *i. e.* they are not what the French call '*Romans de Société*.' They are rather tales of sentiment and passion, resembling, in this respect, the exciting tales of Barry St. Leger, but differing from them entirely in the high and unearthly direction which they take.

In the perusal of these noble productions, we are hurried forward with breathless anxiety; the heart beats, and the mind is absorbed; but we know and feel that it is all for a noble purpose. The richest gifts of nature and of grace are shed in lavish

abundance upon the ideal which she embodies; and they are laid, where all such gifts should be laid, at the foot of the cross. The spirit of the age, with all its errors and absurdities, its senseless and rancorous disputes, and its utilitarian worldliness, is distinguished by juster views of human life than were taken in the years gone by. Few people look upon it now as a scene of mere amusement, but as an arena on which we are called to do and suffer. Hence the serious tone of our imaginative literature. Even men of the world write now things which the world once either laughed at or eschewed. The author of 'Granby' has not perhaps gone farther than the decent proprieties of our conventional society, which he has described with great truth and effect; but the author of the 'Story of a Life' has shown us, beneath the glare and glitter, an under-current of feeling and suffering, which is flowing on to its only resting-place—eternity. The more recent publications of Captain Marriott are an improvement in this respect on his former ones. Theodore Hook himself, though he took the wrong path, knew and pointed out the right; while, in 'Tilney-Hall,' there are occasional bursts of earnest and reverential feeling which would surprise one who knew nothing of Hood but his 'Oddities.' It would be strange if we passed over him whose powers of description, clear insight into character, inexhaustible humour and deep pathos, are the charm of every circle where his books are to be found. One must desire for the author of 'Dombey and Son' a sterner system of religious belief, and, as its natural consequence, a truer estimate of the religious character; but he is fully alive to the responsibilities of man as a social being, and never were the charities of human life described with a warmer fervour, nor its selfishness lashed with a more unsparing hand.

But it is time to come to the works which appear at the head of this article, and which have led to the cursory remarks on works of fiction in general, and those of the present day in particular, which we have made above. We lose no time in calling the attention of our readers to these volumes, for we feel them to be as beneficial in their tendency as they are skilful in their execution. On reading the earlier works, our first impression certainly was, that the characters were developed too much in description, and too little in conversation and action. This is a common defect in new and unpractised writers. An eloquent exposition of general principles, or an acute analysis of individual motives, such as may suit a philosophical treatise rather than a breathing picture of actual life, is a ready, if not a sufficient substitute for the minute touches, the fine shades and glancing lights, which belong only to the deep observer of things as they really are, who compares the world within with

the world without. But these are the points which tell. We admire a sound philosophy, a reverential belief, a strict system of self-government, but it is when these high principles are developed in the struggle of actual life that they come closely home to our business and bosom; and, as we have said, there seemed some deficiency here in the earlier publications of this author.

The plot of 'Mount Sorel' is one of great simplicity. It is the picture of a proud, reserved, sensitive and unsocial man, absorbed in the recollections of the past, and turning away with unspeakable disgust from the new era then opening upon the world, changing all its habits, shaking all its institutions, destroying all its illusions. The time of the action is that of the first French Revolution; and the contentions which that stirring event excited, not only in general society, but in the domestic circle, are the main spring of the perplexities of the novel. This proud man has one child, a daughter, 'The Heiress of the De Veres,' the heiress of all that is left of the broad manors once possessed by her lofty and highly-descended ancestors; and in her his hopes are centered. But he has another absorbing passion. 'Mount Sorel,' once the magnificent seat of the De Veres, whose waving woods, and swelling knolls, he sees every day, and every hour, from the windows of his humbler Holnicote, had been alienated during the Great Rebellion, and the recovery of this cherished abode of former grandeur is his vision by day, and his dream by night. Circumstances seem to favour his object. The last possessor dies, and the estate is offered for sale. It has been left, to outward appearance, in such a dilapidated state by his long neglect and mismanagement, that there is no competition, and it comes within the compass of Mr. De Vere's diminished purse. His man of business, however, who is proud of his skill in driving a bargain, holds back from completing the transaction till a certain Mr. Higgins, whose attention has been most inopportunistically directed to the estate, and who has taste enough to admire its beauty, and sense enough to understand its capabilities, steps forward and anticipates the purchase. This Mr. Higgins stands out in bold contrast to the high-bred and fastidious Mr. De Vere. He is a despiser of all that is conventional and even courteous, a hater of kings and nobles, and men of family, (with a little unconfessed mortification at not being taken notice of by his aristocratic neighbour,) a corresponding member of the Jacobin-club, and in short an active and energetic leader of 'the movement.' The moral antipathies of two such characters may be easily conceived, and they would never have come in contact if it had not been for a son of Mr. Higgins, who, bearing his mother's high-born name of Vernon, has been introduced by an early friend to the family

at Holnicote, where, his origin being at first unknown, he charms the father and becomes the successful wooer of the daughter. This friend, himself the secret lover and cherished companion of the young heiress, plays a prominent part in the plot, and in fact is the narrator of the story. After some proud reluctance, Mr. De Vere consents to the marriage, and 'Mount Sorel' is again within his grasp; but the two fathers dine together, when, from a chain of accidental circumstances, both are out of humour; politics are insidiously introduced by a vulgar and insidious hanger-on of Mr. Higgins, the mine explodes, and the lovers are commanded to separate for ever. Vernon, however, is firm in his engagement. When commanded to choose between his father and his mistress, he declares for the latter. He is disinherited, and 'Mount Sorel' is again advertised for sale. But this apparent destruction of his hopes leads to their fulfilment. Mr. De Vere, though a haughty man, is not wanting in magnanimity, and overpays the lover for the loss of his estate by the offer of his daughter's hand. Mr. Higgins sends his blessing, and a splendid ring, for his future daughter-in-law, and the marriage takes place. 'Mount Sorel' comes at last into the possession of Mr. De Vere, who lives and dies there; while the young couple take up their abode at Holnicote. This is all the story, and we give it without scruple, because we think the interest of the book will not be injured by such a summary.

We extract a passage here and there, to give the reader an idea of Mr. De Vere's character.

'Mr. De Vere was a very proud, and, at the same time, a very shy man: these qualities were, at his time of day, more frequently united than they are now.

'Men lived more entirely upon their own estates, than they do at present; and did not habitually visit the capital, unless summoned by private or parliamentary business. That universal fusion of society which now takes place, and which has gone further to level distinctions, and to diminish unsocial pride, than all the legal institutions in the universe could have done—had not then generally obtained. Many country gentlemen resided, almost without interruption, at their remote country seats: tyrants, or benefactors, to the dependents around them—as the case might chance to be.

'Of these was Mr. De Vere. He disliked general society—because his pride of birth was continually *froissé* by the pretensions of those whose pretensions he never would admit; and because his constitutional shyness prevented him from finding compensation for that which he thought so disagreeable, in the pleasures of conversation and cheerful intercourse. Cheerfulness, indeed, was a word the meaning of which he did not seem to understand: he hated mirth; he was disgusted with laughter; and the free, unfettered intercourse of human beings was offensive to his taste and sense of the propriety of things . . . . Mr. De Vere was of a reserved and cold temper, but his manner was dignified in the highest degree. Every one feared him; it would be hard to say why, for his politeness was habitual; his self-command unailing; he was rarely surprised into a rude or contemptuous expression. But we were all, in some degree, in awe of him.

As for his servants, his slightest word was law; they served him better than any one else was served, loved him, and never left him.'

Mr. Higgins deserves to be introduced as he first appeared to the narrator at the village inn.

'I breasted the tempest for some little time, but my eyes were blinded; so I made the best of my way, though with some little difficulty, to a small village that was scattered on both sides of the road; and seeing the sign of the Red Lion swinging in the tempest, horse and rider stumbled, as well as they could, up to the hospitable door.

'I dismounted, flung my bridle to the red-haired boy who officiated as hostler, and entered the house.

'The landlord, a jolly red-faced son of the spigot, stood ready to receive me. "A desperate night, sir," said he, as the rain and hail pelted and rattled over our heads.

"I am wet through," said I, shaking the drops from my coat and hat. "Have you a parlour and a fire where I can dry my clothes, and wait till the storm is over?"

'He opened the door of a very small but neat parlour, with a casement window and a brick floor, one or two oaken chairs and a small table.

"This is the only private room, Sir; but we will light a fire immediately."

'A blazing fire was soon lighted. I took off my clothes; and they were hung to dry; mine host, from some of his stores, furnishing me with the needful to don in the mean time; in which equipment I made a curious figure enough.

'The wind, in loud gusts, shook every casement in the house; the rain continued to fall in torrents, and the hail-stones, as big as pigeons' eggs, made a desperate clatter. I sat by the fire, enjoying its warmth, late as was the season—it was now the month of June; and, forgetting the tempest without, was soon lost in a young man's fond reveries. I might have sat in this way about half an hour, when I was aroused by the noise of some one stamping his feet in the passage: and the furling, as it should seem, of an obstinate umbrella, which, by the peculiar noise it made, intimated that it had done the last service it intended to perform in this world.

'The tones of a loud cheering voice might be now heard calling out, "Hallo, Landlord! Waiter! Boots! Are you none of you within hearing?" They had clustered round the kitchen fire, and the entrance of the pedestrian had been unnoticed.

"A pretty house you keep, landlord, here. Why, I might have run away with it before any of you had heard a word. To be sure, this hail and thunder keep such a patter over our heads, that it would deafen the deuce. Well, where's your fire?"

"There, in the kitchen, Sir—there's a fire—or in the tap."

"Lead away; all's one to me."

"Faugh, what a smell!" He seemed to have retreated after putting his nose into the kitchen. "Are you grilling iron bars? Why, your kitchen stinks with all the abominable smells that ever were invented, man. Do you think I can eat my supper in a hole like that?"

'The landlord did not seem exactly to know what to think of his guest. I heard him muttering something about the tap.

"Tap!" said the other. "Ay, let's see thy tap."

'The landlord opened a door opposite to the one of my little parlour, from whence various sounds of talking and laughing had before come. There was a horrid smell of bad beer and bad tobacco issued out upon opening it.

'The guest drew back again.

"Why, friend, thy tap and thy kitchen are much of a muchness. Hast thou no parlour?"

"There is a gentleman already in the parlour," said mine host.

"A gentleman! eh? 'One as rides a os'—is that it? Too good company for us foot passengers."

Saying which he laid his hand very uncereceremoniously upon the door.

"The gentleman, mayhap, will not like to be disturbed, Sir," said the landlord, officiously.

"Won't he! Well, I suppose he'll say so, then.—Sir," opening the door, "a most unfortunate pedestrian implores your humanity, to shelter him under your hospitable parlour roof, from the combined effluvia of tobacco smoke, and burnt bacon, which will otherwise drive him mad."

As the door opened, the figure of a man between forty and fifty, with a bright cheering countenance, high nose, hawk eye, coal-black curling short hair, and a figure somewhat above the middle size, presented itself. His dress looked shabby enough; a spencer which he had on, had evidently seen service, and his strong stout shoes, woollen stockings and corduroys, were of the most ordinary description. Still, the first glance assured me that he was no ordinary mortal; so I rose, and civilly advancing, told him he was welcome to "half my parlour, half my table, two-thirds of my chairs, and as much of my fire as he could get."

"Thank you, Sir," said he, and came in without further ceremony; took off his spencer, displaying a coat of very ordinary cloth, and anything but a fashionable cut; and laying in a corner a sword-cane, which he carried in his hand, took a chair, spread his knees, and rubbing them before the fire, seemed to make himself quite at home, without further ceremony.

I was standing with a slight expectation that something of the nature of an apology on his part, for intrusion, &c. &c., and, "O! don't think of it," on mine, was to pass between us; but I found nothing of the sort was intended; so I, too, took a chair, and sat down opposite to my very uncereceremonious guest.

Puzzling myself with the idea that I had somehow or somewhere seen that face, or heard that voice, before, or something like it—in a dream, perhaps—for the more I looked at him, the less did he resemble any one I had ever known. He was anything but an ordinary looking being; he was a very handsome man. His features well defined, his nose high, his mouth small, his teeth remarkably beautiful; and that fine small advancing chin which gives so much resolution and decision to the countenance; his hawk, penetrating, quick eye, I have already mentioned; it was black, and particularly expressive; his admirably-formed head was, as I have said, covered with short close curling hair; his figure might have been thought square, but it was from the breadth and strength displayed in his chest and shoulders; for he was spare, and his waist remarkably small and well-defined for a man of his apparent age; his limbs were sinewy, and promised at once strength and activity; his hands and feet were remarkably well-made and small.

A more completely handsome middle-aged man I thought I had never seen, and he looked like a gentleman, too, in spite of the coarseness of his garments, the roughness of his tones, and his evident indifference to the choice of his expressions.

The first meeting of Mr. De Vere and Mr. Higgins after the lovers are affianced, is well executed.

"Is Mr. De Vere at home?" halloos Mr. Higgins from his whiskey.

"I believe so, Sir," bows the butler.

"Mr. Higgins and Mr. Perrott. Send some one, if you please, to hold my horse."

'At the name the folds of the door fly open, and the gentlemen enter the low dark hall of Holnicote. Low and dark was the hall; but there was a certain dignity in the whole aspect of things, which struck our two Jacobins equally, though in a very different manner. Mr. Higgins was pleased with the impression he received; and rough and negligent as were his own habits, he began to feel a secret pride in the elegant appointments of his new connexion.

'But Mr. Perrott felt altogether uncomfortable; there was something in what he saw around him to which he was little accustomed, and the contrast with his own appearance and habits secretly mortified him. Abash him it could not—nothing could abash that forehead of brass; but he felt something that in a slight degree resembled a feeling of humiliation, and he prepared himself to hate, with more than his usual acrimony, the insolent aristocrat who presumed to be so much more refined and polished than his far more intrinsically valuable self. And he followed in considerable ill-humour the quiet and respectful gentleman in livery, through the hall and along the passage which led to the morning room.

'“Mr. Higgins and Mr. Perrott.” The door opened and they entered.

'The ladies were at work; Clarice, as usual, embroidering her mother's screen; Mr. De Vere thrown back in a fauteuil, reading the newspaper; and I lounging on a distant sofa, imagining that I was studying Helvetius. The whole apartment presented the very picture of ease and elegance united; a habit of life unnoted by those accustomed to it, but which produces so much effect upon the imagination of those habituated to ways rougher and less refined.

'Fancy the handsome apartment, the furniture in the best style of Louis Quinze; the delicate and soft figure of Mrs. De Vere in her grey pearly silk dress, and fine Mechlin laces, sitting upon her settee; near her, Mrs. Fermor in her black dress, contrasting with the fair girl who sat at some little distance bending over the rich colours of her embroidery, dressed in white with sundry pretty knots of blue ribands, and her long hair, as it was then the fashion to wear it, hanging in soft waves and ringlets round her; at her feet, upon a crimson cushion, her little dog, Frisk, fast asleep. Could any picture of still life be prettier? the light upon it mellowed, as it fell through the green embowered and high narrow windows.

'The quick eye of Mr. Higgins took in all its beauty at a glance, as the opening door disclosed it.

'“Mr. Higgins and Mr. Perrott;” and the gentlemen entered the room.

'First came Mr. Higgins; a fine tall, slender figure, with his curling raven hair, his hawk eye and hawk nose, his lips a little drawn up, and his well-advanced, well-charactered chin; his dress simple, not to say neglected, yet far from slovenly; he looked the model of a high-spirited tribune of the people. Behind him shuffled Perrott, short, slovenly, sinister-looking;—the one in high good humour, the other very much the reverse.

'Mr. de Vere rose from his chair, and, advancing with that fine manner which distinguished him, held out his hand to Mr. Higgins, and a cordial salute passed between the gentlemen of opposite sides of the water. Then Mr. de Vere presented Mr. Higgins to Mrs. de Vere, and then to “my daughter,” who, blushing deeply, made a somewhat shy, but very graceful and dignified courtesy to her future father-in-law. Mrs. Fermor was next introduced as “our very valued friend;” and then Mr. Higgins begged leave to present to Mr. de Vere a very worthy friend of his, Mr. Perrott, who made a half sullen, half awkward bow. And then I rose and shook Mr. Higgins by the hand, who in a tone somewhat less subdued than those usually to be heard in that parlour, expressed his pleasure at seeing me about again; and with, “Edmund, I must introduce you to this estimable

citizen friend of mine," made Mr. Perrott and me acquainted. Then we all sat down, and seemed, all things considered, pretty well at ease.

'The great politeness of Mr. de Vere's manner, it was true, did set every one at ease to a certain degree; but it at the same time acted as a restraint. Mr. Higgins seemed to feel the ease, and, in some slight degree, the restraint; but he was evidently much pleased with Mr. de Vere, and troubled himself little whether Mr. de Vere was pleased with him. Still, as was seen in the course of the conversation that ensued, he did not talk with his usual dictatorial carelessness, but seemed rather to avoid touching upon any subject which might not be altogether pleasant to his host. He looked, as he in truth was, charmed with the appearance of the sweet young *fiancée*; and, sitting down in the chair offered to him with an air of much satisfaction, he began to address himself to the ladies, and to converse very agreeably.

'He had, indeed, too much sense, too much native good taste, not to be extremely well-pleased with all that he saw; and the interest and satisfaction which he felt animated him in a way to make him more than usually pleasant. . . .

'Meanwhile Mr. de Vere, Mr. Higgins, and the ladies, kept up a general conversation, strictly confined to topics of that harmless nature which even in those times—when it was almost impossible to utter an opinion without coming in collision with that of your neighbour—could by possibility scandalize no one. They talked of the beauty of the day, the charms of the fading year, the loveliness of the walks and rides in the neighbourhood; upon which last subject Mr. Higgins showed so much taste and knowledge, that it was obvious he had perambulated the whole country, both on horse-back and on foot, till not a nook or corner of it had been unvisited; and he described what he had seen with that plain, unstudied eloquence of description, which used to give so much charm to Cobbett's "Rural Rides."

'You fell in love with two old oak-trees, a swinging sign-post, and a horse-trough, when his pencil painted it. There is an inexhaustible charm and interest about the conversation of men gifted with this species of eloquence. Mr. de Vere, it was plain, was once more subjugated by a fascination the most unexpected; and it is impossible to tell you how much the leveller, Mr. Higgins, was secretly flattered by perceiving the power he was exercising over the imagination of the haughty aristocrat, the man he had hitherto contemplated with a mixture of defensive pride and aversion, looking upon him as one who would never consider or treat him upon those terms of equality which he regarded as his due.

'He had expected haughtiness, he met urbanity; he had looked for supercilious indifference to him and to his opinions, and he found the most agreeable reciprocation of ideas; he was far more gratified than he would have cared to confess. His eye, too, was perpetually glancing at the lovely blushing creature, who, her head bent over her frame, scarcely joined in the conversation; and the undisguised admiration which that eye expressed could not but gratify both the parents in return. There is a little foolish weakness in every parent's heart, let him be as cold, stern, and impassible as he may. As for Clarice, she thought Mr. Higgins quite delightful. With her innate love of nature in all its forms, his animated descriptions—the sympathies he betrayed with every living creature of the wilds, be it hawk, squirrel, blackbird, otter, or owl—his love of crystal pebbly brooks—of springing trout and honeysuckle hedges—of green over-arched lanes—mountain lakes and heathy commons,—all found a response in her imagination.'

We are not, we confess, quite as well pleased with 'Father Darcy' as with 'Mount Sorel.' It is a tale of the Gunpowder Plot, a tale of jesuitical influence, reckless madness, and atro-

cious guilt; relieved, indeed, by occasional gleams of tenderness and piety, but leaving a painful sense of dissatisfaction on the mind. There are striking descriptions and vivid delineations of character; but if they lay hold of the imagination, they do not deeply touch the heart. We doubt if the historical novel is ever so effective as a tale of domestic life. It seems to need the master-hand of Scott to unite the charm of fiction with the severity of truth. We pass over the more ambitious scenes of the work, and extract a few of the portraits, which are sketched with much fidelity and effect. The scene is at court—the court of the Maiden Queen. She herself is first described.

‘There was a royal *fête* going on in the splendid halls of the Palace of Old Westminster. . . .

‘The vast room was crowded with gay and splendid groups, such as long had adorned the court of that brave old queen.

‘She sat at the head of the apartment, upon a costly carved chair, covered with cloth of gold, elevated upon a dais, and under a splendid canopy, looking like an aged lion, whose spirit and courage yet remained unextinguished, in spite of the wrinkles of age, and the inroads of time and care.

‘And yet, those who had loved—and many there were who had truly and deeply loved—that great, though faulty woman, might discern an expression upon her face which it was painful to consider too attentively; for the high-spirited, courageous, yet fresh and cheerful countenance, had been exchanged for one where anxiety was mingled with what might almost be called fierceness. The red eye glared, the mouth was stern and resolved, the whole air told the tale of that long contention with insidious and secret foes, and unsparing open enemies, which had embittered the last twenty years of her life. . . . The blood, too, of many she had personally known, and of some whom she had personally loved, which had been shed upon the scaffold, laid heavy at her heart. She had suffered deeply, as her waverings and irresolutions prove, before she could bring herself to sign the sentences; and she had, perhaps, taken refuge in the endeavour to render herself insensible to the dreadful subject, and thus to preserve the equilibrium of her too excitable mind; but such a resource against the stings of regret, it may be of remorse, infallibly tends to harden the character.

‘Yet there she sat, gorgeously attired, glittering with jewels, and every inch a queen—filled as that chamber was with men of all descriptions, of differing religions, of various political opinions, and of conflicting interests, few among them all, we might almost say scarce one, but revered in heart that aged monarch; few, we might almost say not one, but would have drawn his sword to defend her.

‘No longer mingling in the galliard, and dancing, high and disposedly, herself; there she sat; still surrounded by her troops of gallant favourites—the wise, the beautiful, the able, and the good; for among such were her favourites chosen.’

Robert Catesby and the saint-like Grace Vaux are thus strongly contrasted.

‘There are two people sitting upon that low seat—a gentleman and a young lady. . . . He is, perhaps, scarcely what you would call young—he may be eight-and-twenty or thirty years of age; he is somewhat above the middle stature, with thick dark brown hair, closely cut, waving rather than

curling round his head. His features are rather of the ordinary stamp, neither very handsome, nor the contrary; but there is something in the expression of both face and figure which no one can pass by without noticing.

There is an energy of thought, a vehemence, a passion, a resolution and force of character, displayed in the whole outward man, which cannot be mistaken or overlooked. The dark eye melts and flashes—is ardent, is impassioned, is stern, is almost cruel, by turns; and yet there is a depth of sensibility when it expresses the softer feelings, which steals into the very heart of those he loves, and excites in return an affection that is almost incredible, such is its intensity. He is born to exercise the most extraordinary and romantic influence over the circle in which he moves, for he is devotedly, he is immeasurably beloved by his intimates and friends. To the world in general he has been, till of late, little known, and that chiefly as the wildest among the most boisterous of his age—as the most reckless of revellers, the most enterprising of brawlers, the most exaggerated in every extravagance, the most unrestrained in every licence—at the tavern, at the tennis, at the theatre, at the gaming-table, at the banquet, at the masque, who so wild, so excited, so intoxicated as he?

The lady who sits by him is attired in fair white satin, with a fall, as it was called, of the richest Flanders lace; and her fine natural hair drawn up, and dressed according to the fashion of the day, yet with a certain pure and beautiful simplicity, which, indeed, characterises her whole appearance. Her features are of the most exquisite delicacy of outline; it is a face such as Raphael would have chosen as a model for the Virgin Mother; but there is, if possible, something still less of the woman, and still more of the angel, than even his divine imagination has painted. The transparent whiteness of her fair skin is scarcely tinted by the slightest blush of colour, but is relieved from insipidity by a certain holy darkness that surrounds her eyes; her expression is calm, rather than serene. Indeed, a shade of melancholy, and lines which bespeak firmness and determination of character, may be detected under the tranquil stillness of her deportment.

Father Darcy, also, or rather, Father *Garnet*, appears first at this royal fête.

At last, a gentleman of the middle age, and of a remarkably pleasing aspect, entered: he was dressed in a most elegant and expensive manner, his white satin vest and cloak embroidered with gold and pearls, and his soft curling fair hair was arranged with almost feminine nicety: his dress was delicately perfumed, as were his fine embroidered white gloves, with some of those rare and exquisite perfumes then so much esteemed. . . . He had, indeed, quite an air of studied elegance, and his delicate complexion and peculiarly sweet blue eye rendered his appearance extremely agreeable; he was a little too much *embonpoint*, perhaps, to be perfectly handsome, and his countenance might have seemed to some too soft and languid; it carried a certain appearance of indolence, and of a negligent and indifferent temper.

There was, likewise, an indescribable something, slow, almost cautious, in his manner of speaking, which to a nice critic would not have been engaging; but they were not very nice critics in that day.

He approached the place where the fair votary sat retired, and, with a certain air of assured welcome, placed himself by her side.

She did not start, or betray the slightest degree of surprise or emotion as he did so, but raising her eyes, fixed them upon him without speaking, only acknowledging his presence by a slight, almost imperceptible, move of the head. She then resumed her former attitude, again casting her eyes

upon the ground. He rested his head upon his white-gloved hand, gazed upon her in silence for a second or two, which gaze she received without seeming to notice it.

‘At last, in a very soft insinuating tone of voice, he said, “And who must not rejoice to see the fairest Grace Vaux in this scene of pleasure?”

“I am here,” said she, without turning her head or raising her eyes from the floor, “as one in a strange place.”

“What place upon this dark and troubled earth but must seem strange to the denizen of heaven?” said he, in a low voice; “and yet, as the angels at times descend and visit this sphere upon their holy purposes, so the virgin saint of Harroden Magna has done well to be here.”

She only answered with an almost imperceptible sigh; and he, his head still resting upon his hand, continued to gaze upon her.

‘After a second silence of considerable length, he began again in the same calm, low, unaccented tone: “Yet this must needs be a strange spectacle for one whose eyes have been purged by a drop of that precious herb which destroys the vain enchantment of the outward seeming, and shows us things as in truth they are.”

She cast those clear, bright orbs full upon him, turning slowly, like the wheel of a planet. Their dark splendour almost dazzled him.

“It is . . .” was all she answered.

“The Hall of Eblis. . . .”

‘It dropped from his lips so softly, that she could but just hear the words.

“You have read the legend?” he went on, in his ordinary and low tone of voice; “if not, it were a legend worth the perusal, for it is grand and it is terrible. There sits he, the damned monarch of that mighty crew, gorgeous in gold and crimson, pearl and princely gems . . . the floor of hell is paved with gold and gems, fair creature. . . . And there those cursed and most miserable spirits are crowding and clustering, all decked and dizenod out. . . . Smiles are on their lips—the glitter of sin is in their eye . . . and in their hearts . . . *hell fire!*” . . . .

‘At that very moment, the Earl of Essex was presenting Mr. Darcy to Queen Elizabeth.

‘Robert and Grace Vaux exchanged glances of astonishment. Even the spirited young man felt as if there was something almost magnificent in the daring deceptions of Mr. Darcy. As he sat watching the insinuating air of politeness and calm dignity which that gentleman assumed, upon this his first interview with the mighty Queen: as he marked the respectful deference of his manner, the reverential humility of his whole demeanour, and thought of . . . .

“What mean you, I say, to push yourselves in so horrible danger of body and soul for a wicked woman! dismissed by the vicar of Christ, her and your lawful judge—forsaken of God, who justifieth the sentence of his vicar—forsaken of all Catholic princes, whom she hath injured intolerably—forsaken of divers lords, knights, and gentlemen of England? . . . What will ye answer to the Pope’s lieutenant, when he shall charge you with the crime of doing suit and service to an heretical pretended Queen against Christ’s vicar?”

‘Words—which that very day, in secret conference, Robert had heard fall from the lips of Mr. Darcy. There was that, unhappily, in the nature of Robert, which responded to everything which was bold, daring, and desperate; duplicity in a moderate degree he would have despised; but the immensity of the deceit hid from his conscience its meanness.

‘He looked on, wondering and admiring.’

We extract the description of Catesby’s mother, in her lonely manor house.

'It was almost twilight in the low gloomy chamber into which I am going to introduce you. The room was hung with very dark arras, against which, as if to add to its melancholy, were suspended several pictures in the very darkest Spanish manner, and in ebony frames: representing the tortures and martyrdoms of the various saints of the Roman calendar. There was a black cloth laid over the floor, in place of the carpets which were by this time becoming pretty nearly universal; and curtains of a purple, almost approaching to black, gave a sombre richness to the apartment. A fire of immense logs of wood was smouldering upon the hearth.

'There were in the room a stern-looking lady, and two young children.

'The lady was clothed in deep mourning, and her silver hair—silvered it would seem rather before its time—was gathered under a dark hood; her dress was severe in its extreme simplicity, yet the materials were extremely rich and handsome.

'Her face had once been beautiful, in a grand and haughty style of beauty; her nose was prominent and well-outlined, her brow broad and expansive, her eyes large and serious, her mouth rigid and firm, her chin, scarcely so well pronounced as the rest of her features, straight, but well formed; the expression of her countenance at once terrible and interesting. The traces of deep ineffaceable suffering, and of anxious care, were there—which might have rendered it almost sublimely interesting, but for the stern endurance rather than patience, the deep resentment bitter and ineffaceable as had been the suffering, and the proud, haughty, un pitying expression to be read there.

'Tall and rigid in her figure; her hands thin and delicate, veined and sinewed in large knots and tendons, were clothed with a sort of black velvet mitten, which displayed one large mourning ring upon the right hand, and a small one encircling the wedding finger on the left.

'She was sitting in a large chair covered with black leather, by the side of the window, reading in a book bound, as such books then were, in black richly ornamented with gold.

'From time to time, the book, and the hand which held it, would sink into her lap—while her large melancholy eyes were fixed upon the dark heavy plumes of some immense and gloomy fir-trees swaying and heaving in the wintry wind.

'The two little children that were in the room with her were two little boys, her grandchildren. Their mother was dead; their father, the son of this lady—was Robert Catesby.'

The subterranean mass is described with much picturesque effect, and also the supper which succeeds.

'They crossed the low and irregularly shaped hall, dimly lighted by the lamp held by the old serving man; on one side of it were two very heavy low-arched iron doors, which opened upon steps leading to the vaults beneath.

'As the black depth yawned before their eyes, the poor children, relapsing into all their terrors, shrank and held back; but the lady, grasping their little hands as if in an iron vice, led them forward. Then giving the hand of the youngest to the old man, and still retaining the other in her grasp, she descended into the gloomy cavity below. One small wax candle was burning before another low door, which, opening slowly, displayed a large cellar, perfectly dark, except at the farther end, where was raised a temporary altar upon which six wax candles were burning. The desecrated crucifix—that pathetic emblem of the faith of every christian man, which priestly barbarity has rendered almost the revolting type of cruelty—stood in the centre of the altar; an image of the virgin, in silver, below,

and a few small vases filled with everlasting flowers on each side; these were the sole ornaments.

'No priest as yet appeared; but the old serving-man, relinquishing the hand of the little boy, who crept fearfully up to his grandmother, and laid hold of her gown, prepared to serve the mass, as it is called. Every part of the large cellar, except what was just within the range of the illumination from the altar, was in pitchy darkness; but in the doubtful twilight which skirted this darkness, figures of men and women might be dimly discerned, glaring like shades in the obscurity; which, however, was such, that it was impossible for any one to recognise another. The lady with the two children advanced at once into the broad light in front of the altar; she was the only person present save the old servant, that could possibly have been denounced by a secret enemy, had such been present.

'The blood of the Throckmortons ever despised danger. The lady scorned to appear to seek darkness herself, though the security of others compelled her to adopt this means of celebrating the ceremonies of her faith.

'It was a scene for a Rembrandt.

'The broad light of the holy candles fell upon the crucifix, the flowers, the silver image, and the velvet-bound mass book, all crossed and garlanded with gold; upon the rich carpet of crimson, blue, and gold, which covered the two small steps which led to the altar; upon the bending figure of the grey-haired attendant, now clad in the Levite's black dress; upon the tall dark lady, with her black hood, silver hair, and large sparkling eyes; and upon the sweet faces, shining curls, white collars, and gold and maroon dresses of the two little boys, who, pressing up against her black velvet gown, cast their bright blue eyes with mingled terror and curiosity around them.

'There was a pause of a few moments.

'Then, as if arisen from the earth, coming no one knew from whence—the priest, in his rich dress of scarlet and gold, suddenly appeared on the steps of the altar; the voice of the droning serpent was heard issuing from the darkness behind; and the mass was sung.

'The service over, there was a sort of hustled rush of garments, as of spirits sweeping by in the night-wind; the priest disappeared from before the altar in the same mysterious manner in which he had entered; another man dressed in black, the performer on the serpent probably, came forward, and every candle but one was immediately extinguished.

'The carpet on the steps was folded, the altar cleared of its ornaments, every vestige of the ceremony disappearing with the most astonishing celerity; at last the altar itself receded, and seemed to vanish into space; the steps were taken up, and nothing but the one candle remained, of what had seemed to the senses of the astonished children more like the pageant of a dream, than a substantial reality.

'Their eyes were fixed upon the candle while their little hearts beat fast with terror, panting with anxiety to leave this den of darkness; but they dared not utter a word; at last, after a few minutes had elapsed, a fresh apparition presented itself—a fair and handsome gentleman dressed in a riding dress of murrey velvet, with high boots, and a high hat, the band of which was fastened by a rich clasp of jewels and ornamented with a black feather, appeared standing upon the side of the lady, and with an air of the most insinuating respect, offering her his arm. She accepted it without hesitation; he took the hand of one little child, she of the other; lighted by the serving-man, they again traversed the vault, ascended the stairs, and entered the hall . . . . .

'A large wood fire of cedar logs, then considered as the greatest of luxuries, was blazing in the open chimney; several sconces filled with wax

candles burning on all sides, filled the room with a beautiful white light, under the influence of which the rich hangings displayed their deep-toned colours to the greatest advantage. A small sideboard of chased silver and gold plate stood on one side; a small table, covered with a napkin of the most delicate whiteness, in the centre; a plate of silver and one cover was laid upon it, and on the middle of the table, as if preparatory to the coming supper, stood—a great delicacy then—a small salad, in an elegant basket of crusted silver.

Two arm chairs were placed by the fire, covered with dark green velvet.

The wind raged and roared, sweeping in gusts round the house; the rain still fell in torrents; a flash of lightning once or twice shot through the shutters of the hall, and the thunder clattered round. It was a night to enjoy the comfort of perfect security, though the tranquillity which had been lately experienced was already somewhat disturbed by the obscure rumours that were afloat; yet, upon such a night as this, most assuredly no one would come near them.

The gentleman cast a glance of considerable satisfaction round the apartment, and then sitting down by the fire, took off his hat and displayed a head well covered with fine brown curls, and the regular features and remarkable blue eye of Mr. Darcy, *alias* Farmer, *alias* Whalley, *alias* Garnet.

We say nothing of the *plot*, or the catastrophe, which is matter of history, and need not be detailed here.

Neither 'Mount Sorel,' nor 'Father Darcy' had prepared us for the finished excellence of 'Emilia Wyndham,' which goes far, in our opinion, towards realizing the idea of a perfect novel. Its conception is new and striking; its characters are strongly marked and consistently sustained, and they are developed in conversation and action rather than in description. The book is full of amusing pictures of life and manners, while it lays open the deepest feelings of the mind and heart. The interest never flags, and yet the narrative is always simple, natural, and *eraisemblable*. The catastrophe is highly effective, and the impression left upon the mind is at once soothing and salutary. The plan of the work is both new and bold, and could only have been conceived by one of conscious powers as well as right intentions; who could dare to run counter to received opinions and wonted sympathies. It would not be fair, either to the writer or the reader, to lessen the interest felt in the first perusal of such a work, by entering into a detail of the story. We shall confine ourselves to selecting such scenes as may afford a fair specimen of the author's ability. We introduce the hero, Mr. Danby, Mr. Wyndham's *man of business*.

He is receiving the summons of Emilia in the hour of her perplexity and distress.

'Amidst a heap of letters, a small one, written upon delicate satin paper, and directed in a beautiful female hand, but which had evidently trembled a good deal in the writing it, was presented to him. Mr. Danby turned the letter about between his finger and thumb, looking at it with that kind of curiosity with which a naturalist might be supposed to examine some

curious and delicate shell, and then, with a sort of peevish expression of contempt, threw it down upon the table, and took up those letters of a more important size and business-like aspect which lay before him.

'Still, while he opened the first long folio sheet which presented itself, his eye continued fixed upon the little, delicate, and sweetly-scented missive, and, turning it round to look at it again, he perceived that it had a very small black seal: he held the seal somewhat curiously to his eye, and he then thought that he had seen that beautiful antique seal once before, upon occasion of his taking up a note by mistake, which was lying upon a certain drawing-room table in the country, at a certain gentleman's house. He recollected it directly, but not the sooner did he open the letter.

'He laid it carefully on one side, and very conscientiously, or, rather, like the truest epicure, opened and read every one of the numerous missives around him before—I will not say before he touched it again—for he could not forbear taking it up from time to time, while thus employed, and looking at it.

'At last he laid it down upon a small folded sheet of writing-paper, which by this time was anything but white—(the flowers she had given him were in it)—and continued to attend to what he was about.

'At length all the letters were read, properly arranged, and laid one upon another methodically, and then he took up the little letter for the last time.

'The sudden start that he made as he read it—the colour that flushed up into his pale cheek—the flashing of his eye—the smile of sweetness that came over that thin, sardonic mouth!—you should have beheld.

'It was really touching to see the emotion that shook every nerve in this dry, insensible man.

'He laid the letter upon the table—bent down—read it again—and then—oh, smile not, youth or beauty, in contempt!—this grave, aged, business-like, withered man, raised the morsel of insensible paper, and pressed it to his lips with rapture. I am almost ashamed to betray him—I feel that there is something sacred in such a love in such a breast—something pathetic in this sweet spring of tenderness welling up in a desert such as this!—something most piteous in feelings excited so sadly too late!—something lamentable in such a passion, that can never, never meet return.

'But he did not think of any return. His ecstasy at receiving such a summons from the being whom he had never for one moment forgotten, was something too supreme for expression. Words it, of course, would never find with him. He shuffled away his papers—rose from his chair—hurried out of his room—locked his door—called his clerk, who officiated as man-servant, told him to order a chaise and four horses for Hounslow immediately, and then shuffled hastily into his own room, and began to pack his portmanteau, much in the fashion of the man who emptied his drawers into a sheet, and pushed it into his portmanteau.'

If it were not too long, we should like to transcribe the whole of their first interview, which strikes us as being most effective; but we must be contented with a few extracts.

'She had not yet assumed her mourning, but was in a pale lilac muslin morning-gown, with a good deal of white about it. He did not know what it was, but it looked to him like the colour of the dove's wing. She looked deathly pale,—more than pale, sallow; her beautiful rosy colour, which had seemed to him like the waxen cup of the rose she had given him, all fled—her animated eye was grave and anxious—her bright hair was hanging *discoloured* (?) round her face.

'Such was the change! Such was the beautiful half-cherub—half-angel

—goddess—Hebe—Flora—as he might have called her, had his vague imagination taken words—of his dreams. Such was she become.

‘Was he disappointed?’

‘No.’

‘There is something to the heart of man yet dearer, when the divinity of his imagination—the bright goddess of his thoughts—something too radiant and beautiful for real life—is presented, after all, but as the tearful, suffering daughter of clay.’

‘He could have fallen at her feet, and wrapped his arms about her knees in silent adoration! And what did he do? He looked excessively ugly, excessively shy, and excessively awkward—his head more uncouthly carried, his arms more dangling, his knees more in, his gait more shuffling than ever—as he moved forward and met the hand extended to him, while a smile of grateful pleasure, like the gleam of the sun upon a dreary winter day, just lighted for a moment her countenance.’

‘His extreme shyness and awkwardness were a relief to her; she had felt a little afraid when first he was announced, and, had not her feelings already mounted so high, would have come down to the interview with this clever man of business with all the trepidation that girls of her age are accustomed to feel at the idea of meeting those awful personages, middle-aged men—men of high standing in the estimation of other men.’

“I am deeply, deeply obliged to you, Mr. Danby,” she began, in a voice of much feeling, while he held the hand she had given to him; “I cannot express to you how much I feel this act of kindness. I ought to make many, many apologies for presuming so far upon a gentleman on whose consideration I had not the slightest claim, but the excessive distress and perplexity of my present situation, my total ignorance of business, my uncle’s most unfortunate absence, and—and—and—”

‘But here her voice began to falter.’

‘He could have listened to her for ever, as she ran on in this way in a fluttered, hurried voice. He never thought of stopping her by the usual assurances; he kept holding her hand, his eyes bent upon it, for he had not courage to raise them further, drinking in, with a sort of exquisite delight, the tones of her sweet, harmonious voice.’

‘The trembling and faltering—like the breaking of pebbles in a clear, flowing stream—awakened him from his ecstatic reverie; he lifted up his head, and said abruptly, and somewhat roughly—

“Yes, yes—I know—”

‘He only thought of preventing her from entering upon a painful subject; but the tone startled and checked her.’

‘She withdrew her hand, and was silent.’

“I mean,” he said, stammering and confused, “I mean that I am truly sorry for you, and I wish—I mean I hope—I haven’t offended you,” he added, going close up to her, and in a most beseeching tone of voice.

“Oh no! far from that,” she replied, recovering herself. “Will you not be seated, Mr. Danby, and take some breakfast?” she then asked, with her hand upon the bell. “Excuse me, I believe I am very nervous to-day.”

“You look very ill, indeed,” said he; “I never saw any one so much changed in my life. I am afraid you have suffered greatly, you look so very, very ill.”

“Do I, indeed?” said she, and she could scarcely suppress a slight smile at his simplicity; but even that little smile did her good. “I have, indeed, had cause—”

‘She is sitting there making his tea, and, for the first moment since her mother’s death, swallowing hers with a feeling of refreshment; she cannot yet eat, but the tea is doing her infinite good.’

‘He is drinking the tea she pours out for him, and it is as the nectar of the gods; but, to win heaven, neither could he, at that moment, have eaten a morsel.

“I am afraid there is nothing that you like, Sir,” she said politely, and anxiously; “is there anything you are in the habit of taking that we can get for you?”

“No, thank you, Ma’am—pray don’t—don’t speak of it. One other cup of tea, and then, you will excuse me, but”—the sound man of business was now beginning at last to make his voice heard, and to silence that of the man of passion—“the sooner you put me into possession of the matters on which I understand you desire my advice, the better. If I comprehend the purport of the letter with which you were pleased to honour me, there is an execution out against your father, and the bailiffs are in the house. They cannot have taken him into custody?”

‘She shrank a little at the word, and the somewhat harsh tone of voice in which this last was delivered. Mr. Danby, once engaged in business, was himself again; his countenance as hard, his tone as dry, his eye as cold and piercing.

“No,” she said, shuddering; “but, if I understand the man rightly, who came first, he would have been—would be—if he were not at this moment so frightfully ill; and oh, Sir,” and she began to feel very much afraid again of this cold, penetrating face of business—“his affairs!”

“Are in the worst of all possible messes,” said he. “I anticipated this, Miss Wyndham; and, when I was last here, pointed out to your father what I thought the only course that could possibly save him from utter destruction. My advice was not received in the spirit in which it was given—or rather, there are some characters so hopelessly weak, and so recklessly self-indulgent, that there is no stopping them, while a penny is to be obtained, by fair means or foul. I wish the means adopted by that vile, shuffling rascal, Rile, for supplying Mr. Wyndham with money, may not have been as dishonest and dangerous as the purposes on which it was squandered were childish and ridiculous.”

‘She was almost petrified at this sudden and rude attack; but the manner in which he spoke of her father before her face roused her indignation, and she could not help saying, “My father may have deserved censure—I cannot be a judge; but before his daughter, at least, I might have hoped he would have been spared.”

“Spared!” said he; “from what I saw of his proceedings while I was here, I think his conduct to *you*, and to your mother, the most infamous part of these shameful proceedings. To think of his robbing you both in this inexcusable manner!”

‘She was at a loss for words to reply.

‘His eyes had been bent upon the carpet while he was speaking; engrossed with his own thoughts, and, according to his usual habit, soon entirely lost to the world about him, he had not the slightest perception of what she was feeling—of the pain, distress, and terror now visible in her countenance. The idea of exposing her father’s affairs to so rude and terrible a judge began to be insupportable. At last he looked up, but even then was far from perceiving how hurried she was. He said:

“We had better not lose any time;” and he looked at his watch. “Let me see Mr. Wyndham’s papers, and form some estimate of the position of things. I dare say the whole are in the most unpardonable confusion, but some ideas may be gathered from them.”

“I do not know,” she began, hesitating, colouring, and the tears beginning to cloud into her eyes, “I begin to think, perhaps, that I have no right—I don’t know whether I ought to unlock my father’s private drawers, display his papers, his affairs, to a—a—stranger.”

"Why did you send for me, then?" said he, rudely, for he felt offended. "I mean—I don't know"—all her confidence in him was now lost—"I don't know what I ought to do. My perplexities, my difficulties, only increase!" and the tears stood in her eyes, but they did not fall.

He looked at her and was again charmed and softened, though not in the slightest degree aware of the cause of this sudden change in her resolution. He attributed it to a very prudential and proper repugnance to giving up such important things as papers without a proper authority; to such a rational difficulty and view of things he was quite sensible, so, laying his hand upon the table, he said in a calm and steady voice:

"Your dislike to surrender your father's papers to the inspection of a stranger, without his authority, is perfectly just and reasonable; and, under any circumstances, as a *stranger* I could not so receive them; but, if I understood the purport of your letter, you summoned me here as a *friend*—as a *friend* I came—as a *friend* I am ready to offer any advice and assistance in my power. Surely, Miss Wyndham," and a faint colour suffused even his pale cheek, "Miss Wyndham cannot believe that I would make any unworthy, any dishonourable use of her confidence." . . . . .

He sat down, and began inventorizing, examining, and noting, and was soon lost in business; this habit, which had become a second nature, of giving his whole attention to what he was about, rendering him soon insensible to the presence of any one else in the room.

He had sat in this way for a considerable time, she standing by the fire playing with a stick of sealing-wax, and impatiently waiting for a sentence of intelligence or for one of dismissal; but he never lifted up his head, or took the slightest notice of her. At last, she became quite anxious to go to her father's room, and she ventured to step to his side, and to say, "Can I be of any service!"

He started at the voice, and looked suddenly up. It was like an apparition; in the midst of his pre-occupation, her image, at any time suddenly presented, would have sent the blood to his heart. The impression wore off, as you have seen, when they had been long together, but its effect, as I have said, suddenly presented, was irresistible. A strange unwonted expression was in his eye.

"I haven't been keeping you standing here, I hope, have I?" he asked, looking rather hurried and confused. "No, I shall not want you at present—I have not done examining the papers. I will send you word when I have done."

"I am wanted in my father's room; if you will please to ring the bell, and summon me, I shall be at your service, Sir, at any moment."

"Very well;" and, letting her open the door for herself, he resumed his examination, while she went up to her father.

The scenes of Mr. Danby's rejection, and his *enforced* acceptance afterwards, and the description of Emilia's mind gradually growing into a state of true conjugal love for her husband, are very powerful; but our limits prevent us from inserting them, as we are aware the 'Emilia Wyndham' has been for some time in possession of many of our readers. Before, however, we take leave of Emilia Wyndham, we will specify what seems to us an error in this otherwise most perfect delineation. She had the key to her husband's character, though she did not fully enter into all its sensitiveness and morbid suspicion, and she should not have suffered the slightest reserve of communication to exist between them. An early and full development of all

her relations with Lisa and her husband would have set everything right at once, and the subsequent misery would have been spared. But there, it may be said, would have been an end of the novel; and in this there may be some truth, yet Sheridan Knowles, in one of his interesting plays, 'The Wife,' has produced an effect as new as it is pleasing, by making the husband and wife act with common sense. We think, moreover, that Mr. Danby's tenderness and magnanimity, which are represented all along as mere Pagan qualities, (for he is confessedly an open contemner of all religious observances,) should have been purified and exalted at last by Christian principle. He should have been won 'by the chaste conversation of his wife, coupled with fear.' Such may have been the intention of the author, but it is not expressed.

'Norman's Bridge' appears to us in no respect inferior to 'Emilia Wyndham,' though we do not expect that readers in general will coincide with our opinion. Its aim is sterner, its execution more severe, and the interest which it excites rather painful than pleasing; but the characters are well conceived and boldly drawn, the situations striking and effective, and the descriptions equal, if not superior, to any that can be found in the former work. There are few whom the catastrophe will not disappoint; we doubt if we should have had courage ourselves thus to end the book; but the author, or rather authoress, (for, in spite of some disquisitions which seem to belong rather to the sterner sex, we are well assured that these interesting and powerful Novels are the production of a woman,) is right. It would certainly have left a more soothing impression upon the mind, if the family of the excellent Lord Strathnaer had not been driven from their home, and the rich affections of the noble-minded Joan had not been lavished in vain upon the equally noble-minded Edward; but the lesson of the whole book would have been lost. That lesson is the gradual development of the principle of covetousness, the gradual induration of a not unfeeling heart under its baneful influence, till humanity, gratitude, and even natural affection are alike forgotten, till character is ruined and happiness wrecked. The prize is, indeed, obtained to its fullest extent, but the wealth, which 'The Modern Midas' has accumulated at the expense of all that can make life valuable, is fertile of evil but powerless in producing good. The growing unworthiness of the object of her devoted love extinguishes by degrees the long-enduring tenderness of the faithful and self-denying wife. The heiress of all that wealth is doomed to wear away her existence in the solitude of her lofty halls, wounded in her affections though exemplary in her duties. The wretched victim of his own avarice

sits an isolated and despised being in the midst of his boundless hoards, no kindness exercised, no restitution made, nothing left to soothe his mind, or soften his heart, at the hour when all for which he has hitherto lived is passing away. We make no abstract of the story, which is simple almost to baldness. The interest lies in the characters and in some of the detached scenes. The *acquisitiveness* of Michael, 'The Modern Midas,' is painted with equal truth and force; and is strikingly contrasted with the noble disinterestedness, and the deep but unostentatious piety of his wife. The kind-hearted Lord and Lady Strathnaer, the petulant but generous Edward, the plain and heavy-looking, but intellectual and high-souled Joan, (the latter in particular,) are drawn with masterly precision, and even the foolish mother and dogged father find their appropriate places in the group. There is an idiot, or almost idiot brother of Edward, the eldest son of Lord Strathnaer, of whom we suspect the authoress intended at first to make more. He does good service in the earlier scenes of the novel, and never appears afterwards without touching effect; but we gradually lose sight of him as we draw near the conclusion. There is a striking episode in the earlier portion of the work, which paints with terrible effect the temporal and spiritual wretchedness of some of our manufacturing population. We could wish to believe that the picture is over-charged, but we fear that it is an 'o'er true tale.' We will now transcribe one or two scenes, which, we think, will gratify the reader, and give, at the same time, a fair specimen of the work.

Michael, who has become a cornfactor, and traded in the miseries of his wretched neighbours during the famine of 1800, has been torn from his house by the infuriated mob, and thrown from 'Norman's Bridge' into the river. His rescue by Lord Strathnaer is thus vividly and touchingly described:—

'The High-street led direct to the bridge. It was narrow; but the crowd streamed down it, forced Michael upon the bridge—upon the battlements!—A loud, wild huzza!—"Drown him!—drown him! Throw him into the river to search for his musty corn!" He is raised high in the air by the arms of two or three herculean, half-drunken draymen. Another loud shout, and they hurl him in.

'At that moment a shriek, shrill and piercing, rang down the street. The very mob was struck by it. There was a moment's pause;—a moment of compunctious silence.

'The loud shriek of the agonizing wife, as she witnessed the spectacle from the top of the High-street, had found a way to every heart.

"He's gone, however," said one or two, as they hung over the battlements of the bridge, and looked down into the water.

'They were all too much engaged to observe what next approached.

'Suddenly there was another cry—"The soldiers!—the soldiers are upon us!"

"Through the bushes and osiers which clothed the opposite banks, the bright scarlet uniforms and glowing brass of the plumed helmets of a detachment of the County Fencibles, were seen galloping down. They were headed by Lord Strathnaer, mounted upon a magnificent black horse. They approached the bridge.

"There was a loud, shrill cry of defiance from the crowd, and a shower of stones greeted Lord Strathnaer as he came on; but the men, their sabres drawn and carbines loaded, advanced steadily, with all the courage—and proudly we may add, with all the humanity and forbearance—which distinguish the English soldier upon those trying occasions . . . . .

"The mob, though insolent at first, showed, as usual, the white feather, when opposed to a regular, well-disciplined force, as the soldiers, in close order, making their fine horses curvet and prance in what seemed a very formidable though a very harmless manner, and waving their sabres over their heads, rapidly bore down upon the bridge.

"Curses and abuse were now exchanged for screams and shrieks of women and cries of men. There was a general rush towards the town;—the populace, like a flock of sheep, fled in one mass to the opposite end of the bridge, and thence to the bank above. Here they turned and confronted their adversaries.

"But not all the force of the crowd, pouring down in an opposite direction, could arrest the progress of the wife, in the vehemence of her despairing agony, as, followed by her friend and her son, she rushed madly forwards. All her usual calmness and self-possession (*were*) exchanged for the wild energy of passion, as, screaming out, "Oh, save him! save him!" arms stretched out, and hair streaming from her cap, she rushed like one distracted down the bank and upon the bridge.

"Oh, save him! save him! I see him!—I see him!"

"Who?—what?—where?" cried one, never deaf to the voice of human misery, Lord Strathnaer—who checked his horse, struck with the wild accents, and still wilder appearance of this agonized woman.

"There!—there! Oh, I see him!—I see him!—He is struggling for life! For the love of Heaven!"—flinging herself before Lord Strathnaer's horse—"save him!—save my husband!"

"Where?—where?"

"In the river! There—there!" was the general cry.

"The head of the unfortunate man was now seen just above the stream. Now it sinks—now it rises again, as he struggles for life; and the waters roll him forwards to the sea.

"There was not a moment to be lost. A few incoherent words were enough. Lord Strathnaer turned his horse's head, re-crossed the bridge, forced the animal down the steep bank;—a plunge—a man and horse are in the river, stemming the deep and dangerous torrent.

"The fine black charger swam nobly. The light figure of Lord Strathnaer, in his scarlet uniform and bright helmet, was seen making way rapidly towards that small black object, which was still visible above the water. He nears it rapidly; and the spectators from the bridge, breathless with anxiety, now see the head raised higher from the water;—next, a hand and arm appear;—then, a whole body is scrambling up against the horse, assisted by the rider. It rises; it falls again with a heavy plunge. The dread silence upon the bridge,—the speechless agony with which this struggle for life was watched, is only vented in one stifled "Ah!" followed by a faint shriek, as he again falls into the water.

"The noble horse plunges, and strikes forward boldly with his feet. Once more the head, arm, and hand appear. Lord Strathnaer is seen stooping forward towards it.

"He'll drag him into the water. He'll drag him in," is the cry of the

excited spectators, who had now gathered together, and watched the scene with the most intense interest,—all their animosity against the corn-factor lost in sympathy with his generous preserver.

'Mary could not speak; her eyes, straining from their sockets, were fixed upon the spot. She saw that figure leaning forward, seizing the outstretched hand, wavering in its saddle.

"He is gone! he is gone! he is gone!" was the cry.

But, no, he rises again; his horse, it is evident, has found a momentary footing upon one of the numerous sand-banks in the river. The resistance thus afforded steadies the rider. He pulls—he strains—and see! see! a second figure rises again dripping from the water, with one desperate effort scrambles upon the back of the animal, and is seated safely behind the brave and generous rider.

A loud shout of exultation rang from the bridge and shores—as Mary, closing her eyes, sank back into the arms of her son.

'But all is not yet safe. She recovers herself in an instant; and, again stretching over the battlements, strains her eyes towards him.

'The river is running rapidly; and the noble black charger—who has again lost his footing—vacillates, shudders, and yields a little to the stream. With spur and voice, the brave young soldier urges and forces him forward. Dire was the contest. Now the stream rolls him forward;—now he struggles;—now he swims and approaches the bank.

"He is near the shore! He is near the shore!" bursts from the multitude of voices. "On, brave horse. On, on! brave rider.—Noble young man. Ah! ah! he's gone—he is gone.—No—no!"

'One more desperate effort—he reaches the bank. His rider urges him forward with spur and voice. One desperate strain and struggle up the precipitous side—they are safe;—and poor black Paladin falls down dying beneath them.

"You are safe, Sir," said Lord Strathnaer, disengaging himself from the poor animal, and raising up Michael, who had fallen almost under him; "you are safe, God be praised!—Oh, my poor fellow! is this your reward?"

A loud, loud huzza rang from the bridge and shores.

'But Lord Strathnaer heard it not. He was bending over his dying horse. That heart—so affectionate, so loving, so kind—which attached itself to all within its circle so generously and so tenderly, mourned over the animal as a man mourns over his friend.

'In the mean time, Mary and her son, followed by the minister, had hurried to the spot, and she arrived just in time to catch her husband in her arms, as he reeled and sunk (*sank*) towards the earth.

'The hurry, the confusion, the rude buffeting of the mob, the fall from the high bridge had completely exhausted him; the instinctive love of life had enabled him to struggle out of the water; but his brain was all in confusion. He seemed in a mazy, suffocating dream—incapable even of thanking the generous man who had risked his life to save him. He closed his eyes, staggered, and sank down as dead into the arms of his friends.

'Mrs. Grant, as, with the assistance of John and the minister, she supported him—endeavouring vainly to raise him—turned her eyes often and wistfully towards his young preserver, who, still bending over his horse, seemed entirely occupied in the vain attempt to recal his poor favourite to life. But she could not speak; she was choked with her various emotions; and after a struggle or two for voice she gave it up, and sitting down upon the grass, motioned for her husband's head to be laid on her lap. . . .

'Lord Strathnaer still bending over the gasping horse, his face filled with sorrow, was as a beautiful picture, had there been any one to observe it—but there was not.

'Glancing, however, at Mrs. Grant, as she sat there, with her husband lying stretched upon the grass, he seemed to recollect himself, and leaving his dying horse, he turned to her, with the greatest kindness of look and voice, and offering his services, endeavoured to assist her in her efforts to restore animation.

'It was impossible for a human being to show more true kindness in so short a space, than in those few minutes was shown by this amiable young man.

'Animation, at length, slowly returned. Some painful gaspings, and slight convulsions, and Michael once more opened his eyes. The first object they met was the anxious, tender, though pale and aged, face of his faithful Mary. Her eyes (*were*) fixed upon him with an expression of so much sorrow—so much interest—such deep and tender love! Oh! beautiful—above all that is beautiful—is the strong, the serious, the changeless love, that has thus grown and strengthened amid the sorrows and trials of many, many years! Beautiful is that beneficent provision for the human heart—that long, long, deep, ineffaceable love, that binds still closer in the hoary winter of our days than even in the warm first bliss of life's bright spring! Oh! dear is that trust—precious that confidence—most true and real that affection, which asks no graces, no charms, no powers of intellect to please—no recompense even for its deep devotion, but that return of one other constant heart, equally disinterested and equally true.

'They did not find words, even in thought, those feelings with which Lord Strathnaer observed the exchange of deep emotion, as Michael's eyes caught those of his Mary,—at that moment so inexpressibly dear. Yes, it was beautiful! And the heart of this generous young man had not been rendered callous to such things by a life of luxury, idle dissipation, and habitual self-indulgence. He was formed to sympathise with all that was genuine; but, above all, with everything that was loving and true.'

Michael is taken to Lord Strathnaer's house, and an intimacy grows up between the two families. Joan in particular, Michael's grand-daughter, whose kind and judicious attentions had been already of essential service to the little idiot, is quite domesticated at Widdington-house. The children are brought into close and habitual contact. They even study together; for, under the tuition of Mr. M'Dougal, the presbyterian minister, who has followed the Grants from Scotland, Joan is no contemptible classic. We transcribe some beautiful scenes, which take place between her and Edward.

'There were things, which, with all her affection and good-nature, Joan would not do, even for Edward.

'The three children are now sitting alone together.

'It is a very hot August day, and the drawing-room windows are open. and the smell of the flowers, and hum of the insects, are very sweet and soothing, as the fresh wind swings the long slender branches of the *rose à mille feuilles*, which hang so lightly over the window. Granville is sitting upon the steps, trying his hand at making a boat; he, poor boy, has no Latin lesson to learn; and Joan is sitting upon a small stool upon the little platform at the top, watching now him, now Edward, who is lying extended upon the carpet, just before the window, sometimes clenching his hands in his beautiful hair, sometimes rolling impatiently round and round upon the carpet, and groaning aloud.

‘He looks such a beautiful creature, even in the midst of his half real, half pretended ill-humour!’

“‘I never shall do it, Joan, I tell you. I can’t do it! It’s no use talking to me—I can’t do it, and won’t try to do it! What’s the use of trying, when I say I can’t?’”

“‘But you know very well that you can, Edward, if you will only try. If you will only read the rules carefully, you can’t miss it:—I did it in that way.’”

“‘Pooh!—*you!* Oh, you’re a wonder of the world, everybody knows:—like the Pyramids of Egypt, or the Tower of Pharos, in the spelling-book,—and just as old-fashioned and tiresome. At least, I’m sure I’m tired of you, Joan; for my father is always saying, ‘For shame, Edward! see what Joan does!’ I’m sure, I wonder I don’t hate you outright, Joan,” said he, raising his head suddenly from the floor, and looking up at her as he leaned upon his elbow; “‘I wonder I don’t hate you outright, for you’re made a perfect bugbear of to me;—but somehow I don’t. But as for this exercise, I know it’s too hard, and I can’t do it; and I hate to be baffled—and I won’t try!’”

‘And again he rolled round and round upon the floor, again clenching his hands in his locks, in a sort of comic despair.’

“‘Oh, Edward! Edward! only try!—I will look out all the rules for you, if you will only try,—and all the words too. Shall I get the dictionary and grammar? It is getting very late; indeed it is! and Mr. M’Dougal left you this task to do before you went out to the embankment with Lord Strathnaer. . . . The second time in one week! Oh, remember your promise, Edward!’”

“‘Promise! and promise! and that odious prig, your Mr. M’Dougal!—Ay, he’s as tiresome, and more tiresome than all the rest of you put together. He’s your friend, Joan, I know,” seeing her look sad and vexed, as she always did when her friend was attacked; “he’s your friend, so I’ll say no more about him. . . . I don’t want to vex or offend you. . . . for, though you do know this confounded Latin, I don’t hate you,—I don’t indeed, Joan, though you think I do.”

‘A smile, or rather a sort of glow, spread over Joan’s countenance, at this termination of the speech. She turned her head away to conceal her feelings; but Edward had caught a glimpse of her countenance, and he thought—even Edward thought—she looked quite pretty.’

‘He again raised himself up from the floor, and, shuffling along rather nearer to her, went on:—

“‘But, Joan, you must confess, in spite of that great wisdom above your years, which by consent of all men you possess, and which I hear talked of in the parlour till I am sick, that these holiday tasks are excessively disagreeable and tiresome things,—excessively tyrannical. . . . Not that I’m overworked, to be sure, at Eton. But, Mrs. Justice, tell me—Is it fair that one should work six times as much in the holidays as one does at school?—That is putting the cart before the horse, with a vengeance!’”

‘She was still silent.’

“‘Sometimes,’—this was said to make her speak,—“‘I’m resolved not to submit to it.’”

“‘Oh, Edward! Edward! Remember your father and your mother,—how anxious they are! How pleased they would be, if they should ever see you—as I am sure I believe they will see you—a great and clever man!’”

“‘Well, I love my mother excessively, and so all the fellows I know, do:—but I do love so my father! Do you know, Joan,” making his way, shuffling along the ground, till he was quite at her feet, “I love my father with a feeling that seems to me quite different from all other boys I see. . . . But then, my father—what a man he is! Was there ever so fine, so beau-

tiful, so clever a young man, as my father?—who, instead of living as many other men of his age and rank do, down at Newmarket, or at Melton, or in their clubs, or yachting, or going about pleasuring by themselves, stays at home, living with mamma and us children, just as if he were a hedger and ditcher . . . I, who have seen the world, Joan, wonder at my father in a way you, a mere country girl, can't understand. I dare say now, Joan, you often think I am too thoughtless to make reflections and comparisons of any kind;—but I ain't. I hear other boys talk at Eton, and know what a father I've got."

"She now turned her head towards him, and looked down upon him as he lay there at her feet, resting his cheek upon his hand, and looking up as he spoke.

"She looked down upon him with such a tender, serious expression of approbation and affection, that Edward cried out:—

"I declare, Joan, I really do believe you're growing quite handsome."

"At this she coloured a little again, and returned to the old subject.

"But, Edward, if you do love your father as you say you do, surely you ought to do your best to please him; and this Latin exercise—dear Edward, hark!—the stable-clock. It's five o'clock,—it's striking five! Oh, how we have wasted our time!"

"It's only four," said Edward. "I know I have a good hour and a half yet before half-past five, when I am to go out with my father. I can easily get it done in that time;—that is, if I choose."

"Then do choose, dear Edward. Let me get the dictionary, and help you. Shall I fetch you pen, ink, and paper here?"

"The French clock upon the chimney-piece, in silvery tones, just then told out, one—two—three—four—five! There was no contradicting it . . .

"Five, by Jove! Joan! Joan! What shall I do? I cannot possibly—possibly get my exercise done by six o'clock to-morrow. Only half an hour!—it is not possible. And when I come home to-night it will be ten o'clock, and I shall be so horridly sleepy, that, as for doing it alone *then*, it's impossible. What *am* I to do?—What *am* I to do?" pacing frantically up and down the room.

"Joan was silent.

"This is the way you help one at a push, is it?" cried he, coming up to her hastily. "When one's all safe, you can 'encumber one with help,' as Johnson says; but when one's perishing in the sea of despair, and stretching out one's entreating arms for a rope, not a bit of packthread have you to hold out to a friend, Miss Joan."

"It is because I am in as great despair as you are," said Joan, "that I don't know what in the world is to be done."

"A lucky thought!" cried he, joyfully smiting his forehead. "You are not going home to-night, Joan, are you?"

"No, not till to-morrow."

"Then, there's plenty of time."

"What? I don't understand what you mean."

"Why now, Joan," said he, sitting down upon another stool, and drawing it close to her, and speaking in a low voice, "won't you do me the greatest favour in the wide world, and I will be everlastingly obliged to you! Only say you will, Joan."

"I must hear what it is before I promise, you know."

"Why, just do for me what's done every day, and all day long, by one fellow for another, at Eton. Just write the exercise for me; and, tired as I shall be when I come home, I can copy it out before I go to bed, and lay it on my father's dressing-table, and it will do just as well."

"She gazed at him with her large, speaking eyes, as if perfectly bewildered with astonishment.

"What do you look so amazed at?" said Edward, impatiently. "There's nothing very extraordinary in this, I suppose?"

"Oh! Edward!"

"Oh! Edward, and, ah! Edward! Well, Joan Grant, what are you putting on such a sanctified face for, and sighing and puffing like an old Scotchwoman at meeting? There's no great harm in it for once, I suppose?"

"For once!—No great harm!"

"Now, if there's a thing I hate," said he, pettishly, "it's that taking up one's words, and repeating them in that way. Do you know, if you were a boy—and I'm sure you ought to have been a boy, you're so unkind and provoking—if you were a boy at school, I'd knock you down, that I would, as ready as nothing, if you dared echo me."

"Don't be angry with me, Edward," and the tears were filling her eyes; "but it makes me so sorry!"

"I wish you'd not be so busy making yourself sorry about me: I hope nothing I shall ever do will make anybody, who cares for me, sorry!" said he, with offended dignity.

"She was silent again.

"There are cases where silence is the severest reproof. He felt this, and it made him the more angry.

"I suppose I may do what all the rest of the world does, without asking your leave?" he said, haughtily.

"Yes, Edward," she replied, recovering herself. "You may certainly do as you please, without asking my leave, as you say; but nothing can prevent me, or any of your friends, from being sorry when you please to do wrong."

"Wrong! stuff!—such a mighty fuss about such a little matter! Come, dear, good Joan, I promise you I'll never ask you again. Do it this once for me! Now do, Joan, there's a good girl! Hark!—there goes the quarter!"

"I can't; indeed, I can't."

"Can't!—Can't means won't. Did I not say," cried he, bursting into a furious passion, as the chimney-clock answered the stable-clock, and the quarter rang upon it. "Didn't I say, you never—never—never would help one when one really wanted it? With all your confounded pretences of good-nature, I never did like you, Joan. I always almost hated you, and now I do hate you outright; for I detest a hypocrite; and what's a hypocrite, but one who uses fine mealy-mouthed pretences of virtue, to excuse herself from helping a friend at extremity? But, get along—get along; do as you like. I tell you I have only fancied sometimes I liked you; hate was the true feeling; that's natural. I hate you—I really do."

"She looked at him.

"Did ever face of young girl of her age express such a world of feeling as spoke in that countenance? Even Edward, enraged as he was, was struck with it.

"He sat down again; for he had started up in his fury, and said:

"I do think it so very ill-natured of you."

"You are unkind, and you are unjust to me; you know you are, Edward," said she, restraining her tears, and smothering with great effort a rising sob. "I do not think"—and the years and years of her patient affection arose in memory before her—"I do not think"—her heart swelling with the recollection—"that you have ever found cause to think me ill-natured."

"Well, well—I'm sorry, I really am sorry, that I said *that*; but it does seem so ill-natured, that a girl should refuse one what any fellow in the school—who hardly cares a rap for one—would do at once, in such a mess as I am (in)."

"It would be because he didn't care for you, perhaps," she said. She

was too young yet to feel the slightest bashfulness in owning her affection; but all the dignity of her young heart was at this moment aroused, and all the pride of honest and outraged friendship; and no sooner had she let slip this sentence, than she took it hastily back, by saying: "Perhaps because they see no harm in it; but I do, and therefore I can't do it."

"Where's the great harm?"

"Oh! Edward; *you* to say that!"

'At this he coloured, and was silent. Then, after a few moments:

"Why *me*? Because I am my father's son?"

"Yes."

"Boys do this every day at public schools, and think nothing of it."

"And what did you tell me just now about their fathers?"

"There's mine!—there's mine! Oh! wretch that I am! what will he say when he comes to know that though I promised him but three days ago it should not happen again, it *has* happened again? He'll hate me and despise me; I know he will. And then," with a look that almost broke her heart, "you'll be set up as a pattern again; but I suppose that's what you like best."

'The door opened.

'Lord Strathnaer appeared.

"Are you ready, my boy?"

'Edward had only time to cast one look of mingled indignation and supplication at Joan, as if she were the cause of all his misery, and then he followed his father, leaving the victim of his tyranny and injustice to do—what so many other victims of tyranny and injustice have to do—weep in silence, unpitied and unredressed.'

It is but faint praise to say that the above extract reminds us of Miss Edgeworth's best style. We think it not only equal, but superior to, anything in 'Frank' or 'Rosamond.' There is a nature and a truth about it, an *abandon*, which, with all their cleverness and graphic effect, Miss Edgeworth's children seem to us to want. They are too plainly intended for 'Early Lessons.' But Joan and Edward teach us, as it were, undesignedly. There is nothing ostentatiously 'didactic' about them. What follows is quite as good, if not better. It is the scene of the next morning.

'Joan had resolutely defied slumber that night. She had, with extraordinary effort, kept herself awake; lest, once asleep, she should not be able to rouse herself, and should not be up in time. Tired and weary as she was with a long day spent out of doors, she had never once laid her head upon her pillow, lest sleep should surprise her. She had sat patiently listening till the stable-clock should strike four.

'It strikes four.

'Then she got up . . . and, opening her door with as much precaution as possible, she glided down stairs to Edward's little study.

'The books were all tossed about with his usual carelessness—the papers here, the pens there. He was accustomed to throw his matters about in this way, and looked to the under-housemaid to put all things to rights for him.

'She crept to the window, and opened the shutters with as little noise as possible. Then she began to collect his papers, and put them on his desk; placed his pen and ink; looked out and arranged the books she knew he

must want; and then, with a beating heart, stole up the stairs again, and knocked gently at the door of Edward's little bed-room.

'His was a small room, and the door was close by the bed's head.

'A timid knock.

'No answer. She listens, and can hear him breathing hard, as if very sound asleep.

'She knocks a little louder.

'He seems to start; and she hears him turn upon his mattress.

'A louder knock.

'And he starts; and cries, in a half-sleepy voice,

"Who's there?"

'A louder still.

'And he calls out impatiently,

"Who is there? and what is the matter?"

"Edward!"

"Who's that calling me? I say, what is the matter?"

"Edward—it's Joan."

"Joan! What the deuce are you knocking me up for at this time of night? Why, Joan," looking at his watch, "it's only four o'clock! and I am so deadly sleepy."

'He seemed to toss himself back upon his pillow.

"Edward—don't—don't go to sleep again! I'm come to call you."

"Call me! what do you mean? I wish you would go away. I think you're mad. I never was so sleepy in my life. Do get away, and let me alone."

"Edward—your exercise."

"You haven't done it! you haven't really done it!" starting up joyfully; "you dear good girl: wait a moment, I'll be with you in an instant, I'm not asleep now. I'll soon copy it out; and then I'll snore till mid-day."

'It was with great difficulty that she prevented herself from immediately undeceiving him. So habitual was her practice of truth, her nature so abhorrent of deceit, that even for a few seconds it cost her much to leave him in his voluntary error; but she thought it best to get him down into his little study before she spoke.

'He came out in his little dressing-gown and slippers; his beautiful hair all tumbled about his head; his eyes drowsy and heavy; his cheek flushed with slumber; looking so lovely—half baby, half boy, half man. But she did not even look at him. The moment the door opened, she had turned away, and led forward to the study.

'He had followed her in, flung himself upon the chair ready placed before his desk, and, taking up his pen, said,

"Now, where's the exercise?"

"Edward," said Joan—she stood a little behind him, so that she might not see his face, nor he hers; and steadying herself by laying her hand upon the back of his chair—"you know I told you yesterday I couldn't do it; but—"

"Then what have you brought me here for?" cried he, flinging away his pen, starting up, and with sudden passion stamping upon the floor: "what, in the name of goodness, did you come bothering at my door (for), when, at least, I was fast asleep, and had forgot, in momentary oblivion, as they say, all about it? What are you dreaming of, Joan?" added he angrily, laying hold of her arm and shaking her.

"Pray don't hurt me, Edward," she said; "you will be sorry for it afterwards."

'He dropped her arm; and, disarmed by her gentleness, and ashamed of his violence, said,

"But I really can't think what you are about."

"I have kept awake all night," said she, "and have counted the clocks, and it has but just struck four; so you have time. And now, dear Edward, if you will sit down and do your exercise, I will help you all I can, and it will be finished, and your father will be satisfied; and you will not have been guilty, neither, of deceit, which the soul abhors, Edward."

He stood and looked at her earnestly for a few moments; then he suddenly caught up her hand and kissed it.

"You *are* a brave, good girl," cried he, with enthusiasm, "and worth all the thoughtless, good for nothing, careless fellows, shook in a bag together. Boys are not good for as much as girls after all, be they pretty as angels, or as ugly as you are, Joan. I'll write my exercise; yes, that I will. And here, Joan, I'll do something will please you: I'll make a vow—I'll do it this moment—I'll never send up a false exercise again."

And before she could speak, he dropped down upon one knee before her, and pronounced, in words full of reverence, the promise.

"True egotist even in this!—example of his sex! Even at this moment he felt that the greatest recompense he could return to Joan, was to do well himself.

Edward was certainly not mistaken in the proof of gratitude he gave here. The heart of Joan glowed with delight, and her face beamed with pleasure.

"Thank you—thank you, dear Edward," she said, and sat down with busy alacrity to look out his words for him.

They worked together without exchanging a syllable, except as far as regarded the exercise; and, as the stable-clock rang half-past five, they were again going up the stairs together.

This was a lesson by Edward never forgotten. It made one of those impressions never to be erased, and which permanently affect the character.

And now—his heart at ease, his conscience satisfied, pleased with himself and all the world—and all this the result of a few half hours' courageous exertion—he followed his friend up stairs quite a new creature.

She went up before him, leaning upon the banisters, and dragging one foot after the other. The excitement over, she began to feel exceedingly weary. A night of watching is a great effort for a girl of her age; and then, disinterested as she was, there was a sadness—she could not help feeling it—an angel must have felt it!

Edward was saved from disgrace. That anxiety, which had swallowed up all other feelings, was laid at rest; but was there not another kind word for her?

He had flung away his books and started up joyfully when his lesson was finished, thanking his stars that he was well out of this scrape, and that his beloved father would neither be pained nor angry.

But was there not one other kind, thankful, affectionate word for her? Joyful as he was, did he quite forget in his joy that she it was who had saved him?

No; not a word, not one return of grateful feeling to the author of his self-congratulation and happiness!

Could she help feeling a sense of depression, now all her efforts were terminated?

How many an honest, disinterested heart, after efforts so courageous, so self-sacrificing, has felt this painful re-action! The effort is over; another made happy. Gaily the favoured one glides away, forgetful of—ignorant, it may be—of the extent of painful sacrifice at which his advantage has been purchased. Exhausted with effort—perhaps suffering by the effects of it—alone and spiritless remains the benefactor.

And if one sigh—such a sigh as Joan smothered as she went up stairs—escape the heart, it is deemed selfish, interested, ungenerous.

‘But Joan was mistaken after all.

‘She went tottering up before him. To go to her own room, she must pass his door.

‘He opened it, and she turned round to bid him good night, though it was broad daylight; but he seized hold of her arm, and pushed her in. Then, without shutting the door, he fell suddenly down upon his knees before her, and in a rapid, impetuous manner, but whispering all the time, lest he should be overheard, said:—

“‘Forgive me, Joan! I have been very unjust, unkind, and ungrateful. I often am—I always am; but I’ll never, never, never be so again. Thank you—thank you, dear Joan!—dear, dear, good, excellent girl! No—no—no; as long as I have life and breath, I shall never, never forget this night, and I shall love you for ever and ever.”

‘As abruptly as he had pushed her in, he pushed her out again; and then, shutting the door behind her, double and treble locked it.

Joan’s watching, joined to her mental exertion and excited feelings, tells upon her next day. Her evident suffering calls forth all the grateful emotions of Edward’s nature, and the whole truth comes out before Lord and Lady Strathnaer. The scene is so touching that we cannot resist the temptation of extracting it.

‘The next morning they all met at breakfast.

‘Joan looked so pale, and so black under the eyes, that both of her kind friends were struck by it.

“‘What is the matter, my love?” said Emmeline (Lady Strathnaer); “you look so weary, and your eyes so red, I could almost have thought you had lain awake all night, only, my dear child, you who are out of doors all day long, must sleep like an infant. Is anything the matter, my love? Has anything vexed you?”

‘Edward was sitting by his father at the bottom of the breakfast-table. Lord Strathnaer, pleased with his punctuality, and with the careful manner in which the exercise had been written, was treating him with a more than usual cordiality, which filled Edward’s heart with happiness.

‘He looked up at Joan, as his mother said this; but she did not turn her face towards him.

‘If she had, she would have seen an expression there, which would have excited emotions, that, in her present shook and nervous state, she might have found it impossible to conceal.

‘As it was, the colour rose to her cheek at the evasion she was practising, when she said—

“‘I did not sleep very well last night, and my head aches a little; but I shall be quite well when I have run round the garden.”

‘Edward again raised his eyes, and fixed them wistfully upon her.

‘Her head really did ache, with that cleaving, distracting pain of a nervous headache, which made it difficult for her to see or speak; and she looked very pale and suffering.

“‘Does your head ache so?” cried Edward, after having gazed earnestly upon her for a few minutes, starting hastily from his chair and going to her; “does it ache so very bad, Joan? What shall I do for it?”

‘She looked as if she did not know well what to say.

He went on,

“‘When a boy has a headache at school, we often bind a wet handkerchief round it. Let me try that, at least; wont you, Joan?”

“‘Thank you,” was all she could say, for her heart began again to beat

fast, and she felt a choking sensation in her throat, and as if the tears were filling her eyes.

'Away he flew to fetch his own wash-hand basin and his own white handkerchief. To plunge it in, draw it hastily out, and bind it dripping round her temples, indifferent to the streams of water which poured down from her face upon her dress, was the affair of a moment.

'Lord and Lady Strathnaer exchanged glances; they looked pleased. Why did they look pleased? Simply because they had often thought Edward guilty of ingratitude and indifference to Joan, when she was so invariably kind to him, and they feared it argued a certain hardness and thoughtlessness of disposition; they built no castles in the air for their second son, as perhaps you may, reader, one day for them.

"Bah! Edward," said Lady Strathnaer, rising from her chair, "you will absolutely drown your friend with your well-intended remedies;" and throwing her breakfast napkin round Joan's shoulders, she attempted to stop the mischief.

"I wish," said Lord Strathnaer, half laughing, but evidently much pleased with Edward's good-nature, "I may find you, my boy, always as ready to relieve the world's headaches, as you are now."

"Oh!" cried Edward, hastily, "it was all my own fault."

"All your own fault, my dear!" said his mother; "what have you done?"

"Joan!" stooping down hurriedly, and whispering in her ear, "only say, Joan; may I tell? You hate disguises; would you dislike me to tell?"

She turned up her eyes to him with such a look!

'Oh, how happy this desire to tell all—this correction of his little habits of concealment made her!

'He understood all that look said; and, the colour flashing to his temples, and his whole face glowing with emotion, began—

"All my fault—yes, father—and it is all my fault, and would have been hundreds and hundreds of times more, if Joan was not always telling me what is right, and moving heaven and earth to keep me to my duty. She's a brave, good girl, and a true friend, is Joan. Yes, Sir," going up to his father, and seizing and wringing his hand, "the exercise was done, but no thanks to me—I didn't do it yesterday before we went out—I wouldn't, because I was vexed. I thought Mr. McDougal had set me a harder task than he had any right to do—and if it hadn't been for your sake, Sir, and my mother's, I wouldn't have done it at all. No, I wouldn't, Joan, and so I didn't yesterday—and I wanted Joan to do it for me, and—"

'Here the countenances of both Lord and Lady Strathnaer clouded; they both looked sorrowfully and reproachfully at Joan. The same thought struck them both—she had sat up at night to do his task for him.

"No, no, no," cried Edward, reading their looks, "you don't think she would—she wouldn't, though I prayed and begged her, and said I hated her for her ill-nature, and felt as if I quite did at the time. No, she wouldn't—would you, dear Joan?"—running up to her again, "How is your head?—No, no—she sat up all night, till four o'clock, Sir. She wouldn't go to sleep for fear we should be too late, and then she fetched me—and she'd got all my books ready, and she only helped me, as Mr. McDougal, and you, and everybody allows her to do—all honest and all right, Sir; and that's why she's got a headache. Let me steep the towel again, Joan."

The rush of the tide into the redeemed estuary, which completes the ruin of Lord Strathnaer, and leads immediately to the catastrophe, is one of the most powerful descriptions in the

whole work, or indeed in any of the former; but we must not trespass upon the pages of our number by any farther extracts. We refer the reader to the volume itself, and we are persuaded that he will be amply repaid.

And now, that we may not seem studiously to pass over all the defects of these volumes, and to lavish on them undue and indiscriminate praise, we will notice a few blemishes, which struck us as we went on, and which we leave to the future consideration of the writer. There is often too evident a determination to produce an effect. For example: we all know that a storm adds greatly to the effect of certain scenes; but if it is sure to come invariably upon all such occasions, as it does in the earlier works, at least, 'Mount Sorel' and 'Father Darcy,' it defeats its purpose, and becomes artificial and unimpressive. The narrative is not unfrequently too diffuse, and there is now and then unnecessary repetition. The style is generally perspicuous, and often elegant, but it is sometimes rendered stiff by needless inversions, and at others slovenly, either from haste of composition or a careless correction of the press. We will point out one or two instances of the latter defect. Nothing can be more slovenly, or even incorrect, than the following passage from one of our own extracts:—'Puzzling myself with the idea that I had somehow or somewhere seen that face, or heard that voice, before, or something like it—in a dream, perhaps—for the more I looked at him, the less did he resemble any one I had ever known. He was anything but an ordinary-looking being,' &c. The following is clearly an error of the press:—'It would be difficult to describe the deep *impression* into which he fell.' But what is to be said of the passage which runs thus:—'His pride forbade him to *repose*, nay, drove him into the injunction to continue the acquaintance.' Or thus, 'Emilia had, at the beginning of her marriage, felt too utterly miserable to take heed of *esteemed* things.' The following passage is incorrect:—'A very different personage from the one just described, though, strange to say, that *other* (one) is his father:' and this: 'This change *had*, and *was* occasioning considerable distress.' 'It was a thing in which one man ought (*not* strangely omitted) to use any persuasions in the matter.' We have taken these instances at random, but there are many such. The stops are singularly incorrect, making some of the sentences quite unintelligible till they are rectified by the reader. Sometimes a word is used in an improper sense. Thus we have 'reverend' for 'reverential.' It is not 'reverend' to do so or so. Perhaps, however, this is a misprint for 'reverent.' There are occasional gallicisms—one that we never saw before. 'A *mad* dog' is called 'an *enraged* dog' (*un chien enragé*). More than

one person is said to have had '*a return upon himself*.' We certainly want an expression equivalent to '*un retour sur soi-même*,' but we could not venture to translate it literally like the authoress. Sometimes a favourite expression is repeated too often. '*This supreme moment*,' for example, occurs twice within a few pages, and once more before the end of the same volume. These, however, are but slight errors and inadvertencies, and we mention them principally to warn the writer against too great rapidity of composition. From the quick succession in which these volumes have been given to the public, we believe the caution to be necessary. Boileau boasted of having taught Racine to '*rhyme with difficulty*.' We should like to convince our authoress that she does herself injustice by coming before us in too great haste. She is evidently capable of high things. We owe her much already, but we trust that we shall owe her more. She can charm by vivid delineations of character, and thrill by powerful exhibitions of passion, while she guides by the lessons of practical wisdom and elevates by the lessons of practical piety. Let her not fall short of her high vocation, for it *is* a high one, whatever the prejudiced and the narrow-minded may think. We are getting too far advanced to be influenced by names. We do not ask now with what appellation a book comes to us, but whether it informs the mind or corrects the heart, whether it teaches us to rise above selfishness, to cultivate the kindly affections, to feel the earnestness of life, to pass through time with an eye stedfastly fixed upon eternity. Here then we take our leave of the authoress, thanking her for the pleasure, and we trust profit, which we have derived from her productions, sincerely hoping to meet with her again, and to find that our hints have been taken in good part by the correction of the trifling blemishes with which these pages are more or less disfigured.

---

ART. V.—*Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. Charles Simeon, M.A. late Senior Fellow of King's College, and Minister of Trinity Church, Cambridge: with a Selection from his Writings and Correspondence. Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM CARUS, M.A., Fellow and Senior Dean of Trinity College, and Minister of Trinity Church, Cambridge. London: Hatchard and Son. Cambridge: Deightons; and Macmillan and Co. 1847.*

THE powerful instinct in man's nature which has produced the expression 'hero-worship,' has ever played a most distinguished part in the history of the Christian world. Like all other natural propensities, not in themselves evil, the love of looking up to great men, of having examples before the eye of heroic deeds and remarkable lives, such as may excite the admiration and stir up to some small degree of enthusiasm the lethargic souls of the more unambitious portion of mankind, is sanctified by our religion and made part of its practical system.

Religious biography, to which subject such reflections directly lead, has, moreover, received higher sanction than what is derived from our own interpretation of moral influences; the sacred writings, both of the Old and New Testament, are a divine evidence of the power and suitableness of such modes of instruction. An important difference of name, however, must not be overlooked, between those who form the subjects of secular hero-worship, and those who enchain the feelings of admiration which, in the Christian as well as the worldly heart, are ever seeking for their object. The word hero savours too much of human pride and self-dependence; aims too much at the position of a demigod, to be the proper epithet of a Christian, though many of the qualities which compose the hero will also be found in the catalogue of Christian graces; but religious minds prefer the term saint, as more fitting the character of one who attributes not his powers and opportunities to the efforts of self-will alone, but to a sanctifying influence from above, with which he is mercifully imbued, and by which he is used as the instrument of Providence.

The memory of departed saints, thus forming as it does a powerful element of Christian influences, was sure to find its place in the mediæval system which had for its object to adapt the material of the outward world, and the natural mind of man according to one uniform system, that should train and prepare

for, or even, to a certain extent, foreshadow the future state. Biography in that system was not the only, or indeed the chief method, whereby the memory of saints was handed down for the good of posterity. Literature had not then arrived at the position it at present occupies, and moreover, the mere writing a saint's life, when that life might be tinged by the peculiar views of the writer, and when the public would consequently be at liberty to agree or disagree in the praises and excellences ascribed to the subject of it, was too indefinite, too informal, and too precarious a path by which a saint should be established as such in the minds of succeeding ages. Such considerations as these, together with a certain positive realization of the power of sanctifying grace, to which the world is now rather dead, and also with a more definite idea of the connexion between this life and the intermediate state than is now commonly held, would appear to have produced the grand idea of formal canonization. True to her system, the Church of mediæval times left not the reputation of a saint in the hands of a few admirers who gathered their knowledge of him from reading *biographical sketches*; but by a formal act, she decided that such a man was a saint, and therefore deserving of especial honour. She brought to her aid the arts of the sculptor and the painter to represent him on the walls and windows of her churches, that the attention of all who came within those walls seeking a future home for themselves, might be comforted and stimulated by the thought of those who had run the race before and gained a prize, and to whose communion he should consequently aspire. She named a day on which his bright example might be brought forward to excite the admiration of the zealous, and to stimulate the inactive to leave the base servitude of sloth, and rise with ambitious minds to take an earnest part in the common cause. Now, however, the case is altered; the memory of a good man is left to take its own chance, and therefore, if his admirers think that the recollection of his deeds, and of the sanctity of his life will be useful to posterity; if, in short, they wish his name to be enrolled in the number of reputed saints, they have but one course before them, and that is to collect the history of his life, and give his memoirs a place in the theologian's library. This place must be his niche. Here he stands for posterity to observe the holy expression of his outward man, and contemplate the subdued, or the wise and profound servant of Christ, as the case may be. This must be the bright window through which the glory of his name must shine to give joy and light to others: his anniversary will be when those volumes descend from the library shelf, and impart their spirit to inquiring students. Such, then, being the importance of biography, there

should be great jealousy lest some should gain a place in the memory of those who come after them of which they are not deserving. If a man makes a noise in the religious world and has many admirers, and after his death that admiration aims at perpetuity in the way we have alluded to, the world has a right to scrutinize what he was, and what he did; and if all does not appear satisfactory, to express their opinion accordingly. A hero, to gain the admiration of the world, must have certain claims of great deeds, or nobility of mind, and so must a man be endowed with the attributes of holiness and goodness beyond the ordinary lot, if he is to be handed to after ages as a saint of the Church. And what are the qualifications which entitle a man's memory to bear a saintly character? Personal holiness is the first, and zeal in the cause of the Church of Christ, whether as manifested by superior learning and deep researches into truth, or by more active ministrations, is the second. Let us, therefore, by these requisite qualifications, examine the book before us, entitled, '*Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. Charles Simeon.*'

The circumstances under which this book is published are evidently such as have been adverted to. For many years Simeon was the distinguished head of a religious party in Cambridge, the influence of which spread far and wide throughout the whole country. We are not now discussing the orthodoxy of their doctrines or the propriety of their measures, but simply stating the fact that such a party existed, and that Simeon was its chief head and centre. After his death, at a good old age, there is a wish among his admirers that the spirit of the man may not be forgotten; therefore his memoirs and his correspondence are published. If ever man was set up by his party for a saint—if ever a section of the religious world claimed a man as their own, and committed themselves to him, this was Simeon's lot. Yet when we say that a party in the Church hold up Simeon as their patron and pattern saint, we cannot but remonstrate against the use of the word saint in their theological dictionary. There are two great peculiarities which characterize the saintly character of the so-called Evangelical party, for our readers must really excuse the use of explanatory names. The first arises from their Calvinistic notions; for it is evident that the use of the word saint will alter according to the scheme of salvation which is held. If good works are utterly excluded from the scheme, of course they do not form part of the saintly character; and as far as Calvinistic views prevail, so far will the term saint be applied in accordance with erroneous doctrines about predestination, and not in accordance with the true doctrine of the sanctification of man through good works. The

second arises from their neglect of the outward ordinance and discipline of the Church. Placing no great faith in the sanctifying influence conveyed through the instrumentality of the visible Church, they forget that saintliness of character is a work of gradual construction through those means, and make it an individual distinction only. Hence that exaltation of the individual, which, amidst all its assertion of man's corrupt nature as the groundwork of its teaching, adheres to the 'Evangelical' system. No schools of theology trust so much to individuals, no congregations depend so much on the personal qualifications of their ministers, as those whose views are represented by Simeon and his party. It is not by comparison with such a view of saintliness that we shall judge Simeon, but by another.

Let it not, however, be supposed that we wish to be harsh in our treatment of Simeon. He was undoubtedly a sincere man according to his views, full of extraordinary zeal and activity both in mind and body for the cause of religion. He had great personal faults, indeed, as his best friends freely acknowledge; he had also deficiencies very remarkable for the position he occupied in the theological world; we do not, however, lay all the blame of this on himself, but rather on the system to which he attached himself. Simeon was not born, indeed, for much theological importance, and perhaps the vanity of his nature was one of the agents by which his greatness was thrust upon him; yet even this failing was wantonly increased by the idolatry of those around him. We look, therefore, on Simeon's position as an extraordinary phenomenon, indicative of the party to which he belonged, and the state of the Church in the last generation. If an unfit man occupies a position which is awarded by the flattery of others, it is hard to judge him personally by the true standard of what his position is. It is through the fault of others that he is there at all; and therefore he himself should be judged but as a specimen of his fellows, as the representative of the spirit of his party. With perfect good-will, therefore, towards Simeon, and with a full appreciation of his good qualities, and a lively perception of the peculiarly dead state of the Church during the time when his views were formed, we must, nevertheless, be allowed to speak freely about him. He might be good in some points, he might be self-devoted and zealous, yet not after all be acting in a justifiable manner. The Church might be dead and slothful, yet his system of arousing her might not be such as her friends can approve; and, moreover, to assert that the line he took was the one best suited to counteract the peculiar evils of the age, is in itself a great act of injustice to those who maintained throughout the same times a steady and zealous conformity to Catholic doctrine and discipline; and such true

Churchmen have not been wanting in any age, even the one in which Simeon arose.

We will now give a general outline of Simeon's life and religious experience: after which we propose dwelling particularly on a few points connected with his character and public acts.

Charles Simeon was the fourth and youngest son of Richard Simeon, Esq., of Reading. On his mother's side he claimed connexion with two Archbishops of York, and on his father's side he traced his descent directly from the ancient and wealthy house of the Simeons of Pyrton, in Oxfordshire. His eldest brother, John, became distinguished at the bar, and represented the borough of Reading in Parliament. He was created a baronet in 1815, 'an honour previously held by the family from a period almost coeval with the institution of the order.' Simeon's early life and school-days are thus described:—

'Charles Simeon was born at Reading, September 24, 1758, and was baptized at the parish-church, October 24, following. Very little can be ascertained with accuracy respecting his early history. Whilst yet very young, he was sent to the Royal College of Eton, where he was in due course admitted on the foundation; and in his nineteenth year he succeeded to a Scholarship of King's College in the University of Cambridge. The energy and vigour which so remarkably distinguished him through life, were much noticed in his youth. Horsemanship was his favourite exercise; and few persons, it is well known, were better judges of the merits of a horse, or more dexterous and bold in the management of one. In feats of strength and activity, he was surpassed by none; of some of these he was pleasantly reminded in the decline of life by his early schoolfellow and constant friend, Dr. Goodall, the late Provost of Eton; who in a letter, September 29, 1833, writes to him,—"I much doubt if you could *now* snuff a candle with your feet, or jump over half-a-dozen chairs in succession. Sed quid ego hæc revoco?—at 73, moniti meliora sequamur." With regard to his moral character and habits, there is every reason to believe, from observations that occasionally escaped from him, that he was by no means profligate or vicious, in the usual sense of the terms. It would rather appear that though exposed to scenes and temptations, which he often spoke of with horror, he was on the whole in early life regular in his habits, and correct in his general conduct. His failings were principally such as arose from a constitutional vehemence and warmth of temper, the more easily provoked from certain feelings of vanity and self-importance, which, during the whole of his life, were a subject of conflict and trial to him. These feelings would display themselves at school in too great attention to dress, and in little peculiarities of manner, which quickly attracted the notice and provoked the ridicule of his companions.

'It seemed necessary to premise thus much respecting Mr. Simeon's early habits and behaviour; as it might easily be supposed from the strong language he has used, when describing "the vanity and wickedness" of his youth, that he had been guilty of some gross violations of morality. Those, however, who are accustomed to searching self-examination, and habitually compare their lives and tempers with the requirements of God's holy law, will have no difficulty in understanding Mr. Simeon's unreserved expressions of sorrow and humiliation when reviewing the past. It should be remembered too, that the statements of the following autobiography are those of an advanced Christian, recording with matured views his judgment of the unprofitableness of his youth.'—Pp. 2—4.

The following extract, from a memoir written by himself in 1813, contains an incident of his Eton life, rather characteristic of himself, and also of future public opinion :—

‘There is, however, one remarkable circumstance which I will mention. About two years before I left Eton, on one of the first days during the American War, I was particularly struck with the idea of the whole nation uniting in fasting and prayer on account of the sins which had brought down the divine judgments upon us : and I thought that, if there was one who had more displeased God than others, it was I. To humble myself therefore before God, appeared to me a duty of immediate and indispensable necessity. Accordingly I spent the day in fasting and prayer. But I had not learned the happy art of ‘washing my face and anointing my head, that I might not appear unto men to fast.’ My companions therefore noticed the change in my deportment, and immediately cried out *Ὁὐαὶ οὐαὶ ὑμῖν, ὑποκριταί*, (Woe, woe unto you, hypocrites,) by which means they soon dissipated my good desires, and reduced me to my former state of thoughtlessness and sin. I do not remember that these good desires ever returned during my stay at school ; but I think that they were from God, and that God would at that time have communicated richer blessings to me, if I had not resisted the operations of his grace, and done despite to his blessed Spirit.’—Pp. 4, 5.

In the month of January, 1779, he went to King’s College, Cambridge, and then commenced his religious life.

‘On my coming to College, Jan. 29, 1779, the gracious designs of God towards me were soon manifest. It was but the third day after my arrival that I understood I should be expected, in the space of about three weeks, to attend the Lord’s Supper. What ! said I, *must* I attend ? On being informed that I *must*, the thought rushed into my mind that Satan himself was as fit to attend as I ; and that if I *must* attend, I *must* prepare for my attendance there. Without a moment’s loss of time, I bought the old *Whole Duty of Man* (the only religious book that I had ever heard of), and began to read it with great diligence ; at the same time calling my ways to remembrance, and crying to God for mercy ; and so earnest was I in these exercises, that within the three weeks I made myself quite ill with reading, fasting, and prayer. From that day to this, blessed, for ever blessed, be my God, I have never ceased to regard the salvation of my soul as the one thing needful.’—Pp. 6, 7.

On a future occasion he again asserts the consistency of his religious feelings from this time. In the early part of 1819, he thus describes his inward experience :—

‘It is now a little above forty years since I began to seek after God ; and within about three months of that time, after much humiliation and prayer, I found peace through the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. About half a year after that, I had some doubts and fears about my state, in consequence of an erroneous notion, which I had imbibed from Mr. Hervey, about the nature of saving faith. But when I found, from better information, that justifying faith was a faith of affiance, and not a faith of assurance, my peace returned ; because, though I had not a faith of assurance, I had as full a conviction that I relied on the Lord Jesus Christ alone for salvation, as I had of my own existence. From that time to the present hour, I have never for a moment lost my hope and confidence in my adorable Saviour ; for though, alas ! I have had deep and abundant cause for humiliation, I have never ceased to wash in that fountain that was opened for sin and uncleanness, or to cast myself upon the tender mercy of my reconciled God.’—P. 518.

It is curious, at this early stage of his religious life, how the love of preaching developed itself.

'From the time that I found peace with God myself, I wished to impart to others the benefits I had received. I therefore adopted a measure which must have appeared most singular to others, and which perhaps a more matured judgment might have disapproved; but I acted in the simplicity of my heart, and I am persuaded that God accepted it at my hands. I told my servant that as she and the other servants were prevented almost entirely from going to church, I would do my best to instruct them on a Sunday evening, if they chose to come to me for that purpose. Several of them thankfully availed themselves of the offer, and came to me; and I read some good book to them, and used some of the prayers of the Liturgy for prayer; and though I do not know that any of them ever received substantial benefit to their souls, I think that the opportunities were not lost upon myself; for I thereby cultivated a spirit of benevolence, and fulfilled in some measure that divine precept, "Freely ye have received, freely give."—Pp. 10, 11.

Yet it throws a curious light on these descriptions of his religious state of mind, written, we must remember, one in 1813, and the other in 1819, to find, in the former of these same journals, the first three years of his professedly religious life thus alluded to:—

'As yet, and indeed for three years after, I knew not any religious person, and consequently continued to have my society among the world. When the races came, I went to them, as I had been used to do, and attended at the race-balls as usual, though without the pleasure which I had formerly experienced. I felt them to be empty vanities; but I did not see them to be sinful: I did not then understand those words, "*be not conformed to this world.*" At the latter ball, Major B. of Windsor, asked me to go over the next day to Windsor, to join in a match at cricket, and to spend a few days with him; this I did; and it led to an event which I desire ever to remember with the deepest shame, and the most lively gratitude to God. On the Sunday he proposed to go and visit a friend about fifteen miles off; and to that proposal I acceded. Here I sinned against God and my own conscience; for though I knew not the evil of races and balls, I knew full well that I ought to keep holy the Sabbath day. He carried me about ten miles in his phaeton; and then we proceeded the remainder of our way on horseback. The day was hot; it was about the 26th day of August, 1779, and when we arrived at the gentleman's house, I drank a great deal of cool tankard. After dinner, not aware of the strength of the cool tankard, I drank wine just as I should have done if I had drunk nothing else; and when I came to return on horseback, I was in a state of utter intoxication. The motion of the horse increased the effect of the liquor, and deprived me entirely of my senses. Major B. rode before, and I followed; but my horse, just before I came to a very large heath, turned into an inn; and the people seeing my state took me off my horse. Major B., not seeing me behind, rode back to inquire for me: and when he found what condition I was in, he put me into a post-chaise, and carried me to the inn whence we had taken our horses. Here we were forced to stop all night. The next morning we returned in his phaeton to Windsor. I do not recollect whether my feelings were very acute that day; I rather think not. The next morning we went to a public breakfast and dance at Egham, which, at that time, was always on the Tuesday after the Reading races. There I passed an hour or two, and after returning with him to Windsor, proceeded on horseback to Reading. I went through Salthill, and seeing Mrs. Marsh standing at her inn-door, I entered into a little conversation with her. She asked me whether I had heard

of the accident that had happened to a *gentleman of Reading* on the Sunday evening before; and then told me that a gentleman of Reading had fallen from his horse in a state of intoxication, and had been killed on the spot. What were my feelings now! I had eighteen miles to ride, and all alone; how was I filled with wonder at the mercy of God towards me! Why was it not myself, instead of the other gentleman? Why was he taken and I left? And what must have been my state to all eternity, if I had then been taken away! In violating the Sabbath, I had sinned deliberately; and for so doing, God had left me to all the other sins that followed! How shall I adore his name to all eternity that He did not cut me off in these sins, and make me a monument of his heaviest displeasure!—Pp. 11—13.

Is there not a strange inconsistency in the penitence here professed for such offences, and the subsequent description of his religious state of mind during the same time? When he ascribed some troubles of mind to having read erroneous notions of Hervey on saving faith, did he not deceive himself as to the cause of his uneasiness? Did they not arise from the more ordinary effects of conscience? At the very commencement, indeed, of Simeon's religious life, we observe a peculiar deficiency of the power of tracing a satisfactory connexion between cause and effect. When the effect occurs, he exercises his ingenuity to discover some unnatural, and therefore, in his mind, spiritual cause, rather than adopt the ordinary rules of morality, by which we may follow present acts to their future consequences. To explain this by the case before us; Simeon fell back seriously from his religious state, and afterwards had troubles of mind—yet he ascribes those troubles, not to their proper cause, but to doctrinal misconceptions of saving faith.

To proceed, however, with the events of his life. In 1782, he was ordained by the Bishop of Ely, and began his ministry in St. Edward's Church, (in good old Latimer's pulpit,) serving that parish for Mr. Atkinson, during the long vacation. Simeon marked out his line boldly from the first; in his memoir he states that he had serious thoughts of putting an advertisement, to the following effect, into the papers, for his first curacy. 'That a young Clergyman who felt himself an undone sinner, and looked to the Lord Jesus Christ alone for salvation, and desired to live only to make known that Saviour unto others, was persuaded that there must be some persons in the world whose views and feelings on this subject accorded with his own, though he had now lived three years without so much as finding one; and that if there were any *minister* of that description, he would gladly become his curate, and serve him gratis.' This intended advertisement is too obvious in its wording to require any comments. It is curiously typical of his whole ministerial life; a strong and earnest appreciation of *one* doctrine of Christianity, together with great disinterestedness as regards preferment, but all this

sadly spoiled by gross egotism and pharisaical self-complacency. Beginning his ministry with such views, and with such zeal, he was not long in developing his idea of the office, and in gaining his position in the religious world.

'The Rev. M. M. Preston, in his "Memoranda" of Mr. Simeon, has recorded an incident which may be noticed here:—

"The very first day of his public ministrations was marked by an occurrence of a remarkable character. In returning from the church through the thoroughfare called St. Edward's Passage, his attention was arrested by the loud wrangling of a man and his wife. The door being open, he entered the house, and earnestly expostulated with them on the sin of absenting themselves unnecessarily from the House of God, and disturbing, by such unseemly conduct, those who had been there. He then knelt down to pray for them; and persons passing by, attracted by the novelty of the scene, gradually collected, till the room was full. It was not likely that such zeal in a young man of his station should long remain unnoticed."

'His character and conduct are described at the time by his revered friend, the Rev. H. Venn, in the following letter to the Rev. J. Stillingfleet:—

"October 9, 1782.

"On Trinity Sunday was ordained Mr. Simeon, Fellow of King's College. Before that day he never was in company with an earnest Christian. Soon after, he was visited by Mr. H. Jowett, and my son, and two or three more. In less than seventeen Sundays, by preaching for Mr. Atkinson in a church at Cambridge, he filled it with hearers—a thing unknown there for near a century. He has been over to see me six times within the last three months: he is calculated for great usefulness, and is full of faith and love. My soul is always the better for his visits. Oh, to flame as he does with zeal, and yet be beautified with meekness! The day he was a substitute for Mr. Atkinson he began to visit the parishioners from house to house. Full of philanthropy was his address: 'I am come to inquire after your welfare. Are you happy?' His evident regard for their good disarmed them of their bitterness; and it is amazing what success he has met with."—Pp. 26, 27.

At the end of the year 1782, Simeon was appointed to the living of Trinity Church, which was the scene of his labours for fifty-four years, till his death in 1836. He entered on this charge under no favourable circumstances, and there is much in the treatment he met with from his parishioners, which claims our sympathy. The living was in the gift of the Bishop of Ely, to whom Simeon's father applied on his son's behalf. The parishioners, however, petitioned for their curate, Mr. Hammond, and they themselves appointed him to the lectureship. This gave Simeon some perplexity of mind, which was finally relieved by the Bishop's assurance, that even if he did not accept the living, Mr. Hammond should not be appointed. He then began his ministry under the greatest possible disadvantage; for years even, the spirit of hostility against him was unabated. Pews were locked up, and he had to erect forms in the aisles of the church, but even these were pulled down by the Churchwardens. He then established an evening service, but the

Churchwardens kept the keys: on one occasion he got a smith to open the doors, but he did not think it expedient to persist under such circumstances. He was thus excluded from his own church with the exception of the morning service, for the lecturer preached in the afternoon; and this laid the foundation for some irregular meetings in the parish, where he expounded and performed services that gave a sectarian character to his ministry generally; a practice which caused him some trouble in after years. In all these parish quarrels, it is observable that Simeon's concessions were all on the side of the Church system and the rights of his office: for instance, he gave up the Church's right of having the pews open (though perfectly aware that those who locked them up were acting illegally), and he gave up his own right to perform services in the church at proper hours, but he did not give up preaching; he so strongly felt that to be the main purpose of his office, that all other things were matters of comparative indifference, and therefore might be conceded, so long as he could meet his own peculiar congregation somewhere or other. It was not till the year 1790 that he succeeded in establishing an evening service; and even then he was much disturbed by all manner of outrages and disorderly conduct.

'There was one particular instance, in which a degree of severity on my part was attended with the happiest effects. Two young men, now blessed servants of the Most High God, came into my church in a most disorderly way: and, as usual, I fixed my eyes upon them with sternness, indicative of my displeasure. One of them was abashed; but the other, the only one that ever was daring enough to withstand my eye, looked at me again with undaunted, not to say with impious confidence, refusing to be ashamed. I sent for him the next morning, and represented to him the extreme impiety of his conduct, contrasting it with that of those who were less hardened; and warning him *Whom* it was that he thus daringly defied ("He that despiseth you, despiseth me; and he that despiseth me, despiseth him that sent me"); and I enjoined him never to come into that church again, unless he came in a very different spirit. To my surprise, I saw him there again the following Sunday, but with a more modest countenance: and from that time he continued to come, till it pleased God to open his eyes and to lead him into the full knowledge of the Gospel of Christ; and in a year or two afterwards he became a preacher of that faith which he once had despised.

'Besides these difficulties from the University, I have at times found interruptions from the town also; who, seeing the conduct of the gownsmen, have been but too ready to follow their example. But with these it was easy enough to cope. The laws of the land upheld me in reference to them (the University men were amenable only to their own statutes, and punishable only in their own court), and those I put in force on several occasions, at least so far as to make the offenders beg pardon in the public papers, and give a sum of money to be distributed to the poor of my parish in bread. On one occasion (Nov. 1810) when a captain in a volunteer corps and a banker of — had disturbed the congregation and refused to humble himself for his offence, I committed him to the public jail, and confined him there two days and nights; and would have proceeded to the full extent of the law, if he had not at last relented

and begged pardon for his fault. In matters of a personal nature, I thank God, I am not conscious of having in any instance been vindictive; but in the cause of God I have ever felt, and do still feel it my indispensable duty to be firm.'—Pp. 92, 93.

In 1794 Simeon was chosen Lecturer of Trinity Church without opposition. Having thus three full services, he invited Mr. Thomason to become his assistant, and 'procured the curacy of Stapleford, in which he might minister in the morning, and I in the afternoon, as I thought it unprofitable for one minister to labour three times a day in the same church.' He did not, however, give up his prayer meetings. He defends the system with apparent justness, but he was himself a warning of the sectarian spirit they encourage. We will first see what he says of such meetings, and then pass on to their consequences in his own case.

'Were the Bishops acquainted with the ministers who are called Evangelical, they would soon see the importance, yea, and the absolute necessity, of such meetings, not merely for the edification of the people, *but chiefly for the preservation of the Established Church*. The Dissenters in general, and the Methodists in particular, have such meetings; and they are found to be of the highest utility for the cultivation of mutual love, and for the keeping of their respective members in one compact body. Where nothing of that kind is established, the members of any Church are only as a rope of sand, and may easily be scattered with every wind of doctrine, or drawn aside by any proselyting sectary. What influence can a minister maintain over his people, if he does not foster them as a brood under his wings? As to the idea of such meetings being contrary to our obligations as ministers of the Establishment, let any one read the Bishop's Charge to the Priests in the Ordination Service, and say, whether a Clergyman can fulfil his duties without them? I am well persuaded he cannot; and experience proves that wherever there is an efficient ministry in the Church without somewhat of a similar superintendence, the Clergyman beats the bush, and the Dissenters catch the game: whereas, where such a superintendence is maintained, the people are united as an army with banners. This has been the case in Cambridge to an extraordinary degree; for in the thirty years that I have ministered at Trinity Church, the Dissenters have not (as far as I recollect) drawn away three whom I was not glad to get rid of. It has only been the refuse, who have first lost all simplicity of mind, if not wholly departed from God, that they have been able to steal from me.'—Pp. 138, 139.

Though these may not have openly joined dissenting bodies, yet they became quite unmanageable, as his own account of a disturbance in the parish in the year 1811 fully proves. It seems that in that year there was a great agitation both in the parish and among the heads of houses in the University, about a prayer meeting which he held apparently on rather a large scale. This impressed on him the necessity of circumspection, and he determined to divide the large meeting into several small ones, in order to retain a more private character to these assemblies. This measure they utterly repudiated. The whole passage of his memoir which records their opposition, is far too

long for extraction; but a few sentences here and there are sufficient by which to gather the substance of the rest.

'This state of things I communicated in general terms to my people. I told them, that there were some circumstances existing, which rendered it absolutely and indispensably necessary for them to meet in three or four smaller parties at each other's houses, instead of meeting in so great a number at that one room. I told them, that, notwithstanding I had long seen, and lamented, the state of mind to which many of them had been brought by means of that room, (for instead of merely reading the Scripture and praying, they had become expounders of Scripture, and preachers; and, instead of confining the assembly to those who had been united to my Societies, they had extended it to others, and made the place really and truly a conventicle, in the eye of the law; and instead of retaining their original simplicity, many of them were filled with a high conceit of their own attainments, and with a contempt for their authorized instructors;) I could appeal to them, that I had been utterly averse to exercise authority in relation to it; but now circumstances had arisen, that would render their meeting altogether destructive to my ministry.

'Instead of acquiescing in my wishes, as I fondly hoped they would, they declared that they would not consent to change their place and mode of meeting: they even said, that I was giving way to the fear of man, and dissembling with God; and that, as God had commanded his people not to forsake the assembling themselves together, they would do it in spite of me. . . . But all this was in vain. They would not believe that any sufficient cause for the alteration existed. I told them that it was not possible for me to state to them all the circumstances which operated on my mind; but that I thought, after I had refused for their sakes the best Living that my College could give me, and had spent my whole life in their service, and had never on any occasion shown the smallest disposition either to fear for myself, or to lord it over them, in the course of thirty years, they might well give me credit for having just grounds of action, when I solemnly appealed to God for the existence of them. . . . Finding that they were immovable, I told them that they must either adopt my plan, or separate from me. . . . All this, and much more, availed little; they did not choose to leave my church, and yet determined to go on in their own ways. I told them therefore, that if that was their determination, I could not keep them from my church, but I must keep them from attending at the Communion there. They then denied my right to do so; and declared that they would come to the Sacrament in spite of me; saying, that it was not *my* table but the *Lord's*, and that it was open to all; and they would come.

'That I might shew all long-suffering towards them, I told them that I would not refuse it to any one the first time, but would administer it, and afterwards warn the individual not to come again; that so they might have time to consider their ways, and to repent of the horrid impiety of coming to the Lord's table in such a way. During all this time I laboured night and day, both in public and private, and frequently with tears, to shew them the evil of the spirit they indulged; (for in truth they knew not what spirit they were of;) I separated those who were of a better mind; and then, instead of casting the others out of my Societies, I asked them, individually, how long a time they would wish for to make up their minds. Some wished for time; and others did not: but that I might in no instance deal hastily, I gave them all six months.

'During the whole of that time they proceeded in their own way: and at the end of that time I found the most of them as obstinate as ever: and therefore I still prolonged the time for consideration from month to month, till a whole year had elapsed. I then appealed to them, Whether I had not waited long

enough? and whether there was anything which a human being could do, which I had not done, to bring them to a better mind? Having constrained every one of them to make these acknowledgements, and to confess that it was time for me to proceed, I did desire several to withdraw from my Societies.'—Pp. 332—338.

From this time no continuous narrative of Simeon's life is attempted: his own correspondence fills up the gap till his death. He does not appear to have been much more troubled with parish annoyances; and his letters are chiefly occupied with matters which relate to a more enlarged sphere of influence. One curious passage, however, throws some light on his own intentions with regard to parochial duty, and also on the different results which Providence had prepared for him. The peculiar notion of special providence here implied will be considered further on.

'Fourteen years ago, through the excess of my exertions, my voice entirely failed me, so that I was necessitated to suspend my labours for several months. On that occasion, I felt it my duty to humble myself before God, and in earnest prayer to seek the reason of the dispensation. And I think that God, in answer to my prayer, revealed it to me. I had often thought with a kind of complacency, that as I had for many years accumulated, and was continuing daily to amass a great stock of Sermons upon the finest portions of Scripture, I should, if my life should be spared to attain the age of sixty, have a fund to go to, and be able to prosecute my work with more ease, at a time when I might expect my strength, according to the course of nature, to be diminished. My dear friend, old Mr. Venn, had suspended his labours entirely at that period of life: and I thought that I also, if spared till then, might be *miles emeritus*. This now appeared to me extremely wrong; and it seemed as if God in this dispensation said to me, "Well, if you look forward with complacency to a relaxation from labour in my service at that period, you shall have it now, and be altogether disabled from serving me at all." I now saw that I had sinned in entertaining such a thought, and I determined, through grace, that whatever measure of strength God should see fit to allot to me in future life, I would spend it for Him; and that whether my days should be more or less protracted, I would, like Mr. Newton, Mr. Romaine, and Mr. Wesley, die in harness.

'During the space of thirteen years, I had used all proper means for the restoration of my strength, but in vain: and so weak was I, that I could preach only once in the day, and *that* with a very slender voice; and after preaching I was always so reduced, as to be more like one dead than alive: nor could I during that period keep up conversation, except in a whisper; and then only for a short time.'—Pp. 537, 538.

He then relates, that during a tour in Scotland, at the age of sixty, his voice was restored to its former strength; and concludes:—

'I do not approve of fancying myself more an object of God's special care and favour than other people, and much less of recording any such conceit; (though I am not insensible of what the Scriptures teach us both to expect and acknowledge;) but this particular interposition of the Divine goodness I think I ought to see and acknowledge; and I conceive that any one, who duly con-

siders the foregoing statement, will see that there is *dignus vindice nodus*; and that not to see the hand of God in this mercy would be the basest ingratitude.—P. 539.

No small portion of his time was spent in travelling about the country preaching, and being present at meetings, either for the Bible Society or the Jews' Missionary Society. His great affection for these societies will indeed require special notice; at present we will only give an example of the kind of way in which he held progresses through the country.

' Mr. Simeon once visited Mr. Fletcher, at Madely, and the account he gives of his visit is truly delightful. As soon as he entered his house, and told him that he was come to see him, as his journey lay that way, Mr. Fletcher took him by the hand, and brought him into the parlour, where they spent a few minutes in prayer, that a blessing might rest upon his visit. As soon as they had done prayer, Mr. Fletcher asked him if he would preach for him. After some hesitation Mr. Simeon complied; and away they went to church. Here Mr. Fletcher took up a bell, and went through the whole village ringing it, and telling every person he met, that they must come to church, for there was a clergyman from Cambridge come to preach to them. The account which Mr. Simeon gives of his behaviour, during the whole of his visit, gives one an equal idea of his goodness and zeal for the cause of God. He came to a smith's shop, in the course of one of their walks together during the period, and could not forbear entering it. And here it is astonishing how he spoke to the several persons who were labouring in it. To one of them, who was hammering upon the anvil, "Oh," says he, "pray to God that he may hammer that hard heart of yours." To another, that was heating the iron, "Ah, thus it is that God tries his people in the furnace of affliction." And so he went round, giving to every one a portion suitable to the business in which he was engaged. To another, when a furnace was drawing, "See, Thomas, if *you* can make such a furnace as that, think what a furnace God can make for ungodly souls."—P. 99.

' 30th.—To Fort Augustus. The minister is a missionary upon the king's bounty establishment. He is an amiable man, and cordially acquiesced in the idea of my preaching in his church the next morning, as did also the Governor. The hour was fixed for nine: and the Governor not only ordered the whole garrison to attend, but purely of his own mind ordered a drummer to go through the village with a drum, and give notice of the sermon; he himself with the other officers attended. I suppose there were at least 300: and God was peculiarly present with us.

' 31st.—To Fort William. Here a Mr. Orde, who is a schoolmaster, and who preaches at Fort William one Sunday in three, asked me to preach, which I did the next morning to about 300. He sent the crier round the town with a bell in the evening, and in the morning, and at the hour of service. I had not any comfort in the sermon, for I had no opportunity for retirement.'—P. 156.

With regard to communion with the Scotch Presbyterian Establishment, he was not much disturbed by episcopal feelings; indeed he avows an utter indifference on the subject.

' In the year 1796, a Scotch minister, whom I think it one of the greatest blessings of my life ever to have known,—Dr. W. Buchanan of Edinburgh,—was introduced to me; and I went with him to Edinburgh and through (the Highlands, and again in 1798 to) Inverness and Tain; and from thence through

Ross-shire to the Hebrides, and back through Glasgow, &c. In almost all the places that we went to I preached; and I established a lecture in Edinburgh which has been continued ever since. Except when I preached in episcopal chapels, I officiated precisely as they do in the Kirk of Scotland: and I did so upon this principle; Presbyterianism is as much the established religion in North Britain, as Episcopacy is in the South: there being no difference between them, except in Church-government. As an episcopalian, therefore, I preached in episcopal chapels; and as a member of the Established Church, I preached in the presbyterian churches; and I felt myself the more warranted to do this, because, if the king, who is the head of the establishment in both countries, were in Scotland, he would of necessity attend at a presbyterian church there, as he does at an episcopalian church here: and I look upon it as an incontrovertible position, that where the king *must* attend a clergyman *may* preach. I was informed indeed that Archbishop Usher had preached in the Kirk of Scotland; and I know that some very high churchmen had done so; but without laying any stress on precedents, I repeat, that where the king and his court must attend a clergyman may preach.—Pp. 112, 113.

The following extracts, again, from his diary in Scotland, show how completely he threw himself into the system he found about him, without even an allusion to any radical inferiority of doctrine or discipline between the Scotch and his own Church, of which he professed himself such an ardent admirer. We think that, on one occasion, his mind might have taken a lesson from his body, of the unsuitableness of the services he was taking part in. It is satisfactory, however, to hear of a man, who was so fond of preaching himself, having a good opportunity of knowing by experience that there may be too much, even of such good things as the sermons he then heard.

‘Saturday, 18th.—This being the day before the Sacrament, there were two sermons in succession, one by Mr. Robinson, on 1 Cor. xv. 4. He has a good voice, and on the whole is a good preacher; but I was heavy. Mr. Campbell succeeded him, and preached on Matt. xxvi. “Let this cup pass.” The sermon was admirable, but too long. The former had been an hour and a quarter, besides prayer and singing; and this was an hour and a half. Had I been fresh and lively I should greatly have enjoyed this excellent sermon; but I had no ears to hear; the length of the service wearied me exceedingly. Nor was I singular; the whole congregation were much like myself; many were asleep, and all the rest had a stupid unmeaning stare, that evidenced them to be altogether unmoved by the precious things that were spoken. After Mr. C. had finished, Mr. Sheriff, the minister of St. Ninian’s, went up, and (as they call it) gave directions respecting the time and manner of administering the Sacrament next day. To this he added a word of exhortation, which would probably have been three quarters of an hour more, had not Mr. C. desired him to be short. The whole service continued about four hours and a quarter. The last address, being short and affectionate, seemed to arouse the congregation out of their lethargy; and indeed it was more to me than all the rest. I would not, however, subject myself willingly to such another season of fatigue. I walked home alone by choice, and met numbers coming to the Sacrament, which, as I understood, lasted till about eight in the evening. They had about 1,000 communicants—a fresh exhortation to every table—and a sermon to conclude. They who could stay there from beginning to end, with any profit to their souls, must be made of different materials from me.’—Pp. 119, 120.

In a letter written July, 1815, we see the inordinate importance he attaches to his own preaching, during the progresses he made through the country.

“From thence I went to Frome, a large manufacturing town in Somersetshire; and preached there twice in one day. I had engaged the Curate to preach in the evening, if I should be unable to take a second sermon; but God strengthened me so wonderfully (I dare not use the word miraculously, but in my eyes, and in the eyes of all who knew me, the change might well bear even that term), that I preached in the morning to 2,000, and in the evening to 3,000, with all the energy of my best days, and sustained no injury whatever, notwithstanding my sermons were each an hour long.”

Having seen Simeon in his travels, we return once more to him at home. The reader, perhaps, may have heard of his weekly tea-parties. The following admirable description is an extract from a letter addressed by an attendant at these parties to Charlotte Elizabeth:—

“The report may have reached you, that Mr. Simeon was in the habit of receiving at his rooms, on Friday evenings, those Members of the University who might be desirous of profiting by his valuable instructions. Such practical or critical difficulties as had been met with during the preceding week, in the course of private study, or in social intercourse with Christian brethren, were brought by us gownsmen to the Friday evening tea-party to be pounded to Mr. Simeon: and although I fear that, in some instances, those who were present abused the privilege afforded us, and asked “foolish and vain questions,” for the purpose of displaying their own wit and cleverness of parts, and, perhaps, with the mean hope of being able to say, “I have puzzled Mr. Simeon;” yet much do I err in judgment, if many will not have occasion to praise God with eternal praises for benefits received at those important and instructive meetings.

“I must bring you, then, into Mr. Simeon’s audience-chamber, where my mind’s eye sees him seated on a high chair at the right-hand side of the fireplace. Before him are the benches, arranged for the occasion, occupied by his visitors. Even the window-recesses are furnished with seats, which, however, are usually filled the last, notwithstanding the repeated assurances of our venerated friend, somewhat humorously expressed, that he has taken special pains to make the windows air-tight, and has even put the artist’s skill to the test with a lighted candle. “I shall be very glad,” he would say, “to catch from you every cold that you catch from the draught of my windows.”

“At the entry of each gownsmen he would advance towards the opening door, with all that suavity and politeness which you know he possessed in a remarkable degree, and would cordially tender his hand, smiling and bowing with the accomplished manners of a courtier; and I assure you we deemed it no small honour to have had a hearty shake of the hand, and a kind expression of the looks from that good old man.

“If any stranger was introduced to him at these meetings, he would forthwith produce his little pocket memorandum-book, and enter, with due ceremony, the name of his new acquaintance, taking care to inquire his College, and such other matters as he deemed worthy of being registered. Sometimes, too, he would comment, in his own way, upon the name he was writing, or make some passing quaint remark, which would put us all into a good humour.

“As soon as the ceremony of introduction was concluded, Mr. Simeon would

take possession of his accustomed elevated seat, and would commence the business of the evening. I see him even now, with his hands folded upon his knees, his head turned a little to one side, his visage solemn and composed, and his whole deportment such as to command attention and respect. After a pause, he would encourage us to propose our doubts, addressing us in slow, and soft, and measured accents:—"Now,—if you have any question to ask,—I shall be happy to hear it,—and to give what assistance I can." Presently one, and then another, would venture with his interrogatories, each being emboldened by the preceding inquirer, till our backwardness and reserve were entirely removed. In the mean time, two waiters would be handing the tea to the company; a part of the entertainment which the most of us could have well dispensed with, as it somewhat interrupted the evening's proceedings; but it was most kindly provided by our dear friend, who was always very considerate of our comfort and ease.

'It is my purpose, if you will so far indulge me, to give your readers the substance of some conversations which took place in Mr. Simeon's rooms, on May 3, 1833. This was the most interesting and solemn Friday-evening meeting that I ever attended. I never saw the holy man of God more full of the spirit of his Master. His words were distilled as honey from his lips; at least they were very sweet to *my* taste; and their savour, I trust, I have still retained. On that memorable evening, such a deep sense of his own unworthiness rested upon his soul, that he was low in self-abasement before God. All his language seemed to be, "Lord, I am vile;" and his very looks spake the same."—Pp. 648—650.

We would willingly have continued the extract which gives a most animated account of the whole conversation on this occasion, but its length forbids us, and we are anxious now, according to our plan, to consider under separate heads a few points of Simeon's character and public life.

One obvious failing which obtrudes itself through all that Simeon said and did, and is most freely acknowledged by his friends, and of which he was himself perfectly conscious, was a great disposition to egotism and vanity. If this, however, had only been a disposition, we should not consider it fair ground on which to bear witness against the reputation which we are all along supposing that his friends are striving to obtain for him. All men have their natural failings, and men of energy and strong practical powers are often especially subject to some besetting fault of temper or disposition. But it is not by way of a paltry attack on the memory of one, whom we have already called a sincere and zealous Christian, that we now introduce the subject. It is rather from a strong conviction that this failing mixed so largely with all his words and actions as grievously to spoil even his best efforts in the cause of religion. In whatever he did there seems to have been a deficiency at the fountain-head, from this disposition. No sacrifice he could make, no offering he could present, no self-devotion he could bring himself to, was pure and complete. The alloy of vanity appears, we must literally say, in almost every thought, word, and deed

of his life. It may be said that perfect self-devotion cannot be expected of man, nor would we bring forward such an ideal object of comparison under ordinary circumstances; but we are talking of one whose general course of action is held up as a bright example of zeal and holiness, and therefore if we discover a manifest disposition towards egotism, which visibly influenced his public and private life, we have a right strongly to enforce it in proof of the unsound tendency of his whole system. If we perceive that all Simeon's zeal and activity had this element in it, we should naturally be cautious how the peculiarities of his manner become objects of imitation.

Simeon, as we have said, was conscious of this failing himself, as we find in such passages as the following:—

'If I could in everything commit my way unto the Lord, I should be one of the happiest creatures under heaven; but self-will, impatience, unbelief, are sad plagues to me.'

'No one could be more conscious than Mr. Simeon was of his besetting sins, or more ready to receive advice or reproof, that so he might "abstain from all appearance of evil," and "study to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." This was much noticed at the time by his most intimate friends.'—P. 73.

Again:—

'I can only say, that I wish I had been more attentive to such a line of conduct myself: because I have often found, upon reflection, that self has been gratified under the cloak of zeal, and my own will consulted, rather than the will of God.'—P. 387.

These confessions, however, do not impress us as very real, if we still find the same spirit continuing; and we hesitate not to say that it maintained an undeviating influence from the beginning to the end of his life; indeed, all his plans and all his public measures were so wound up with a certain view of self, that Simeon would not have been himself without it. The permanence, indeed, of this state of mind in him we consider to be remarkable, for it was not only the permanence of a general habit of self-complacency, but it was a long stored-up recollection of particular gratifying seasons,—a perpetually recurring pleasurable reflection on definite past traits of his own devotion of heart or spirituality of mind. The following extract from his diary is an instance, besides his continual reference to his first term at College:—

'July 5th. I administered the Lord's Supper to about twenty-five, and had a very blessed season. I never before had, for so long a continuance, such a remarkable and uninterrupted tenderness in my ministrations, as I have had during these last eight Sundays.'—P. 478.

He could talk with evident satisfaction of religious feelings

forty years before ; he could dwell on them as if he had made no farther advance in spirituality of mind, by comparison with which he was reminded of their imperfections. This peculiar self-complacency with which he refers to time past, we must say, strikes us as contrary to the Christian idea of growth in holiness, if not to the proper feeling of religious penitence. We do not therefore think much of all his own confessions ; they do not remove from one's mind the stigma which his whole manner of proceeding imposes on his memory. Egotism, with Simeon, was not an occasional outbreak of eloquent language in his own praises, but it was a radical want of humility and power of keeping himself under. We see the effect of it in his temper, in his very imperfect habits of self-denial ; for in a man of his great professions we expect some evidence of contempt for the world ; we see it also in his confident assurance of being a special instrument in the hands of Providence, and in the whole line of public duties which he marked out for himself.

Simeon's want of control over his temper produced queer scenes occasionally.

'It is of great importance that the infirmities of eminent servants of God should ever be faithfully recorded ; in order that we may learn what trials and conflicts they had to endure, and how they gained "power and strength to have victory against the devil, the world, and the flesh." Thus shall we be the more led to magnify God for his grace bestowed upon them, and at the same time derive comfort and hope for ourselves, when endeavouring to subdue our own besetting sins. Amongst other infirmities, acknowledged already at the commencement of this Memoir, it may be observed that Mr. Simeon was much tried at times by a certain irritability of temper, which was, doubtless, not a little aggravated by occasional attacks of the gout. No one, however, could be more sensible of the evil than he was himself ; and never was any one more ready to confess and deplore his failings. Occasionally these outbreaks would almost provoke a smile, from the nature of the incidents out of which they arose. The following is an instance exemplifying these traits of character. Mr. Edwards in a letter to the Editor describes the scene as he witnessed it. "You know how particular our friend was about stirring the fire ; and there was also another and greater infirmity of his, of speaking at times, as if he were very angry, about mere trifles. We were one day sitting at dinner at Mr. Hankinson's, when a servant behind him stirred the fire, in a way so *unscientific*, that Mr. S. turned round and hit the man a thump on the back, to stay his proceedings. When he was leaving me, on horseback, after the same visit, my servant had put the wrong bridle upon his horse. He was in a hurry to be gone, and his temper broke out so violently, that I ventured to give him a little humorous castigation. His cloak-bag was to follow him by coach ; so I feigned a letter in my servant's name, saying how high his character stood in the kitchen ; but that they could not understand how a gentleman, who preached and prayed so well, should be in such passions about nothing, and wear no *bridle* upon his own tongue. This I signed "John Softly," and deposited it in his cloak-bag. The hoax so far succeeded, that at first he scarcely discovered it ; but it afterwards produced these two characteristic notes."

'The first is to "John Softly :"—

“April 12, 1804.

“I most cordially thank you, my dear friend, for your kind and seasonable reproof. I feel it to be both just and necessary; and will endeavour with God's help to make a suitable improvement of it. If it do not produce its proper effects, I shall be exceedingly thankful to have a second edition of it. I trust your “precious balm will not break my head;” but I hope it will soften the spirit of your much indebted friend,

“CHAS. PROUD AND IRRITABLE.”

—Pp. 193—195.

On the ground of personal self-denial and contempt of the world, we cannot see that Simeon claims any great sanctity. He was not ambitious of living in what is popularly called style, but he was scrupulously particular about every comfort of life; as a fellow of a college we should fancy that he set an example of rather more expensive habits than are common or than it is wise to encourage. His servants are frequently mentioned, as if he had several; his coachman and his carriage also come in, incidentally, very often, and his hospitality is described as quite elegant for college rooms. The following passage, in a letter to a friend, whom he was about to visit, shows how much of his peace of mind depended on small comforts:—

“But I look on the kindness you have shewn me, as a kind of call from God to give you the preference, if you can give me a tolerably warm room to myself: having been habituated to a warm room, I feel that the want of it would take from that entire attention, which I wish to give to things that do not relate to the body. We are so much creatures of habit, that any considerable deviation from our usual modes of life unfits us for the full enjoyment of our retired hours:—a tinder-box, a little wood to kindle a fire speedily, a few roundish coals, to prevent a whole house being occupied in stirring and blowing the fire, are but small matters in themselves; but to one who rises early, and longs to serve his God without distraction, they are of some importance. Give me but a warm room, and all my wants (with the exception of a little bread and cheese) are supplied.”—P. 232.

Simeon, no doubt, showed great disinterestedness as to preferment, and, when his brother was dying, he declined to accept more of his fortune than 15,000*l.*, which sum he did not apply to his own use, but devoted entirely to religious and charitable purposes: but then he had fixed his mind before this on a college life, and if he had become possessed of a large fortune he must have resigned his fellowship. As it was, there were some doubts whether he ought not to have done so, against which he had to defend himself.

“These things are well known at present in our College (Mr. — in particular, as a counsel, examined my brother's will, wherein there is proof sufficient of these things); but at a future period they may be forgotten; and persons may wonder, that with my income I did not resign my Fellowship. The

fact is, I have not increased my own expenditure above 50*l.* a-year; nor do I consider myself as anything but a steward of my deceased brother for the poor. It is well known that, long previous to his death, I refused what was considered as the best Living of our College: and I should equally refuse anything that the King himself could offer me, that should necessitate me to give up my present situation, and especially my Church. And I write this now, that if, after my decease, it should be asked, 'Why did he not vacate his Fellowship?' my executor may have a satisfactory answer at hand. It lies in a short space:

"1st. If twice 15,000*l.* were offered me to vacate my Fellowship, I would reject it utterly.

"2d. The Legacy I have received I do not consider as mine, but as belonging to the poor and to the Lord; and I am only the steward, to whose hands it is committed.

"3d. The proof of this will be found in my refusal of any Living before, as well as since, my brother's death, and in my Account-books, wherein the disposal of this money is regularly entered.

"Witness my hand this 19th of October, 1816.

"C. SIMEON."

—Pp. 434, 435.

Now when a man gives up worldly prospects, and lives as a resident fellow of a college, he ought certainly to feel bound to make his own style of living an example of what residence at a college should be. If he wished for his carriage and his servants, we think he had better have taken a Living and resigned a position where any tendency towards expensive habits is likely to be injurious in its effects on others. His motives for not marrying do not savour much of the monastic principles of religious celibacy; they are rather those of the mere bachelor, who wishes not to enlarge his cares:—

'Mr. Simeon's own views on the subject of marriage, and his "determination to remain single," may be learned from the following extract from a memorandum made about this time:—

"What has been my language at *all times* and to *all persons*? Has it not been this?—I should hate the University above all places, as a married man; but the singular way in which I have been called to my present post, and its almost incalculable importance, forbid the thought of my now leaving it:—therefore I think I shall never marry.

"Again—in my present situation I am quite a rich man, and almost as free from care as an angel; but if I were to marry, I should instantly become a poor man (reducing my income one-half, while I doubled my expenditure):—therefore I think I shall never marry.

"Again—there are but few married people truly happy in each other in comparison of those who are unhappy; and fewer still who are truly happy in their children (one who turns out ill depriving his parents of all the comfort they might feel in the others):—therefore I think I shall never marry."

Yet with all this he refers to his college life as a giving-up of the world to no ordinary extent. In May 1823, he thus wrote to the Duchess of Beaufort. We beg the reader, by the way, to bear in mind that the period of his life when the forty-four years mentioned would commence, was his first term at college. A more

awfully presumptuous epistle we can hardly fancy. We have given to us in Scripture the words of a Pharisee under the dispensation of the law; may we not fairly consider the following extract as representing the same character under a dispensation which probes deeper into man's nature, and tests his heart and inmost spirit?—

“May 13, 1823.

“My dear Madam,—On the subject of your Grace's letter, I have always felt myself incompetent to advise those who move in the higher walks of life. I know in a measure what the blessed Word of God says in relation to our separation from the world, and I know in a measure the line of conduct that befits my own situation in life: but when I come to mark with precision the line that is to be observed in your high station, I feel, and have ever felt, myself unequal to the task. My own habits, instead of inspiring me with confidence in relation to others, only make me the more diffident. I am a man of some firmness and decision of character; and from the first moment that I set myself to seek the Lord, I gave up myself wholly to Him, and separated myself altogether from the world. I had no one to control me: my situation favoured it: the people about me had not (as far as I could see) one particle of what I judged to be the only true wisdom: and therefore I walked with Him only who had chosen and called me to be His servant. And to this hour I have ever persevered in this course: I feel, and have ever felt, that I have no talents for the world, no taste for the world, no time for the world; and therefore, except as an Ambassador from the Lord, I have had for forty-four years almost as little to do with the world, as if I had not been in the world.”—P. 582.

Again, there is decided egotism in a certain manner of presuming one's self to be a special instrument in the hands of Providence. Talking of Providence either means *very little*, or it means a great deal. If we speak of Providence only as directing the whole course of the world, it means very little to call one's self an instrument under its control; but if by Providence we mean a special interference of Heaven to bring about some immediate good, we should be very careful how we designate any measures which our own heads have suggested to us, as the instrument marked out for such high honour. We do not reprobate the idea altogether, but we suggest that caution is necessary: now Simeon is very reckless in implying that he considers himself under a special good Providence. Passages have already been extracted where this may be seen, though it is more in the general tone of all that he said and did, than in any particular expression that it discovers itself. Such passages as the following are very common:—

‘If ever God manifested (out of the Scriptures) the benefit of trusting in Him, and committing our ways to Him, I think He did it in this instance; for had my enemies succeeded, I should have been in hot water all my life by means of their wicked opposition; whereas through their extraordinary defeat, I have a prospect of carrying on the Lord's work through the remainder of my days in peace. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless His holy name!’—P. 239.

\* \* \* \* \*

'I have always been afraid of urging on any one so important a step as the going to India, lest when they have crossed the line, they should begin to doubt whether *God* sent them or *I*. This would be dreadful indeed: but I shall on this occasion speak somewhat more strongly than I have done, because the call for Ministers is so exceeding urgent, and my prospect of sending them out is so good. O that God might "thrust them out;" and then they will go to some purpose!'—P. 380.

\* \* \* \* \*

'On the Sunday I preached at St. Mary's. Such a congregation was scarcely ever seen there before. Above or below, there was scarcely room to move; and I have reason to bless my God that the attention was as great as you can conceive. I chose 1 Thess. v. 1—8 for my text, *that I might have nothing to do, but to let God Himself speak*. I can truly say, I kept back nothing that I thought would be profitable to them; and yet it pleased God to give me favour in their sight, so that all, if not edified, were pleased; and I would hope some were edified also.'—P. 376.

We pass on now to Simeon's public measures and the performance of his ministerial offices. The same egotism—the same I, I, I, of thought, word, and deed, are conspicuous everywhere. Simeon's public life was, taken as a whole, a great assumption of authority beyond what his recognised position gave him. Even from what occurs in these memoirs we gather that he partook strongly of a very common failing in these enlightened ages; viz. the disposition to feel slightly towards legal authorities, and to appoint self in the place of such incumbrances.

His letters to young clergymen show this spirit. There is a great air of authority again in the following:—

"I did suppose, from your age and deep-rooted piety, you would have been able to fill with comfort to yourself and advantage to the people that situation, which is of singular delicacy and importance; but if I am rightly informed, your own mind is uncomfortable, and your ministrations, as under such circumstances might well be expected, breathe no more of the spirit of love than before the matter was mentioned to you.

"If this be the case, and you find that you cannot adopt a different mode, it will perhaps be better that you do carry your own proposal into effect, and take a situation where you will meet with less fastidiousness on the part of your audience, and be enabled gradually to acquire a habit which will fit you for such situation at a future period."—P. 462.

It is to be expected that as Simeon was the great adviser and counsellor of a body of young clergy all over the country, he should occasionally come rather into collision with episcopal authority. His letters to the clergy on these occasions have a disagreeable and Jesuitical tone about them. On the subject of episcopal government in India, he plainly shows that he attached no intrinsically sacred character to the office.

"I confess, I have always been of the opinion, originally suggested by you and your beloved Martyn, respecting Dr. Buchanan's plan of a visible Episcopal Government among you. Power is good, if used for the Lord; but there is great danger of its not being used *for* the truth. People in authority think they must do something; and to obstruct good men and good things, is more popular than to punish neglect, or to censure lukewarmness. Our great comfort is, that

God reigneth, and that He will ultimately be glorified in men, whether they will or not. *He can not only work without them, but against them, or even by them against their own designs.*"—Pp. 425, 426.

Simeon thus despised the episcopal office in its proper quarter, but assumed episcopal functions himself. His mind was not averse to system and method; on the contrary, he was peculiarly of that turn of mind which looks for an outward machinery. Simeon, however, preferred that the machinery should be his own framing, rather than an established order of Church government—and, moreover, he preferred being in an authoritative rather than in a subordinate position. The institutions, therefore, which best suited him were the religious societies of the day. In them he found himself at the head of an organized body, untrammelled by higher powers. He revelled in them with luxurious and 'unctuous' satisfaction. May was to him 'a most blessed season:' on the 16th of this month, 1813, he thus writes to Mr. Thomason in India:—

"The whole Christian world seems stirred up, almost as you would expect it to be in the Millennium. You remember the second week in May used to be a kind of sacred season for the London Missionary Society: now the first week also is holy and devoted to many different objects; all of which I have just attended.

"Tuesday.—'The Society for Missions to Africa and the East,' together with 'The African Institution.' Mr. Dealtry preached—and such a Sermon, as to electrify the whole Congregation. It was printed *instantly*, in order to be circulated among the Members of both Houses of Parliament. It is on the subject of evangelizing India.

"Wednesday.—'The Bible Society.' Two of the Royal Dukes attended (Kent and Sussex), and the Duke of York would, if he had been able.

"Thursday.—Two Societies. That for 'the Conversion of the Jews,' and 'The Prayer Book and Homily Society.'

"Friday.—'The Jews' Society' Report. In the view of these things we are constrained to say, 'What hath God wrought!'

"I have a letter this day from Mr. Fry, saying that he expects the Bishop of London to consecrate the new chapel which is building for the 'Jews' Society' at Bethnal Green; and that the Archbishop of Canterbury has expressed regret at not having given them his countenance before. For this last society I am much interested, being one of the trustees for the Chapel. The laying of the first stone about three weeks ago was a most interesting scene. The Duke of Kent laid it; and Lord Erskine, Lord Dundas, Mr. Wilberforce, &c. assisted with a silver trowel. We hope it will be ready in about fifteen months: other buildings will afterwards be added, for the lodging and employing both the children that have been baptized, and the adults that want employment.

"A rich Jew on the Continent has been converted; and he is preaching among his brethren. He is a merchant who has five different concerns in five different cities, and from ten to twelve clerks in every one. With such influence, we cannot but hope that he may lead many to a consideration of the subject. As for the work of conversion, we know to Whom that exclusively belongs, even though 'Paul should plant or Apollos water.' This day brings me tidings of another rich Jew embracing the Christian faith. O that that whole nation might remember themselves and turn unto the Lord!"—Pp. 364, 365.

The Jews' Society, was his great favourite; a rich Jew was to

his imagination a creature of surpassing charms. The five different concerns in five different cities, with ten or twelve clerks in every one, create in his mind a grander impression than so many mitred bishops followed by their clergy. The one is part only of a dull monotonous system of Church government over which he has no control—the other is a compact *little arrangement* of which he fancies himself the Paul or Apollos, and which therefore is certain to act well.

Religious Societies, even under the best management, are liable to objections, inasmuch as they necessarily create to some extent an *imperium in imperio*, but still they are just now the order of the day, and when supported really and truly by the Church, are the instruments of great good; and ought to be liberally encouraged, on the ground of their forming a nucleus for the collection and distribution of money, according to proper rules and the general necessities of the Christian or Heathen world. The province of a religious society is simply the executive, and if once it steps out of that position,—if once it aims, as many do, at being the centre of a more comprehensive communion than the Church has conceded,—then a quite new and a very dangerous ground is taken. There is the difference between a servant and a rival. Which view Simeon took of the Jews' Society, we leave the reader to judge from the following extract, wherein he represents that Society as being a kind of seventh heaven, at which the Christian arrived after many stages of gradual advancement. We give it at length, as explanatory of other views besides the object immediately before us.

‘To the Rev. J. B. CARTWRIGHT, on the effects of Religion in its rise and progress.

“My dear Friend,

“K. C., Oct. 29, 1834.

“In compliance with the request which you made me yesterday, respecting the observations which I had offered on the preceding evening to a large number of Undergraduates, that were assembled to hear from yourself and Mr. Bickersteth an account of the work going forward through the instrumentality of the London Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, I take up my pen to give you in few words the substance of my address.

“I had expressed my gratitude to Almighty God for the great increase of attention which was visibly paid by *them* to this generally neglected subject: and I traced it to what I conceived to be its true cause, an increase of Scriptural knowledge, and of vital godliness among them.

“Religion, I observed, in its first rise in the heart, is a personal matter between God and a man's own soul. A man, desirous of obtaining mercy from God, and peace in his own conscience, reads the Scriptures in order to find out the way of salvation, and marks with special care those passages which assure him of acceptance with God through the merits and mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ. For a considerable time, it is his own eternal welfare which engrosses all his attention, and almost exclusively occupies his mind: and even the salvation of the whole world is of chief interest to him, as warranting

a hope, that he himself may be a partaker of the blessings so freely offered, and so extensively diffused.

“But, when he has obtained peace with God, then he searches the Scriptures, to find how he may adorn his holy profession, and render to the Lord according to the stupendous benefits that have been conferred upon him. He sees that LOVE in all its branches is his bounden duty, and his highest privilege; and he accordingly determines, with God’s help, to live in the most enlarged exercise of that heavenly grace. Benevolence, in all its offices, both towards the bodies and souls of men, is now cultivated by him with holy ardour; and every Society that is engaged in imparting good to man, is gladly encouraged by him. Not only are schools for the education of the poor, and hospitals for the relief of the sick, become objects of his regard, but he extends his compassion to the perishing heathen, and gladly unites with Bible Societies and Mission Societies in their efforts to spread Divine knowledge throughout the world, by the dispersion of the Holy Scriptures in all the vernacular languages of the earth, and by the labours of pious ministers.

“As religion advances in his soul, he takes deeper views of divine truth, and enters into considerations which, in the earlier stages of his career, found scarcely any place in his mind. He now enters into the character of Jehovah as displayed in the Sacred Volume, and his dispensations, both of providence and grace, as there revealed. He traces up the great work of redemption to the eternal counsels of Jehovah, and regards all its benefits, whether as conferred on himself or others, as the fruits of God’s love, manifested in Christ Jesus and ratified with the blood of the everlasting covenant. He sees that ‘covenant ordered in all things and sure;’ and looks unto God to fulfil towards him all the engagements which from eternity He entered into with His only dear Son, and founds his hopes of ultimate felicity, not only on the mercy, but on the truth and fidelity of God. He now begins to view with wonder the dealings of God with His ancient people, who from the days of Abraham to the present moment have been such remarkable objects of His care. He sees their separation from all the rest of mankind, and their wonderful preservation as a peculiar people in all ages: he sees their miraculous redemption from Egypt, their establishment in the promised land, and their final expulsion from that land for their manifold transgressions, and especially for their murder of the Messiah. Whilst he beholds them dispersed through the world as objects of universal hatred and contempt, he contemplates God’s design to restore them in due season to their former inheritance, and to a state of piety and blessedness far exceeding anything which, in their national capacity, they ever possessed. He sees further, the connexion which subsists between the restoration of that people, and the salvation of the whole Gentile world; the latter being, in the Divine purpose, the effect and consequence of the former. Here, then, his mind becomes expanded, and his heart enlarged; and a fresh unthought-of line of duty opens itself to his view. Now he desires to co-operate with God, so far as his feeble influence can extend, in the production of this great event; and he thankfully avails himself of any opportunity that is afforded him, to promote the eternal welfare of the Jews. His very love to the Gentile world strengthens this desire, and encourages him in the discharge of this grievously-neglected duty. He longs to see God’s glory advanced, and His purposes accomplished: and in his prayers, as well as in his efforts, he labours to hasten forward this glorious consummation; yea, he determines to ‘give God no rest, till he arise, and make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.’ Formerly, he thought but little of conferring benefits on this despised people; but now, seeing how nearly the honour of God and the salvation of the whole world are connected with their destinies, he accounts it his bounden duty to promote, by every means within his power, their restoration to the Divine favour. He is even astonished at himself, yes, and humbled too, that he has had such narrow and contracted views of his religious duties, in that he has passed over, as scarcely worthy of a thought, that

mysterious dispensation, which St. Paul has so clearly and fully developed in the eleventh chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, and in the contemplation of which he exclaimed, 'O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!' I say, he wonders at his own blindness and stupidity in having so overlooked that mystery, which St. Paul cautioned us 'on no account to remain ignorant of,' and at his own indifference about that people, for whom St. Paul felt such 'continual heaviness and sorrow in his heart,' that he was willing even to lay down his life for their welfare. And now he determines henceforth to redeem the time for the discharge of his duty towards them, that he may no longer subject himself to that anathema, which was denounced against the Ammonites and Moabites for not administering to the necessities of that people, who were the special objects of God's peculiar care and favour.

"Thus, as it appears to me, the reason of this sacred cause having hitherto made but small progress in the land, in comparison of some other Societies, is made clear. Religion, *in its rise*, interests us almost exclusively about *ourselves*: *in its progress*, it engages us about the welfare of *our fellow-creatures*: *in its more advanced stages*, it animates us to consult in all things, and to exalt to the utmost of our power, the *honour of our God*.

"Having now our eyes opened to see, what is so clearly revealed in the Scriptures of truth, that the restoration of God's ancient people to His favour will be an occasion 'of joy, (so to speak,) and of honour to God himself,' (Jer. xxxiii. 9,) and the means of happiness and salvation to the whole world; (compare Rom. xi. 12, 15, with Jer. xxxiii. 7—9, and Psalm cii. 13—15: 'SO the heathen shall fear thy name'); and, above all, that God's glory will be displayed by means of it with such brightness as shall perfectly eclipse all former manifestations of it, (Psalm cii. 16, with Isai. lxxv. 17, 18, and Jer. iii. 16, 17,)—we cannot but feel ourselves bound to promote this great object to the utmost of our power, and for that end to aid the efforts of the only Society in Britain that has that object in view, THE LONDON SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING OF CHRISTIANITY AMONGST THE JEWS.

"The effect of the lower degrees of knowledge and piety is already seen in the land to a considerable extent in the ways I have before described it: and I cannot but hope, that, in proportion as religion shall be deepened in the hearts of our countrymen, this all-important cause will be espoused and cherished by all ranks and orders of the community.

"I am, my dear friend, most affectionately yours,  
—Pp. 740—745. "C. SIMEON."

Under some circumstances, this rhapsody might be looked upon as so much pure nonsense, uttered in conformity with a certain licence granted to the agents of religious societies. But Simeon's whole manner of treating his favourite societies was too consistent, to allow of this interpretation. He essentially gave up the Church as the outward communion, where he looked for true sympathy of heart, and, under the pretext of religious societies, he sought for that elsewhere. This is the abuse to which societies are often liable. Our best societies of the present day, we have great satisfaction in entirely acquitting of this tendency, but for the very reason that they are quite clear of this failing, we may observe that they meet not with very zealous support from the Evangelical party. Is it not a dangerous freedom with Church principles, for a clergyman to

meet with the promiscuous company that frequent the platform of a Bible Society meeting, and then use such expressions as the following:—‘It was the most holy, heavenly meeting that I ever attended.’ ‘It was a good meeting, but not so holy as that at Bristol.’ ‘All clapping and applause were discounted, in order that nothing might diminish the solemnity of the occasion.’

In the course of travelling about preaching and attending meetings, Simeon was made a lion of by great people, and had snug conversations with ladies of rank. He describes the departure of the *profanum vulgus* from some large gathering, and his being left with the more select party. An evening at the palace at Gloucester, is thus described:—

‘After the company were gone, I conversed much and deeply with our home party: a divine unction was upon us, and I believe all were edified and comforted.

‘After dinner I had hours of conversation with the Duchess of Beaufort and Mrs. Whitmore. About thirty persons had been invited to tea: but they chose to have me to themselves; and glad should I be if I could record the conversation.’—Pp. 574—575.

We now enter on another development of Simeon’s peculiar policy. We allude to his practice of purchasing Livings to be left in the hand of trustees, for the sake of ensuring appointments of a certain kind. This was an attempt to establish a system of Church government within the Church, distinct from her discipline. Did Simeon talk of Providence with regard to himself—and did he think that Providence would forget the Church? He really seems to imagine that he was the special instrument of Providence to the neglect of the whole Church—Such a mistrust of God’s future designs, and such a grasping of perpetual influence, does this unhappy scheme of his exhibit!

He thus explains the plan he had in view:—

‘Having no family, and my Brother’s family being in good circumstances, and having suffered a legacy to be left me for the express purpose of doing that good which was in a measure lost to the world by my late Brother’s death: I have for these many years determined to devote a great part of the principal, and all the interest, to the service of our common Lord, who gave His own life a ransom for us. The object I have selected, and prosecuted for several years, has been the purchase of Livings, (which I commit immediately to Trustees in perpetuity,) that in them may be preached those doctrines which have produced so happy an effect on my soul; (you remember me a very different person at Eton from what I have been these forty-five years since I came to College). I have bought several, and for above this month past I have expected a demand of 9000*l.* for fresh purchases: and I am at this moment in treaty for two more Livings.’—Pp. 589, 590.

The tone of the possessor of patronage is discernible in the following extract from a letter:—

“From every place I have had petitions upon petitions; and for fit persons

too. But where, then, is my knowledge of persons, my judgment, and my right of patronage, and my conscience, if I too readily and without extreme vigilance comply with them? I must not only do *well*, but *the best* that I can *possibly* do; and I must spare no pains to effect this. It is on this account, that in my dying charge to my Trustees I have particularly guarded them against being influenced by *petitions for Curates*. But you will say, or rather do say, that you fear for the interests of the Church. To this I answer, I will approve myself to God in doing the best I possibly can for His Church and people; and though some, through personal attachment, may be pained at the first, they, if they have a spark of piety towards God or of gratitude to me, will soon find reason to acknowledge, that I have approved myself faithful both to God and them. How did they all bless me for not attending to their petitions (one signed by 400, and the other by 700), when I appointed Mr. —! Forty of the heads of both parties sent me an united letter of thanks, for doing for them infinitely better than they would have done for themselves. And a similar letter will in all probability be sent me on the present occasion, within six months."—Pp. 746, 747.

The charge of Simeon to his Trustees, is characteristic of the whole idea; the first paragraph we transcribe, but, as we sincerely trust its author was unconscious of what great presumption he was guilty, and how great a violation of the Third Commandment he was perpetrating, we will not analyse it.

'IN THE NAME AND IN THE PRESENCE OF ALMIGHTY GOD, I give the following Charge to all my Trustees, and to all who shall succeed them in the Trust to the remotest ages. I implore them for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and I charge them also before that adorable Saviour, who will call them into judgment for their execution of this Trust,' . . . . .

Hitherto we have worked solely on the materials collected by Mr. Carus; but we have a document before us, omitted by him, may be, from shame for his predecessor at Trinity Church, which contains a lamentable exposure of the truly *simoniacal* character of these proceedings. We reprint it from the British Magazine of May, 1836.

*'Copy of a letter from the Rev. Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, on the subject of purchasing Livings, with a view to secure a gospel ministry in the respective churches:—*

"I had got to the length of my tether, as you will readily imagine, with twenty-one Livings in my possession. But being strongly urged to purchase the Living of Bridlington, with 6,000 souls, I broke my tether, and bought it. . . . . After having purchased it, five of those who had urged me to it, knowing how ill able I was to bear the expense, sent me 100*l.* each, and two 50*l.* each, and one anonymously 40*l.*, and left me not above 140*l.* to pay. I felt this a call from God to *know nothing of tethers*, but to go to the utmost extent of my power, now that the corporation Livings are on sale. . . . Accordingly I devote to this blessed work 2,500*l.*, and I send to a variety of places this proposal:—Collect amongst you one-half, and I will give the other half; or, if three persons will subscribe three-fourths, I will give one-fourth, and the *first presentation*. Thus, on the first plan my pittance will go as far as 5,000*l.*, and on

the second plan, as far as 10,000*l*. And then I say to any persons, Help me to enlarge my pittance; because every 100*l*. will, on the first plan, be equal to 200*l*., and on the second plan to 400*l*. If I could get from others 1,000*l*., it would not spare me one penny, but would enlarge my efforts to the amount of 4,000*l*. But behold, I have begun with Derby, and (with the exception of Mr. Evans, who wishes to enlarge my sphere of operation,) I have got but 100*l*. and that is from Mr. Cope. So that I shall have to sacrifice for that one place nearly one-half of my pittance, whereas I expected that the religious people there would gladly meet me half-way. On receiving his letter I was almost ready to weep. Truly, for the most magnificent church in the county, there is only one person found to meet my offer of fixing the gospel there in perpetuity, or to give a shilling towards it, and thus all my glorious plans and prospects are defeated. . . . I had *pledged myself* to purchase the great Living at Northampton, at any price. But the vicar has written me word that the corporation intend to get, *if they can*, an Act of Parliament to enable the Bishop of Lincoln to add to it a valuable sinecure in the town; and in return for that, to have the nomination vested in him. Whether this will go forward, I do not know. If it do, my intentions with respect to it will be frustrated. But should that be the case, I have my eye upon *all the provincial towns*, to spend all I can in securing the gospel to them. . . . I have actually sent to Bath my proposals, and if they be accepted, (Bath will sell for at least 5,000*l*. having five churches under it,) I shall have my poor pittance swallowed up by that alone. I wrote thither under the full persuasion that the people of Derby would meet me half-way, instead of only giving one solitary hundred towards it. . . . What to do I know not. (All that I purchase will be committed to my Trustees, as all my twenty-two Livings are.) I think I *must* secure Derby, because of the immense importance of it. I will have four or five other places, if I can get them, and get the means of fulfilling my engagements. Pray do for me all you can with any of your friends who are able to assist you in this good cause. Any sums may be placed to my account at Smith, Payne, and Smith's, London. Oh, that there were amongst religious people more zeal for God and more love to immortal souls! In all my Livings I have no *personal interest whatever*. If I had never done more than purchase Cheltenham, I should be already well repaid for all the pains I have taken and all the labour I have expended."

One important topic in the life of Simeon we have as yet only adverted to incidentally; we allude to his preaching. The art of preaching was the chief subject of his labours; by that he gained the popularity he enjoyed in life, and on that he depended for the preservation of his name after death. All his thoughts and all his exertions tended principally to the composition and delivery of sermons. The pulpit was his throne, and when there he felt an enjoyment, that, to use his own expression, 'was a heaven upon earth.' He exalted the 'ordinance of preaching' to little less than a Sacrament. We have already seen how early in his religious life he evinced a taste in this direction, and extracts have also been introduced where he speaks, with his own peculiar and unequalled style, of his powers and his success. Passages like the following continually occur:—'Last year, during the long vacation, I took the first Epistle 'to the Thessalonians for my subject on Sunday mornings, and

'through mercy was enabled not only to enter into the spirit of 'it, but to breathe the spirit of it in my ministrations.' His letters and his conversation were always alluding to sermons past or to come. He considered his preaching such a strong point, that he staked all his reputation on it, by founding, as it were, a new school of sermons for the benefit of present and future ages. He had classes of young men to instruct in the art, and the only literary productions he has left behind him, are his sermons; enough, perhaps, for one man, it may be said, for his book of skeletons was eventually published in twenty-one thick volumes, containing the rudiments of no less than two thousand five hundred and thirty-six discourses.

Concerning Simeon's manner of delivery, Mr. Carus has not given many opportunities of judging. His own letters, however, show that an earnest and confident manner was the great secret of his power. Supreme confidence, both in the importance of the subject and also in the manner adopted to set it forth, is the foundation of rhetoric; and one great drawback to the oratorical influence of a religious preacher, is a certain diffidence, not altogether out of place, in dealing with high and sacred subjects. The best style of preaching, we should say, is where the preacher can so far throw himself into his subject and identify himself with it, as that, without being self-confident in his own talents and manner, he can make up for this deficiency by the superior position which a sacred subject gives him over what a secular one can ever impart. Simeon, however, would not seem to have been troubled with this diffidence, and he by no means lost the advantage which great confidence in the manner of stating a subject is able to give. In some passages he makes a profession of thinking only of his subject, and leaving other things to take their chance; but, by the very unreal extent to which he carries such profession, he shows how little he knew practically what he was saying. Certainly his practical advice to others was not of a kind to lead one to suppose that he let the text speak for itself, that he 'might have nothing to do.' For instance, he says:—

'Deliver your Sermons not pompously, but as a professor *ex cathedra*, and as a father in his family. To get ease, read parts of your Sermon to an ideal person (any object, as your inkstand, or candlestick), and then repeat *the same words* in a way of common oral instruction; and repeat this, till you perceive (as it were) that your ideal person clearly understands you.'—P. 685.

In fact, Simeon both practised and recommended a theatrical manner in preaching. His whole idea of a sermon led him to this: he considered the pulpit as a stage, whereon he appeared in quite a different character to what he did in his ordinary parochial ministrations, for preaching was with him a sacra-

mental rite. So just as the Church has practised intonation of voice for certain parts of the service or chanting for others,—as being departure from the common mode of using the voice suited to the divine ordinance of prayer or praise,—so Simeon adopted a theatrical style of eloquence as the peculiarity of manner suited to the ordinance of preaching. The management of his voice, and his *action*, were far more *emphatic*, we have understood, than is consistent with the idea of a sermon being a pastoral address. It is plain, therefore, that he thought of it in another light; and that, whether he acknowledged this or not, he gave a sermon a certain individuality of existence which the Church nowhere recognises. Simeon's peculiar attitudes and motions in the pulpit were, we believe, so remarkable, that they afforded subjects for the graphic pencil of more than one profane caricaturist. A poor Italian boy, who had a talent for taking off portraits with the aid of scissors and black paper, was once of malicious intent conducted to Trinity Church. In a few days certain little black figures were to be seen in several shop windows, most successfully illustrative of the bold attitudes familiar to the congregation of Simeon's church. It is even said that their popularity caused the subject of them considerable annoyance, and that his indignation was, on one occasion, somewhat hastily and disastrously vented on a harmless shopwoman, who stood aghast behind the counter, to see the wrathful preacher rudely stamping on his own little black self.

Mr. Carus regrets that the size to which his book was swelling prevents his devoting the space he had intended to Simeon's method of instructing his sermon-class in composition. We confess that, as it has been our duty to read the book, we do not sympathise in this regret. There is enough, as it is, to prove how unprofitable and how wearing his style was. He was fond of endless divisions, which utterly confuse the brain, if one attempts to understand the distinctions meant to be implied. It is not, however, difficult to perceive that Simeon's was an illogical mind. He cramped and confined his subject with an outward form of regularity in the shape of divisions, subdivisions, &c.; but it is proved on examination, that these are not logical divisions at all, but often only different words to express the same idea. The mind therefore is wearied with painful repetition under the pretence of nice and discriminating distinctions. How much better is it for the subject to divide itself naturally as it flows on; and pass to a change of application, not because it has been committed to certain binding restrictions by the rules of composition, but because it has viewed the subject in one light, and therefore it is ready to do so in another! We do not see how it is possible for a really

thoughtful mind to act with fair advantage when encumbered with sixteen divisions to start with. Surely all depth of thought would fly from such trammels, as a bird from the captivity of a cage.

'As a last lesson for good proficient, he used to take the long discussion in the *Christian Observer*, under sixteen different heads, on "Separation from the world."

'His directions then were:—

"1. Comprehend them all in one discourse.

"2. Let that discourse be so luminous and simple, that a very child may understand it, or form it from his own mind.

"3. Let it contain all the proper parts of a discourse: Exordium—Arrangement—Discussion—Application.

"4. Let every one of these sixteen heads find its place.

"5. Let not one be omitted, nor one be added.

"6. Let it be *totus, teres, atque rotundus*; and turn out of your hand as a filbert from its shell."—P. 643.

Then follow the sixteen 'Topics given for distribution.'

As a specimen of Simeon's illogical mind, we will refer to the formal rules which he gave for the composition of a sermon. He first recommends the text to be considered under three great heads:—1. Take for your subject that which you believe to 'be the mind of God in the passage. 2. Mark the character of 'the passage. 3. Mark the spirit of the passage.' In the attempt to discriminate between these three heads, the mind is utterly bewildered. We perhaps are inclined to imagine that Simeon had a peculiarly clear mind and could see distinctions which to others are imperceptible; but common sense soon comes to our relief, and convinces us that all this is utter nonsense,—that such divisions do not exist,—for each one contains the other two. A thick hazy atmosphere surrounded Simeon's mind, and cut him off from the clear distinctions of common sense and nature. He saw everything in a distorted and reflected manner. Take his own instance of the view he recommends on a particular text.

'For instance. 1 John iv. 18. "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love."

'This passage should not be treated in a common-place way of shewing, 1. What this love is; 2d. What is the fear which it casts out; and 3d. How it casts out this fear. The passage is intended to shew *the influence* of the love of God upon the soul, and to set it forth as *a test* of our attainments in true piety; and therefore the scope and intent of it should be seized as the groundwork of the division. Thus—Consider the love of God: 1. Its influence as a principle (casting out all slavish fear); and, 2. Its importance as a test; (enabling us, by means of its influence in this respect, to estimate the precise measure of our attainments.)'—P. 646.

Yet twenty-one thick volumes of skeleton sermons were put

forth by Simeon, with a no very modestly expressed idea that they would be standard helps to the clergy for ages to come. A more unfit person for such a task could hardly be imagined. The very enumeration of the objects he had in view when he published them, shows it. The brain staggers when we hear an author say that he has aimed at Unity, Continuity, Pertinency, Diversity, Fulness, Number, Conciseness, Perspicuity, Cheapness, Use, Tendency, and Effect. The two latter, however, we explain at length; for the prospects opened out are too grand to make concealment justifiable.

‘11. *Tendency.*

- ‘1. To raise the tone of preaching throughout the land.
- ‘2. To promote a candid, liberal, and consistent mode of explaining the Scriptures.
- ‘3. *To weaken at least, if not eradicate, the disputes about Calvinism and Arminianism; and thus to recommend, to the utmost of my power, the unhampered liberality of the Church of England.*

‘12. *Effect.*

- ‘1. To impart to young Ministers a clear view of the Gospel.
- ‘2. To help them to an inward experience of it in their own souls.’

—P. 719.

The whole undertaking, we have perfect confidence in saying, is now acknowledged to be a complete failure, as such a fabric of egotism and presumption must ever be.

We would now say a few, and only a few words on Simeon's doctrinal theology. From extracts already introduced, the reader will have formed a tolerably correct notion of his opinions; on this ground, therefore, but little now need be said; also neither space nor inclination allow us to make this an opportunity of entering on abstract theological questions.

Dogmatical theology was a subject on which Simeon never felt at home. He never has any flow or ease, when compelled to make a statement of his views. But one question ever seems to have occurred to him as of sufficient importance to claim any expression of opinion. This was the controversy between the doctrines of Calvin and Arminius, and this he avoided as much as possible; sometimes on the plea of hating controversy, though he is strong enough in condemning those who hold other views than his own. When, however, he did express any opinions in a formal manner, we see at once two things: first, that he does not in the least comprehend the subject he is about, and secondly, that he is writing in a slippery, unreal manner, as men at the head of a party are apt to do, that they may gain all sides. Thus Simeon often tried to make it appear that there was no real contradiction between Calvinism and Arminianism, and moreover that he had found out the magic wand which reconciled these antagonist principles.

"There is amongst the Prelates of Ireland an augmented prejudice against the truth. The Primate and the Archbishop of Dublin have withdrawn, and others with them, from the Bible Society and all the Religious Societies. It appeared to me, therefore, that, through the Divine blessing, I might do good by going there. The bugbear in their minds is Calvinism; by which term they designate all vital religion. You well know that, though strongly Calvinistic in some respects, I am as strongly Arminian in others. I am free from all the trammels of human systems; and can pronounce every part of God's blessed Word, *ore rotundo*, mincing nothing, and fearing nothing. Perhaps too I may say, that, from having published sixteen volumes, and preached for forty years in Cambridge, I may be supposed to give a pretty just picture of the state of Evangelical Religion, such as it really is. On this account I hoped, that however insignificant in myself, I might be an instrument of good: more especially, because in the last year I sent to every Prelate there my Sermons on the Conversion of the Jews."—P. 563.

Again:—

"Here were two extremes; observing days, eating meats, &c.—'Paul, how do you move? In the mean way?' 'No.'—'To one extreme?' 'No.'—'How then?' 'To both extremes in their turn, as occasion requires.'

"Here are two other extremes, Calvinism and Arminianism, (for you need not be told how long Calvin and Arminius lived before St. Paul). 'How do you move in reference to these, Paul? In a golden mean?' 'No.'—'To one extreme?' 'No.'—'How then?' 'To both extremes: to-day I am a strong Calvinist; to-morrow a strong Arminian.'—'Well, well, Paul, I see thou art beside thyself: go to Aristotle, and learn the golden mean.'"—P. 600.

This manner of speaking, however, was simply to get all fish into his net. We believe that he had no head for deep theological questions, but still he must have been conscious that a discussion which had so stirred up the Church had some reality in it. Occasionally also we plainly see on which side his heart was.

"You should unite the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove. What can you say more Calvinistic than I have said in my letter to you? But I have stated it so, that your subtle foe may not have ground of accusation against you. Perhaps you think I have trimmed: perhaps your dear wife may think so too; but the more you consider my Preface, the more will you, I think, be disposed to acknowledge, that my views are truly scriptural, and at the same time more calculated to unite men of real piety, than the partial statements of either party."—Pp. 421, 422.

The Preface of his 'Helps to Composition' is a doctrinal statement on which Simeon always rested his orthodoxy. Having once penned this he rested on his oars, and, when called on, simply referred to 'the Preface:' over and over again is 'the Preface' pointed to. Such a device was, no doubt, most successful; for if the inquirer waited to renew his questioning till he understood this manifesto and saw its consistency, he would be long enough in troubling its author again. Yet Simeon had views of doctrine, for he invented a special vocabulary, whereby to express the intricacies of his own acute perception. But

what were the intricacies he dwelt on, for it was his great profession to be plain and simple? The explanation of this appears to be in his distorted efforts to embrace all doctrines under the wings of his own Calvinistic notions. He wished to acknowledge every doctrine that has apparent good in it; but he tried to view it through the atmosphere of Calvinism. Deeper men of his own school have seen that such a union is impossible, and therefore have been more avowed in their principles; but Simeon never could fully comprehend a system of theology so as to discover that a certain set of views hang naturally together, and that there is a consistency in Calvinism as well as in Catholicism. The errors of Calvinism are not so much in details as in the first committal to a certain system. This done, all the rest follows of itself. But Simeon never saw the true connexion between one thing and another; he imagined he might hold isolated doctrines apart from any system, and it was in the attempt to reconcile the contradictory elements of his creed that he had recourse to a vague and unintelligible phraseology. But what object can be gained by further examination into the theological views of Simeon? Read his interpretation of the word *renatus*:—

“Your question about *renatus*, I can only answer by saying, that under God, I owe everything to Provost Cooke. I see you full of utter amazement: ‘Pray explain yourself,’ I hear you say. I will in few words. On the 29th of January, 79, I came to College. On February 2d I understood that, at division of Term, I MUST attend the Lord’s Supper. *The Provost absolutely required it.* Conscience told me, that Satan was as fit to go there, as I; and that if I MUST go, I MUST repent, and turn to God, unless I chose to eat and drink my own damnation. From that day I never ceased to mourn and pray, till I obtained progressive manifestations of God’s mercy in Christ in the Easter Week, and perfect peace on Easter Day, April 4th.

“Thus you see, that under God I owe all to Dr. Cooke. Howbeit he meant not so, neither did his heart think so. But to specify *the day* that I was *renatus*, is beyond my power. You have *the season*.”—Pp. 710, 711.

We come now to the close of Simeon’s life. On attaining the fiftieth year of his residence in the University, and also of his connexion with Trinity Church, he kept solemn Jubilees in commemoration, of course, of the great services he had rendered to the University and parish. The suggestion, however, came from himself, and the whole thing was managed by himself. They lasted a whole week: we extract from his diary the account of three days on the latter occasion.

“On Tuesday, at half-past 10, about thirty-two assembled. I opened the meeting with observations (as on a similar occasion before) founded on the fact that the *Jubilee* was always at the close of the day of atonement; the services of which day prepared those *who had received* deliverance from spiritual judgments, to set others at liberty and restore their inheritances, and those who

were now liberated and restored, to appreciate and improve their mercies aright. Thus our Jubilee arose out of, and was a continuation of our previous humiliation, which I desired to pervade all our services, and all our enjoyments. I prayed with tears. Mr. Sargent followed in a way of humiliation. Mr. Bickerseth followed admirably in behalf of Missions. We then retired for the luncheon; and met again at 2 till 4; which time was occupied in a similar way, by Mr. Hankinson and other brethren.

Then twelve of the residents went home to dinner, and I entertained twenty. About six of the others came back to tea, and we spent the evening, till past 9, in discussion.

Wednesday was wholly occupied in most profitable discussions and prayer from 11 to 1; and from 2 to 4. Lunch and dinner as before, and evening as before. Mr. Jowett's closing prayer will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Marsh gave his views of the reign of Christ, greatly moderated and softened. There would be no controversy if the prophetic people were all like him.

Thursday was spent, till dinner-time, as Tuesday had been, in the word and prayer only.

But behold, to my utter surprise, my dear (Clerical) brethren presented me with an elegant inkstand. This quite overcame me. I could speak only by silence and tears, from a sense of God's unmerited and unbounded love towards me. As there was to be Church-service at half-past 6, all except a few dined with me; Mr. Cunningham preached on the very same text that I myself had taken on Monday. We then separated, after a season such as no one of us had ever seen before.—Pp. 708, 709.

Death-bed scenes and the speeches of dying men are things which ought to be referred to with great gentleness and consideration; but yet we have great faith in 'the ruling passion strong in death.' The composition of sermons was an instance of this principle in Simeon.

During the greater part of Thursday, (Oct. 27,) his whole mind seemed absorbed in perfecting a scheme for four Sermons upon his favourite passage in Eph. iii. 18, 19, "That you may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled with all the fulness of God." His thoughts had early been employed upon the subject, and before I arrived he had dictated the outlines of the four Sermons under the following heads:—P. 813.

His dread of a death-bed scene was excessive; a feature we do not altogether understand in him; for he had been accustomed to the presence of friends on devotional occasions all his life, and a death-bed is a natural place for such presence. Did his consciousness involuntarily associate artificiality with religious scenes? We will not speculate, however, but only narrate. After there had been an alarm that he was dying, which caused his attendants to send for several persons into his room, he thus expresses his annoyance:—"Now I was much hurt at the scene last night: a 'scene!—a death-bed scene I abhor, from my inmost soul.—No!"

"Now bring some paper, and write something down for me directly." Then, in a very serious and deliberate manner, he dictated the following:—"If anything laudatory be mentioned before the University by Dr. Dealtry, about me, or about my Sermons, I entreat from my inmost soul that I may not have it

repeated to me: let me go to heaven as the *vilest sinner in the universe*. So far as respects myself, let me not know there is such a person existing as Charles Simeon; on no account, if any remarks are made, let them be uttered before me. *Satan himself could not be a greater curse to me, than the person who would dare to breathe a word upon that subject commendatory of me, or anything I have ever done. They would be a curse to be, whoever they are. Persons so acting are doing the devil's work, and it is frightful to me. I feel, if I could be pleased with it, it would be damnation to me.*"—Pp. 816, 817.

### His death-bed devotions take a simply contemplative turn.

"Yes," said he, "it is to the *principles* I look. It is upon the *broad, grand principles* of the Gospel that I repose—it is not upon any particular promise here or there—any little portions of the word, which some people seem to take comfort from; but I wish to look at the *grand whole*—at the vast scheme of redemption as from eternity to eternity. . . . Indeed, to say the truth, what may be called my spiritual exercises have lately been at rather a low ebb; and I may make another confession to *you*, (smiling,) my *bodily* exercises also of late have been at a low ebb." I observed, "Very probably the one may have been partly the cause of the other."

"Yes," he continued; "but however that may be, I wish to point out *this* distinction in my case—that I am not solicitous so much about *this* feeling or *that*, or *this* state or *that*, as upon keeping before me the grand purposes of Jehovah from eternity to eternity."—Pp. 811, 812.

Throughout the long account which is given of his last illness from the beginning of October to the 13th of November, when he died, there is one striking omission, which we must hope is but accidental. It is never mentioned that he received or alluded to the Holy Communion. The composition of sermons, Jews' Societies, and addresses to Undergraduates, were running in his head for days together, but the Church's consolations are never spoken of. One more extract from this period we now give, in connexion or not, as the reader may think fit, with the mention just made regarding that Sacrament. The following scene is, to say the least of it, a dangerous playing with sacred ideas and a most sacred text of Scripture:—

"The next day, Friday, (November 4,) when I went to him in the evening, he was on the point of taking a little wine, which had just been prescribed for him. It so happened that having had a present of a small quantity of *Lachrymæ Christi*, which he much valued as a token of the donor's regard, some of this had been brought out for him on the present occasion. Never shall we forget his countenance and manner, as we offered him a little of this wine in a glass, after we had raised him up and supported his back with the pillows. Stretching forth his feeble and withered hands in the attitude of reverential and earnest prayer, he began, in the most affecting manner, to invoke a blessing on all present—"May all the blessings which my adorable Saviour purchased for me with His *tears*—yea, even His own precious life-blood—be now given to me to enjoy—and to my two dearest friends, Sir Richard and Mr. C—, and my two dear nurses—and to that dear friend who gave me this wine—that they may enjoy the same in time and eternity." He then just tasted the wine; and turning to me most affectionately said, "And you take some—and *you* also," looking to his nephew. He seemed rather exhausted with the effort; but when we had gently laid him down again, he began to speak of the pleasure he had

felt, in the circumstance of this wine in particular having been brought to him on such an occasion. He then desired the remainder of it to be sent immediately to the friend from whom he had received it, with a label bearing this inscription—"To G. C. H. Esq., with kindest and devoutest wishes for his happiness in time and eternity." Afterwards, referring to what had passed, he observed, "There! I shall drink no more of *that wine*, until I drink it *new* (this word he uttered in a peculiarly significant tone) with my Redeemer in His kingdom."—Pp. 820, 821.

If, by way of summing up, we were required to describe Simeon's whole character in one word, we should at once fix on the word 'artificial.' There is a tone of effort and of display running through all that he said or did. His outward manners were strikingly artificial—his inward thoughts were the same. He preferred throwing his energies into an artificial system of religion, to following the Church as his guide; and on doctrinal points he dwelt on an inconsistent amalgamation of views, which proved that he did not see deep into the tendency of any. Thus religion with him dealt with little more than the outside of human nature—that part of it which lies under the control of the artificial principle. His system probes but skin deep; it creates religious sentiment, religious language: it does not go near the heart: from one end of the book before us to the other, we have not met with one idea that goes below the very surface of human nature, and we would say, of human intellect. We never feel that Simeon has hold of the real creature *man*. He has not the remotest consciousness of the wonderful analogy between the Gospel he so strove to preach and the being to whom it is preached. All depth of reasoning, all profound meditation, were to him 'scholastic subtleties,' injurious to true religion, though he himself adopted subtleties of thought beyond the comprehension of all ordinary mortals, in order to fabricate an artificial divinity of his own, which suited his own views—subtleties as unfitted to supply the necessities, as they are to elevate the spiritual perception of the creature he had to deal with. All this, however, follows as a natural sequence from the degradation of human nature which Calvinism teaches. Man's best powers are despised, and a mere shadow of him is recognised by Calvinistic preachers, little more than the ink-stand which Simeon recommends his pupils to address by way of practice. We can feel no sympathy with such teaching, for it is itself artificial, and supposes us to be artificial also.

To return, then, to our original position. It is needless for us to add, after the remarks which we have been making on Simeon's career and life, that we do not acknowledge those claims to the character of a saint, which his friends and admirers make for him. He was a phenomenon in the Church, but he was not so much a light as a token of darkness. Dark and dor-

mant must the popular religion of the day be, which can receive Simeon for its most bright and shining light, its expositor of the true spirit of Christianity, and its representative in an ancient and noble seat of learning.

We cannot but imagine that his own friends feel this. Now that the attractions of his personal presence are departed, we are confident they feel an effort in their wish to maintain his memory. Thus previous enthusiasm about him must rather sink down for want of satisfactory evidence. Why have these memoirs been delayed for eleven years? We will hazard a suggestion. The faults of Simeon struck his friends with a force they little expected, as soon as they calmly surveyed his life, and examined his papers. There is an appearance of effort and a tone of apology throughout the work, which augurs its having been a hard task. Passages and expressions also occur which strongly incline us to think that much has been omitted, in order to make the book as inoffensive as possible.

This is our suggestion—we will also venture on a prophecy. We do not look forward to Simeon's memory or his designs being long-lived. Egotism always invites this fate; and if it does not always receive it, it receives it sufficiently often to remind us of a certain justice which operates, on this head, even in the present order of things, and course of nature.

---

ART. VI.—1. *A Third Statement of the Real Danger of the Church of England, &c.* By the Rev. W. GRESLEY. London: Burns.

2. *The Colonial Church Chronicle, No. II. August, 1847.* London: Rivingtons.

It is one of the more hopeful signs of the times, that the Church's action is beginning to tell in various, and sometimes unexpected quarters. Her interests and claims are, perceptibly, making themselves more and more felt. Statesmen, for example, find themselves constrained to recognise them, in mere fairness, as a large element in the body politic. Even on this lowest view, it is felt that they must allowed for and dealt with. Like the mercantile interest, or any other 'interest,' they do work, and are represented; they have a stake in the country. One minister comes into power on the strength of them; another, warned by his predecessor's fate, sees it to be his truest interest to give them at least fair play. How far such a standing falls below that which the Church should rightfully occupy in the machinery of the State, it is needless to point out: it is something that she is, in any degree, recovering that standing for herself. If we look, again, to the department of literature, we find that, besides the vastly increased stores of directly theological matter constantly issuing from the press, the Church has been enabled, to a remarkable degree, to infuse a leaven of her own into the ordinary *pabulum* of a book-devouring age. The amount of indirect theologising that has crept into almost every species of book-writing, is truly astonishing. Works of fiction, — of travels, — on the arts, architecture especially, — antiquarian researches, — all may be visibly seen to have what has been happily called a growing 'religiosity' about them; — the Church is more the standard or the *τέλος* of such productions than heretofore. The Novel finds a rival in the 'Tale' of deeper import; — a History of Art must be a 'History of Christian Art,' if it would catch the ear of the day; — the traveller who can bring home tidings or statistics of the Church in other lands is surest of readers; — the architecture of Greece and ancient Rome is chiefly delighted in as a noble vestibule to the glories of Gothic; — antiquarianism, to give a zest to its drier details, must throw in no inconsiderable dash of ecclesiology. Other indications of the same kind might be enumerated.

Now, slight as many of these symptoms are, their number

and uniformity renders them not inconsiderable. Equability is a sign of healthy progress. When we see, not a solitary wave here and there, but the whole line of waves whitening a higher point upon the beach, we know that the tide has really risen. The operation of the Spirit, both in the Church at large and in particular Churches, is, it has been well noted, floodlike :—

‘It is calm, equable, gradual, far-spreading, overtaking, intimate, irresistible. . . . It gives no tokens of its coming;—secret, successful, and equable, it preserves one level, it is everywhere . . . And here and there it is the same, for by one and the same agency the mighty movement goes on here and there and everywhere, and all things seem to act in concert . . . The characteristics of the Spirit’s influence are, that it is the same everywhere, that it is gradual, that it is thorough . . . He leavens each rank and pursuit of the community with the principles of the doctrines of Christ.’<sup>1</sup>

The degree which the steady rise, thus indicated, has attained, cannot well be subjected to any process of measurement. Nor is it necessary that it should be so measured. The *Διὶ περὶ Νεῖλος* fertilized the broad fields of Egypt with his ‘heaven-descended’ streams, equally well before there was a Nilometer to register his annual height. Nor would it be well, perhaps, that we should be too solicitous about ascertaining the mark attained from time to time by ‘the river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God.’

Yet occasions there are which, occurring from time to time, furnish, approximately at least, an index and a register of the aggregate of the Church’s advance upon the world about her. Some of these are of a kind at first sight most unlikely to furnish any such statistics. Thus they rank among those *παρ’ ὑπόνοιαν* developments of the Church’s life which we have spoken of. Time was when Chancellors of Universities were elected without causing any great ruffling of the surface of things :—or, however, that the Church, as such, could have any particular interest in the selection made for the office, was never dreamt of. In a well-known recent instance we have seen the interest of such a contest hinging entirely on the question of the importance to be attached to Episcopal regimen. So, again, in the most important, perhaps, of the recent parliamentary elections, that of Members for the University of Oxford, and in some measure in others, the old questions which agitated the minds, and swayed the votes, of our fathers or our younger selves, fell off to the right and to the left, and ‘Pro Ecclesiā Dei’ was the one countersign which told friends from foes, and ultimately proved the watchword of victory. In both these instances, the views and feelings which led to such remarkable results were the growth of the last few years. A wonderful growth, certainly, in the time :—but, be it remarked, a *bonā fide* growth, still. It was no ‘cry,’ in ‘Coningsby’s’ sense, ‘got up’

<sup>1</sup> Sermons on Subjects of the Day.

for the occasion, that wrought these effects. They were no hastily-collected elements that went to the making up of Lord Powis's minority, or of the majority which returned Mr. Gladstone. In those unimportant-looking figures stood expressed the results of much heart-work going on silently and without observation, for many a day, in men and households and parishes;—of changes gradually, perhaps painfully wrought;—of convictions slowly yielded to, but now at length closed with firmly, and for ever;—of earnest, yet sobered longings for peace to the Church's walls, and prosperity to her palaces. All these now found an unwonted vent, a rarely-offered opportunity of doing battle in a fair field for the good cause. A world of pent-up life-blood, stored in a thousand separate, though not severed vessels, rushed to the one heart at the call, and astonished men by the vitality it gave evidence of.

But occasions such as these, however legitimate for putting forth the Church's recovered strength, and however satisfactory as evidences of it, are none of her choosing. She would fain register her peaceful triumphs in other characters than those of election majorities. And with her revived energies, and resumption of her too long disused functions, come high days of concourse and gathering, of her own. Of one of the most recent and most interesting of these, it is our more especial purpose to speak at present. The consecration of four Bishops to the newly-founded Colonial sees of Melbourne, Adelaide, Newcastle, and Cape Town, is, in every point of view, a most important event. A newly-founded Bishopric is a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰὶ*. It is the top and crown of the gifts which a mother-country can give to her dependencies. It confers a self-governing principle, far transcending all charters and constitutions. The State is chary of erecting her dependencies into perfectly-constituted polities: the sense of *αὐταρκεία* on their part might be dangerous to her hold over them. Not so the Church. She loves to raise her daughter Churches to like privileges with herself. The spiritual powers of reproduction which she has freely received, her joy is, or ought to be, freely to give. It is, indeed, to our shame that we should ever have left such immensely distant portions of our Church's domain dependent for the supply and renovation of spiritual life on the home-fountain. Together with a more worthy appreciation of that life, has come to us a sense of the unkindness, to say the least, of withholding from others the originating principle of it.

'A mortal youth I saw  
Nigh to God's altar draw,  
And lowly kneel, while o'er him pastoral hands  
Were spread with many a prayer;  
And when he rose up there,  
He could undo or bind the dread celestial bands.

'When Bread and Wine he takes,  
And of Christ's Passion makes  
Memorial high before the Mercy throne,  
Faith speaks, and we are sure  
That offering, good and pure,  
Is more than angels' bread to all whom Christ will own.'

*Lyra Innocentium, IX. 10.*

Surely, to the spiritual eye, nothing can exceed in grandeur the spectacle of sending forth to other lands the awful gift which alone can work such wonders as these in the region of the unseen. Not without a deep significance are they in whom that gift resides, with power of communicating it to others, called in Scripture the 'Angels' of the Churches. For, besides their ordinary functions as 'ministering spirits,' they are ever and anon entrusted with an especial charge, to launch new worlds into the spiritual universe; and there is a holy joy belonging to the high occasions on which these delegated creative functions are exercised, nearly allied to that which was in the beginning, 'when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.' With some such feeling came together 'a band of men whose hearts God had touched,' on the day of the consecration to which we have alluded. It was, on all hands, allowed to be an occasion not easily to be forgotten. Men came away from it with thoughtful hearts, and spoke of it to others, with glistening eyes, as those who had been permitted to see the desire of their heart beyond all expectation. Not merely the purpose for which the gathering took place, but the circumstances accompanying the ceremonial, were symptoms full of hope and promise. It was no ordinary congregation that assembled on that festival of St. Peter, and in the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, at Westminster. We do not mean in point of numbers, for these were necessarily limited by the capacity of the building. Yet this very circumstance served to illustrate the spirit in which those came that did come. For though there was no lack of officiating Bishops, their hands were weary ere they had completed their holy work of administering to the ceaseless tide of communications that flowed for hours towards the altar. The office of the Archbishop was almost one continued act of consecrating, additional elements being required far beyond all expectation; a circumstance, by the way, so far to be regretted, that our Liturgy, as is well known, gives very unsatisfactory directions for such additional consecration, the words of Institution being alone directed to be repeated. 'Surely,' says an eye-witness, 'surely there has not been such a communion seen in this our day, nor, as we believe, for ages in the Church here in England.'

<sup>1</sup> Colonial Church Chronicle, No. II. August 1847, Pp. 44, 45.

The attendance of clergy, numerous as it was, was yet more remarkable for weight and importance, judging of these by a truer standard than is commonly referred to in such estimates. The very stamina of the Church were there; the hard-working pastor of many a fold, far and near, whom no ordinary occasion could tempt to leave his few sheep even for a day, or to have a thought outside his parish, would not be absent from such a sight, though it were but his one holiday in the year. There were meetings face to face, of those who had perhaps hitherto never met but now felt themselves friends in the one desire and endeavour which had animated them. Little incidents, too, to which the occasion gave a weight and pregnant interest, were noticed. Seldom, till then, for many a long year, had crowds been seen kneeling on the bare pavement of an English cathedral. At one period of the service, the sun's rays suddenly broke through the heavy clouds which had obscured them; and it was, in no irreverent spirit, observed, that they first fell on the spot in which a Christian lady chanced to be kneeling, who was privileged to lay upon the altar that day no common offering. May it be an omen of its acceptance with Him who condescended when on earth to be tended by the hands of 'honourable women,' and who has deigned to commend to the remembrance of the Church 'Joanna, the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward, and 'others, which ministered to Him of their substance.' Sadder memories, too, could not but mingle themselves with the prevailing thoughts of thankfulness and hope. There were those whom it was a pain to miss there, and to know that they had given their hearts away to another Mother than Her that bare them—who had been once her flower and stay, but now counted her as an enemy! Who can tell but that a few such sights as these had fixed their 'wavering choice,' and kept them still at her side? God's will be done. But bitter indeed has been the stroke:

'For heavy was her children's crime, and strange her punishment!'

What a lesson does it teach of the fiery trial through which a Church that 'had a name to live and was dead' had to pass, ere she could be purified! and how keenly does it point the admonition which rebuked the 'angel' of her Sardinian prototype, 'Be watchful, and strengthen the things that remain, that are ready 'to die!'

The thought we have just dwelt upon brings us to the point which we have all along had in view, in our remarks on the late Consecration of Colonial Bishops. We have dwelt with thankfulness and hope on whatever of better omen or brighter prospect we could espy in the circumstances either of that ceremonial or of other recent events in the Church. To some we

shall seem to have over-estimated those circumstances. We shall be reminded that, in the manner of conducting that Consecration in particular, there was room for improvement. There is a degree of ritual pomp and circumstance allowed or prescribed by our Church beyond what was arrived at here, and which might fitly have been realised on such an occasion. The vestments of the clergy, *e. g.* were wanting in uniformity, as was observed by a contemporary writer. It might well have been borne too, if greater regard had been had to the 'retaining of 'such ornaments of the Church and of the ministers thereof, as 'were in this Church of England, by the authority of Parliament, in the second year of the reign of King Edward the 'Sixth:' greater regard, that is, to the elder Rubric, rendered binding on us by the one just quoted: 'Whosoever the Bishop 'shall celebrate the Holy Communion in the Church, . . . he shall 'have on him, besides his rochette, a surplice or albe, and a cope 'or vestment' (Prayer Book of 1549). The arrangements for the accommodation of worshippers, again, were far from what might have been achieved. And we do not deny these things. Yet were we willing to sink the consideration of them in that of the whole. There may have been a little over-partiality in this. Be it so. We have no fear that, when we have done, we shall be deemed indiscriminate eulogists of the proceedings of that day.

For, in truth, we have grave matter to allege, in connexion with those proceedings. For ourselves, we could by no means contemplate them with unalloyed satisfaction; and we plead guilty to no inconsiderable degree of anxiety, on account of their having been allowed to pass so utterly unchallenged as (with the unimportant exception above alluded to) they have been. It will be necessary, in order to put our readers in possession of the grounds of our dissatisfaction, to recur once more to the character of that movement within the Church, the external effects of which we have already commented on. In its first stirrings, then, and in all its more healthy subsequent stages, its prime characteristic has been *depth*;—to search deep for the old foundations, and throw the weight of the Church's superstructure fairly and firmly upon them, was the work enterprised and successfully carried out. And now, 'feeling the Rock beneath her feet,' the Church began to rear another front, and take a bolder position towards her enemies on either side. The root struck downward was in due time seen to bear its fruit upward; and then began, in happy hour, the stretching out of branches and boughs to sea and river. In added breadth of domain, as well as in firmer grasp on her home territory, she began to assert her empire more worthily. And here began, too, her hour of danger; danger, we fear, not altogether

avoided. As long as she was fighting, as it were, 'for her own hand,'—while she could afford to be thus single in her aim, to have no eye for anything else than 'the faith once delivered to the saints,'—so long there was no fear of her faltering in that championship. It was otherwise when the principles asserted had won for themselves acceptance, and dominion, and influence. Then she began to have something to lose. Her spiritual wealth began to be somewhat of the same snare to her that worldly wealth is to its possessors. It would seem a pity, perhaps, to be parting with this or that hopeful plot of territory, or the advocacy of such and such an able defender, by standing out too stiffly, when the graceful concession of some point, not of the very last importance, might secure the desired benefit. And to a certain extent it might be allowable to be 'wise' in this way. Still, in the desire to compass several minor aims, the *one* would run the risk of being less steadily contemplated. In the satisfaction felt in occupying breadth of surface, a sense of the paramount importance of deep grounding and rooting would be apt to be merged. For a considerable time, however, we thankfully testify our belief, there were few symptoms, indeed, of weak or unworthy giving way in matters of doctrinal importance. We wish we could extend the eulogium up to the present hour. We have noticed here and there, with regret and misgiving, an inclination to make light of vital and fundamental differences, and to purchase peace at the expense of truth. The temptation has come plausibly veiled, we may be sure, or it could not have seduced men otherwise valiant for the truth. It presents itself in the form of charitable hopefulness that things will mend, if fair play is given them; that the Church's inherent vitality will expel any chance *virus* admitted into her system; that, let her once cover breadth of ground, depth will follow as a matter of course; that you must make common cause with men if you would win them, &c. To some such creditable motives we are willing to ascribe a certain tone of syncretism or indifferentism, which we have perceived creeping over the religious mind of the day.

We regret that we are obliged to record our opinion that the late Consecration furnishes an exemplification of this spirit. In proceeding to speak more explicitly on the subject, we desire to premise that we are well aware that many may, unknown to us, have shared our dissatisfaction on that occasion, though no opportunity has been given for expressing it. One distinguished instance of this has come to our knowledge. Still it is, we repeat, not satisfactory, that no one public protest or reflection on the occasion, has, as far as we are aware, been made.

We have placed at the head of this article the title of a

series of earnest and well-timed pamphlets on the present aspect of affairs in the Church. We are not here concerned with the particular method adopted by the author for drawing attention to the evils which he deprecates; a comparison, namely, of the alleged danger of the Church of England on the side of Popery, with her 'Real Danger,' on that of Puritanism. We are not called upon to strike the balance here, though we have a strong opinion on the subject. But to the reality and the magnitude of that side of the evil and danger which he has set himself to oppose, we cannot but add our hearty testimony. Not that it needed Mr. Gresley's statements, or our confirmation of them, to satisfy any reflecting person of the existence of these evils. It is a fact which is only too sadly brought home to every diocese, and, we had almost said, to every parish in England, that there is among us a large body of professed members of the Church of England, both of the clergy and laity, who utterly reject and repudiate her most fundamental doctrines. Who knows not that there are those who, ministering at her altars, (and with these is our more immediate concern at present,) altogether deny that the Sacraments convey any grace whatsoever? who deny that any person is regenerated in Baptism, or that the Body and Blood of Christ are received in the Holy Communion? We forbear at present to enumerate at greater length the tenets of this school, or to characterise them according to their deserts. Those which we have mentioned will serve to identify the school itself. Now, against these opinions we thankfully believe that all sound and faithful members of our Church do at heart pronounce their most decided protest. Whether they are in general conscious of the entire extent of the mischief involved in them may be questioned; it is sufficient for our present purpose, that they do in general enter such protest. What we have to complain of is, that, on certain occasions, they are content to let their protest go to sleep as entirely as if they had never entertained it. In their own private practice they utterly repudiate these views, nor would do anything to countenance them; but they are apt to betray a marvellous apathy, amounting to no less than distinct toleration of them, in matters beyond their own immediate control. We confess that we are unable to characterise in any other way the *unmixed* gratulation with which Churchmen have written, and spoken, and thought of the Consecration in question. Surely we are only stating that which all the world knows, or must have had a shrewd suspicion of, when we say that, of the four persons then consecrated Bishops, one is an avowed maintainer of the doctrinal errors above mentioned.

A few words on the statement itself. We have not thought

it necessary to specify by name which of the newly-consecrated four it refers to. Those to whom they are severally known will be at no loss on the subject, and to others it must be indifferent. Neither do we profess, or think it necessary, to be able to define, with any exactness, the extent to which these opinions are held in the instance alluded to,—the shade of party to which the holder of them belongs. Of his maintaining the one error above specified,—namely, the denial of the grace of the Sacraments, we are only too well certified. We believe that he himself would avow the opinion in the strongest manner. We would thank God, most earnestly from the bottom of our hearts, to be assured that it was otherwise. And this being the case, we would observe again, makes our position widely different from that of an ‘accuser of the brethren.’ It is not a case like that of denouncing ‘a bishop’ as ‘accused of riot, or unruly,’ where the accused would deny the charge, admitting that, if proven, it would be a disqualification for his office. No: *habet confitentem reum*. It is the case of an Arian, say, in the fourth century, obtaining, through fear or favour, Catholic ordination. We do not say that such things did or could happen; the orthodox bishops were too stout against Arianism for that; but they might conceivably have happened under a lax bishop. In that case, the party who has obtained entrance considers that he has a right there. He maintains, moreover, that the body among whom he is admitted are wrong, and he is right. He has no objection to your calling him an Arian, or by whatever title describes his views, if it be only intended to describe them. And, therefore, be it observed further, the edge of the accusation or complaint turns not against the person obtaining such admittance, but against the body which gives it him. Our quarrel is not,—or, at least, our present concern is not,—with these views: we may marvel within ourselves how the holding of them is reconciled with ‘unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer:’—but our complaint just now is of those who, protesting in general against such views, acquiesce in, or tolerate them in a particular instance. Neither yet is that complaint directed against our ecclesiastical superiors as such unless it be *κατὰ συμβεβηκός*, it does not touch them. The dereliction, in a particular form, of the *testificatory*, or remonstrative duty so wisely imposed upon the body of the Church, with reference to the ordination of her ministers, is the one object of our animadversions. Let us also be understood to have every desire to put the matter, as far as may be, in a general and abstract way. We would fain put out of view the particular occasion and the individual case which has given rise to our

remarks, and rather speak of it as a possible future contingency that a Colonial Bishop, of the views we have described, may be hereafter consecrated and sent forth. And of course, what applies to a Colonial Bishop applies to an English Bishop.

We ask, then, in the name of all that is consistent, what possible right can Churchmen have to give an unqualified 'God speed!' to such a Consecration? And, in particular, we ask this of those whose office it is to 'keep knowledge,'—who are solemnly bound to discourage every form of 'erroneous and strange doctrine,'—the Priests of the Church. They who know that they would refuse, in the most peremptory manner, and as a matter of life and death, to associate a person of such views with themselves in the care of a parish,—how can they rejoice in the going forth of such a one to the charge of a diocese? Is the latter *less* important than the former? Whether such Consecration should be formally protested or not, must depend on the degree of documentary or other evidence which is producible to substantiate the charge of false doctrine. But because we have not the requisite amount of this in any given case, are we, therefore, to waive our objections altogether, and give every outward demonstration of entire satisfaction, unaccompanied by the expression, in any form, of a shadow of disapproval? Surely we ought, inly at least, to mourn over the evil which, it may be, we cannot prevent, and be ready on all occasions to bear our faithful testimony against it.

Let us only review for a moment the Consecration ceremonial, and consider the incongruities inseparable from it, in the view of any sound Churchman, under the circumstances we are supposing; the Bishop to be consecrated, that is, avowing his disbelief of the collation of grace through the Sacraments, and therefore, *à fortiori*, through any rite whatsoever, and holding, besides, the whole cycle of doctrinal errors almost invariably found to accompany this one. Absolution is pronounced over him, in common with the rest, in the Morning Office, and again at the Holy Communion, by the presiding 'angel of the Church.' To him it brings no comfort; he denies that any such commission 'to remit and retain' has been left to mortal men. In vain does the Gospel proper to the occasion (S. John xx. 19—24) tell how at the first the risen Head of the Church imbreathed such power with His own Immortal Breath into the Twelve: in his chilling and desolate view, the gift was for them alone; the stream ceased at the fountain-head; they received, but they might not give; there have been none since on earth who had power to forgive sins. Or the other Gospel, prescribed as an alternative, is read (S. John xxi. 15—17). He listens to the touching charge conveyed to him through the

person of the chief of the Apostles. Its first and tenderest injunction is, 'Feed my lambs.' Alas! he knows of none such in the flock of Christ, or views them with very different eyes from one who believes them to be undoubtedly of the true fold. His creed allows but of one, here and there, of the little children that are brought to Christ in Baptism being really made members of the heavenly family. The service proceeds. He promises to 'banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine contrary to God's word, and both privately and openly to call upon and encourage others to the same.' He includes among these erroneous doctrines a belief in the Presence of the Holy Spirit in Baptism, and of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Eucharist; the maintaining that powers of Absolution have been committed to the Church; or that, in Confirmation, Holy Orders, and Matrimony, graces proper to the several estates contemplated in those rites are conferred; the use of Fasting as a spiritual aid; the doctrine of judgment according to men's works; and others—a list including, be it observed, three out of the six points enumerated by S. Paul as 'principles of the doctrine of Christ,' viz. 'the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of eternal judgment.' (Heb. vi. 1, 2.) But, again, the awful 'Veni Creator Spiritus'

'Comes floating on its dove-like way;'

He kneels, but not to receive, in his view, the gracious Influence thus invoked. The kneeling crowds around him, with few exceptions, doubt not, but earnestly believe, that the Gracious Visitant waits to join Himself to the invoking word and shadowing hand of His commissioned servants; to him alone for whom the gift is desired, is the dread invocation, 'Receive the Holy Ghost,' utterly meaningless; the solemn imposition of hands before God and the Church, an empty form. Tremendous words for a mortal man to hear addressed to himself, believing them in their plain meaning! Shocking and blasphemous for him to hear, persuaded the while that they mean nothing! Awful to receive such a gift, acknowledging its reality! Unutterable trifling, thus solemnly to kneel, be imposed and prayed over, believing that you receive—nothing! 'RECEIVE THE HOLY GHOST, for the office and work of a Bishop in the Church of God, NOW COMMITTED UNTO THEE BY THE IMPOSITION OF OUR HANDS: IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY GHOST. And remember, that thou stir up the GRACE OF GOD WHICH IS GIVEN THEE BY THIS IMPOSITION OF OUR HANDS.' We ask, with mingled wonder and sorrow and shame, what is the plain meaning of these words? But there is yet one more solemn act in this high ceremonial. The Holy

Communion is celebrated; the one common strength of the faithful in every land—the *viaticum* of the spirit's journey through life and through death—is offered to all alike. Bishop, and Priest, and People,—as well he who is to be sent forth, as they who send him in Christ's name, rich with their blessings and prayers, are called to partake of the One Bread, ere they part in this world for ever. There is no leave-taking like that for robbing, parting of its blankness and its pain: the fleshly hands are joined, it may be, for the last time; but the hands of faith meet behind the cloud, clasped inseparably in one steadfast hold on that which is within the veil. But no such bright reality,—no such sense of re-ingrafting into one body,—invests the solemn rite in his view who most needs such strength, and would naturally derive most comfort from such communion. With him it is a simple act of obedience and memorial; whatever he may have *done*, he has *received* nothing.

It is impossible but that a painful sense of these things should obtrude itself upon the mind of any thoughtful person on such an occasion. But the unsatisfactoriness of it does not end here. Follow this now mighty spiritual Potentate,—mighty, despite his own disbelief and protest,—follow him to his far-off diocese. And first, can it be denied that he goes forth *laden with the solemn censures of that branch of the Church to which he belongs?* Let us not be thought uncharitable for making the assertion, however startling. What is the use of these things standing on record in the canons to which the Clergy are bound, if the application of them is not to be vindicated and asserted, as occasion shall arise? or what can be more trifling than a nominal recognition of them, which is to go no farther than words? As we said before, in a like case, whether or not the secular power concurs to give effect to them, our duty, and our feelings, as faithful Churchmen, must remain unaltered; we are bound to have a lively resentment of all departure from the Church's enactments and provisions, whether we can prevent them or not. The canons we allude to are the third, fourth, and sixth of 1603:—‘Whosoever shall hereafter affirm that the Church of England is not a true and apostolical Church, teaching and maintaining the doctrine of the apostles, let him be excommunicated, *ipso facto*’ (can. three); ‘whosoever shall hereafter affirm that the form of God’s worship in the Church of England, contained in the Book of Common Prayer, and administration of the Sacraments, is a corrupt, superstitious, or unlawful worship of God, or containeth anything in it repugnant to the Scriptures, let him be,’ &c. (can. four); ‘whosoever shall hereafter affirm that the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, by law established, are wicked,

the antichristian, or superstitious, or such, as being commanded by lawful authority, men, who are zealously and godly affected, may not with good conscience approve them, use them, or as occasion requireth subscribe to them, let him be,' &c. Now, no one who has the smallest acquaintance with the terms in which the school in question speak of the doctrines of baptismal regeneration, and the presence of Christ in the Eucharist, can doubt that they bring themselves by the use of them within the ban of these excommunications. 'Unscriptural,' 'superstitious,' 'popish,' (therefore not apostolical,) 'fearful delusion,' 'soul-destroying heresy,' are among the least of the epithets they apply to these holy truths. And the sending forth of a Bishop thus self-excommunicated, is to be a subject of unmixed rejoicing! Nor, when we contemplate him setting foot in his appointed diocese, is the picture less melancholy. He goes to deny the faith of his own Church, and of the whole Catholic Church from the beginning, in lands where, perhaps, it had hitherto been professed in its purity, and 'to teach men so.' He goes to administer awful rites of which he denies the power; to baptize with water, but not (as he believes) with the Holy Ghost; to offer in words to the faithful the body and blood of Christ, believing in his heart that they receive them not; to say to the trembling candidate for the awful gift, 'Receive the Holy Ghost, which yet I know thou receivest not:' he goes to proclaim his creed of desolateness and orphanhood, that Christ is no longer with His Church, save in some notional and unreal sense; finally, he goes to spread an atmosphere of Antinomianism, by a practical denial of the necessity of good works, and of a judgment according to them.

We forbear to dwell longer on such a spectacle. We only ask whether, in the prospect of its being in some degree realized as the fruits of the Consecration of S. Peter's day last, we were not justified in turning with some mixture of pain from that otherwise glorious ceremonial; and in expressing our regret that no protest should have arisen from any other quarter. Not, of course, as if it were 'some new thing' to hear of amongst us, this unsoundness in fundamental doctrines—but that

'Omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se  
Crimen habet, quanto major, qui peccat, habetur.'

There is something more appalling than common in the idea of these errors being enthroned in the Episcopal Chairs of Churches, infant now, but born to mighty destinies, and perpetuated through their 'Fathers in God' to generations of their children. It is therefore that we earnestly deprecate any supineness on the part of our Church at large in conniving at the future

admission of these errors into the colonial Episcopate; because it is so wholesale a vitiation of truth at its very fountains, as far to transcend, in the sadness of its effects, what could follow from the inroads of similar unsoundness among priests and parishes:—the essential evil remaining, of course, in both cases the same.

But is this essential evil, it may be asked, really so great as has been here represented? Truly we have lulled ourselves into such an oblivious toleration of an ever-present mischief, that we scarcely realise the immensity of it. It will not be unprofitable, therefore, to point out some of the more serious bearings of these errors; it may chance to animate some among us to make a firmer stand against them. It is not difficult to show, by an appeal to the testimony of the Catholic Church, that such a Christianity as these views present us with is as totally 'another gospel' as any which S. Paul denounced in his day. We only compliment such views too much, and convey an impression that they involve no more than an allowable difference of view, when we speak of them as 'low views,' and the like, thus making orthodoxy to stand to them merely in the relation of 'high views;' just as we might speak of the Erastian and Hildebrandist views of the relations of the Church to the State. The difference is, in reality, radical, fundamental, and vital. The question at stake is no less than that ancient one, 'Is the Lord among us or not?' Is it a truth, or is it a dream, that 'the tabernacle of God is with men?' that Christ by His Spirit abides in His Church,—dwells in the hearts of the faithful, (not notionally, but as really as in the days of His flesh, only in a spiritual manner,)—comes in Sacraments,—works in graces,—speaks in ministers? How would the Church for fifteen hundred years,—until the days of Zuinglius,—have answered the question?

It is a significant fact that it is by the absence of Catholic determinations on the subject that we gather a reply. So entirely was the belief in a *present* Lord worked into every part of the Church's faith, that no single heretic ever seems to have risen up who dared in terms to deny it. Hence no Council deemed it necessary to affirm it; they would as soon have dreamt of affirming by a canon the existence of God. We believe it may safely be asserted, that though the reality of Christ's existence on earth in the flesh has been called in question by heretics, the fact of His existence in the Church by His Spirit, never has; just as it has been observed that the existence of matter has been disputed, but not the existence of immaterial spirit. Even those heretics who seemed to be treading on the very verge of error concerning the Sacraments,—whose

views, indeed, pushed to their results, properly involved such error,—stopped short of committing themselves to it. Bishop Pearson observes, that ‘the ancient Fathers, who opposed the heresy of Eutyches, did well make use of the sacramental union between the Body and Blood of Christ,’ as an illustration;—which had been no illustration, as addressed to him, had he not admitted the reality of that union: and, in fact, that Eutychians were sound in their statements about the Eucharist, appears from their trying to wrest the Church doctrine concerning it to serve their own turn: ‘As the symbols of the body and blood of Christ are one thing before consecration, and after that change their name and become another,’ &c.<sup>1</sup> So utterly unheard of among professed Christians at that day was any question as to Sacramental Presence. It is recorded of some of the single-hearted and faithful Fathers from more distant lands, who met in the great Nicene Council, that on hearing the blasphemous, and to them hitherto unimagined impieties of Arius, they stopped their ears, and cried out aloud, and would have fled from the sounds as accursed. Can we doubt that the bold denials of these latter times would have been listened to with equal horror and detestation in any age of the Church?

But although not in her formal determinations, yet in a still more satisfactory shape, if possible, we do possess irrefragable evidence of the Church’s positive views on the subject, in ‘those great appellatives with which the purest ages of the Church, the most ancient Liturgies, and the most eminent saints of God use to adorn and invest this mysteriousness,’ viz. of the Holy Communion. ‘In the Greek Liturgies attributed to S. James, the sacramental symbols are called ‘sanctified, honourable, precious, celestial, unspeakable, incorruptible, glorious, fearful, formidable, divine (*ἀγιασθέντα, . . . ἁρρήτα, ἀχραντα, ἔνδοξα, φοβερὰ, φρικτὰ, θεῖα*).’<sup>2</sup> Nothing but the most lively belief in the reality of Christ’s presence in the Eucharist could have invested it with the awfulness which these epithets prove it to have possessed in the eyes of the Church of that day.

‘But,’ we have heard it argued, ‘granting that these opinions have the witness of the whole Church thus against them, both tacit and expressed; granting this, are we justified in marking them with the awful signature of Heresy? Would the Church herself, if called upon for a formal determination, have done so? These ancient heresies “touched the person of our Lord,” but it cannot be said that these views do, which seems to make a broad line of demarcation between the two cases.’ We

<sup>1</sup> Theodoret. Dialog. quoted by Pearson.

<sup>2</sup> Jer. Taylor, vol. xv. p. 443.

reply that, in strictness, we suppose these views are *not yet* heresy, because the Church has not yet formally pronounced them to be so;—but that an Œcumenical Council, in any age, would have pronounced them such, we unhesitatingly believe. For we deny the minor of the proposition. We affirm that these opinions *do* ‘touch’ (however unconsciously on the part of their maintainers) ‘the Person of our Lord.’ Surely Hooker has abundantly demonstrated this, or furnished materials for the demonstration of it. Both the Roman and the Zuinglian view of the Sacraments are *therefore* untenable, because they trench on the Catholic doctrine of the Natures and Person of Christ. The Roman view deprives the ‘majestical Body’ of Christ of one of its properties, viz. its locality. ‘If his majestical Body have any such new property, by force whereof it may everywhere really, in substance, present itself, or may at once be in many places, then hath the majesty of His estate ‘extinguished’ (viz. as to *one* of its properties, locality,) ‘the verity of His Nature.’<sup>1</sup> The Roman error then is, as far as it goes, Eutychian heresy; not that it asserts the one nature to be entirely ‘confounded’ with the other, but that it makes the one to annihilate a particular property of the other. It is less easy to fix the exact character of the Zuinglian, or of the more modern view, because its advocates do not present us with propositions so dogmatic and tangible as those of the Lateran and Tridentine Councils. Of necessity, however, it holds a degree of one of two heresies in solution, viz. either of Arianism or Nestorianism, according as its maintainers explain themselves; and one of these two must be precipitated, on applying the proper test. Those who deny the Real Presence of Christ in Baptism and the Eucharist, either mean to deny the presence of His Divinity as well as His Humanity; or, allowing the presence of His Divinity, to deny that of His Humanity:—for that they admit the presence of the Humanity without the Divinity is not to be supposed. Now the former of the two alternatives denies to Christ’s Divine Nature its inalienable attribute of ubiquity; or, to put it otherwise, it supposes God to be present (for this none ever questioned), and present in an especial manner, at the highest act of Christian worship, but Christ not to be so present:—either way, it detracts from the verity of His Godhead,—the unity of His Substance with that of the Father;—which is, in its degree, Arianism. The other alternative supposes it possible for Christ’s Human Nature to be separated from His Divine Nature, so that the one may be present, the other being in no sense present:—which to assert is, *pro tanto*, Nestorianism. It seems clear, therefore, that the

<sup>1</sup> Hooker, L. E. P. v. 55. § 6.

Catholic Church has *implicitly* declared as well the Roman as the other view to be heresy; and that any Ecumenical Council which shall hereafter meet, must of necessity explicitly declare them such, as a legitimate corollary to the decisions of the Council of Chalcedon in the one case, and to those of either Nice or Ephesus in the other.

There is one more light in which the subject may be viewed. To bring men to a right belief on *any* point of doctrine is as clearly a Christian duty, as it is to bring them to holiness of practice. But erroneous belief on the subject of Sacramental grace would appear to involve such awful consequences, that grave indeed is the responsibility which rests upon those who rightly hold it, of 'saving with fear, pulling them out of the fire,' those who are so unhappy as to deny the doctrine. It is not merely the 'wicked,' but '*such as be devoid of a lively faith,*' that 'although they do carnally and visibly press with their teeth the sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, yet in no wise are partakers of Christ, but rather to their condemnation do eat and drink the sign or sacrament of so great a thing.'<sup>1</sup> Now whereupon is this 'lively faith' exercised, but in the realised Presence of Christ in the rite? This surely is the distinctive work of faith in connexion with that Sacrament. Neither is this an unsupported determination of our own Church:—all the Catholic interpretations of S. Paul's words in 1 Cor. xi. proceed upon the same view; *e. g.* 'Let each one examine his own mind, *what estimation or conception* (*ὁπόληψιν*) 'he has of the mysteries,' is the exposition of Theodorus. And if this be so, how awful the doubt which arises in the mind, as to the degree in which those who deny the Lord's Presence in the Holy Communion, are or can be partakers in the benefits of it:—nay, as to the degree in which they are 'guilty of the Body and Blood of the Lord.'

We will not follow out the painful thought to the other grace-imparting ordinances of the Church, content to leave it, and the entire subject, to the serious consideration of those who are disposed to make light of the admission of such religionists, whether in the Church Home or Colonial, into positions of awful function and incalculable importance.

---

<sup>1</sup> Art. XXIX.

ART. VII.—1. *Illustrations of Instinct, deduced from the Habits of British Animals.* By JONATHAN COUCH, F.L.S., Member of the Royal Geological Society and of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, &c. London: Van Voorst. 1847.

2. *On Instinct.* By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Dublin: James M'Glashan. No. 1. *Popular Papers on Subjects of Natural History.*

3. *Our Fellow-Lodgers.* By the Rev. R. WALSH, LL.D. and M.D., Rector of Finglas. No. 2. *Ditto.*

4. *Zoology and Civilization.* By ISAAC BUTT, LL.D., Q.C. No. 3. *Ditto.*

5. *The Intellectuality of Domestic Animals.* By the late Rev. CÆSAR OTWAY, A.B. No. 4. *Ditto.*

THERE is a growing feeling of reverence for the lower creation. In more quarters than one we feel that we have actual duties towards that mass of life, those creatures of energy and instinct, of power and beauty, which surround us. Not only do we regard them in their simply material aspect, as facts of creation, as strong, or swift, or curious, or handsome, which qualities they share with brute matter, with hill, and stream, and stone, but we regard them as sharers in one quality, and that the most tangible portion of our inheritance—they share in life, they are living creatures. They are in one particular our brethren. So far has this estimate proceeded, that in a humiliating rather than humble spirit, a clergyman, Dr. Walsh, has delivered a lecture, published in the series named in our heading, in which he discusses the nature of *Entozoa*, the intestinal worms, the creeping twining maggots which infest the human body, and thinks proper to name these disgusting creatures ‘Our Fellow Lodgers,’ as though they with our immortal part, the redeemed soul, were joint-tenants, occupants in common, of that contemptible, yet in truth sanctified, organisation the human body. Not only is this language affectation, but it is revolting to our religious feeling. The Christian body is not to be thought of in this way; there is a relative holiness in that which has been blessed by the Holy Spirit, and whose scattered fragments are to rise again on the resurrection morning. And here a distinction may be urged.

There was a time in which the whole creation was pronounced ‘very good.’ But sharers in the fall, ‘the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain.’ Under the

present dispensation, then, we are not to think of all creatures as intrinsically good. In what way corruption has infected them it would be hard to say, or presumptuous perhaps to inquire; but that they are corrupted, vitiated, fallen, debased in nature, or even in moral character, we may safely insist. And it is in this way that the lower creation is a mystery; and, it may be, its presence is to ourselves part of our probation. It is not for nothing that we are so surrounded with animal life; we cannot escape it; domesticated or savage, the living creature is our daily guest, our most constant attendant in some form or other. Such a perpetual presence, such an inextricable connexion with our own life, hints at duties: we cannot be so close to the animal world without having ethical relations towards it. And yet such duty is not a mere matter of admiration, or meditation, or philozoism. Duty varies as the moral character of its subject-matter varies. And here no one can doubt of the fact, that animals do differ morally, as well as physically. Not only do classes differ but individuals differ: and as they differ, so do our relations towards them change.

And it may be that the animal world thus presents to us various characters and habits, dispositions, if we may so say, and tempers, not merely that we may exercise and employ the correlative human faculties towards such dispositions, but that they may constantly obtrude themselves in the way of example or warning to ourselves. So that the variety of moral character in animals, in addition to exercising our own moral character, is in the place of a living lesson to ourselves. Our own animal passions display themselves to the full, unchecked in any way by the Indwelling Spirit, or by conscience, in the various animals. What the lower vices are, we may learn from studying the class which externally most resembles ourselves: what cruelty is, from watching the tiger or cat: what fidelity is, from the unwavering affection of the dog. This may be one purpose of their actual being. And thus to recur to what was stated above, we are not forced to feel in the same way towards the monkey or the serpent, as we do towards the horse or elephant. If it be natural, it may also be right, to entertain disgust in the one case, as we do respect or even affection in the other. Enmity towards the serpent is a remarkable declaration of Holy Scripture: though it may not go to the extent of authorizing a wanton and indiscriminate destruction of all reptiles, yet it goes for something not only in the way of excusing, but of justifying, our abhorrence and aversion from them.

In the ordinary books of Natural History we think that this distinction of ethical character in animals, and the consequent difference of our involuntary estimate of them, has not been observed, simply because such treatises are ordinarily not of a

specifically Christian character. There is much of the unmodified heathen language in our scientific books. Pliny, if he were living now, would write much as our professors and lecturers write and talk. It seems to be forgotten that the Gospel has given us a new and better light under which to view every external object. What Natural History deals most in, even in its better-intentioned books, is merely a cloudy generalization: they roll on with good talk, which, if it is good, is only so because it is not positively bad. Cruelty to animals is a bad thing, because cruelty is not right; animals are not to be ill-treated, because God created them; little boys are not to pull flies' legs off, because they cannot put them on again, — arguments which may perhaps stop the juvenile ear or hand, but which certainly prove too much or too little. It is a recognition of the mysterious, and *quasi-sacramental*, character of the lower ranks of life, which we want. Why animals are — why they surround us — why they are either so useful, or so perplexing, — are questions practically, and, in a religious sense, more important than any discussions about the nature of Instinct, its degrees, or its connexion with, or distinction from Reason. And it is in relation to this inquiry that we make an extract from one of the little tracts before us: its author, Mr. Cæsar Otway, is, we believe, no more. This and other reasons will relieve us from the necessity of saying much about what struck us as incongruous in the flippant and jesting tone of his tract. Natural History, above all others, is a subject which requires a serious and reverent tone, if for no other reason, because we are so very ignorant of its higher and religious elements. The author from whom he quotes may be known to some of our readers.

'An English parson' goes upon quite a different theory from that of the French Jesuit, and he takes ground which he assumes to be consistent, reasonable, worthy of God, and agreeable to Holy Scripture. He maintains that animals have reasoning powers; and if so, they have souls; and if souls, that they are immortal. He holds that they were all originally happy, and when heaven had pronounced *all* to be *very good*, they were endowed with every perfection that their nature and rank in the scale of being required; but that when man fell, the link was broken that connected the lower animals with the Deity; that the divine light and life no longer flowed downwards through the free channel of unfallen human nature, and therefore the whole system of visible creation sympathises and suffers with their rebellious lord; and that, therefore, it "now groans and travaills in pain," and "the creature is made subject to vanity, not willingly, (that is, by no fault of its own,) but by reason (on the account of — by the sin) of him who hath subjected the same in hope" — that is Adam. As thus in human sovereignty, when an attainder is passed on a subject, the sentence not only affects the *individual*, but his *children* and *domestics* — so man, by his transgression, devoted his dependants to degradation, misery, and death. But no violent execution was permitted to be made on them.

<sup>1</sup> See 'Free Thoughts on the Brute Creation,' by Rev. John Hildrop, D.D. Rector of Wath, Yorkshire. London. 1751.

except in the way of sacrifice; none were to be put to death but by God's own appointment, as the types of the great propitiatory sacrifice of the Lamb of God, slain from the foundation of the world, for the salvation and redemption of a lost world. No power was given to man to abuse, or even to kill and eat, until the world, still more deteriorated after the Flood, left the vegetable products of the earth less capable of nourishing, and then the much-abused liberty to hunt, to kill, and eat. "The fear of you, and the dread of you, shall now be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all fishes of the sea: into your hand they are delivered: every moving thing that liveth, to you it shall be for meat; even as the green herb have I given you all things. Such has been the state of the brute creation since the fall; very different, indeed, from its former condition, but still both reason and revelation represent them as guiltless sufferers for our transgressions, and therefore peculiar objects of our care and compassion; and it is not only a sin against mercy, but against justice, to abuse or oppress them. How strong on this point is Holy Scripture! Thus the wise man in the 12th chapter of Proverbs makes kindness to domestic animals an act of righteousness—the righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, "but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." Thus, in the fourth commandment, the rest of God's own day is declared to be for the care of *cattle* as well as their owners; and not only does God's law protect animals as *part of his property*, and connected *with his selfishness*, but it enjoins mercy to the cattle of our enemies. "If thou meet," says the sacred lawgiver, in the fourth and fifth verses of the 23d chapter of Exodus, "thine enemy's ox or ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring it back to him again; if thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burden, and wouldest forbear to help him, thou shalt *surely help him*." The blessed Saviour himself enjoins us to look after the wants of animals—to lead them to water—if they fall into a pit, to draw them out, even supposing it were on the Sabbath-day; and how tenderly does the Almighty declare his mercy to the brute creation, when he announces to the querulous prophet, that he withholds the execution of his sentence against a wicked city, because of its animals and irresponsible human beings—"Shall I not spare Nineveh, that great city, in which are more than sixty thousand people that cannot discern betwixt their right hand and their left, and also much cattle?"

The author, whose arguments I am using, supposing that our domestic animals are less poisoned with the general malignity diffused over the whole system than others; and that, perhaps, they are not now very different from what they were in their original state; and he further expatiates in fields of fancy, and supposes that as each species of animal might, before the fall, represent some specific virtue or power of humanity, and thus exhibit emblems and unisons in the universal harmony: so now, in their present degeneracy, they show forth, and that but faintly, some specific fault and corruption in ourselves, and are but shadows of what is silly, and vicious, or disgusting in mankind; as, for instance, you look at a monkey; it is a ridiculous, a mischievous creature; may he not be a type of some absurd and idle coxcomb, that struts, and frets, and chatters amongst fine people? And, I am sure, there is many a poor dog on four legs, acting agreeably to his nature, not half so despicable as the said dog, with all pretension to rationality, religion, and gentility, who is every day guilty of social crimes, that if his brother brute committed, he would be driven out of town with a kettle to his tail. The swine wallows in the mire—it is an ugly thing; so is it also swilling its food in a trough; but is it half so contemptible an animal as the gourmand who over-eats himself, and whose life's happiness depends upon his palate, and "whose god is his belly;" and lo, the ferocity of wolves, the cunning of foxes, the treachery of cats—but what are they to the cruelty, and unfaithfulness, and barbarity of mankind? And there are faults of which no type can be found amongst the lower order of animals—ingratitude and insincerity are but of HUMAN growth. And oh, how many stories could I tell

you of the dog, the elephant, or even the tiger, that would put to shame the unfaithful servant, the false friend, the cruel slanderer. . . . The learned man, whose arguments I have just been using, having stated as his premise that animals think, reason, and will, draws the conclusion that they have souls, and if souls, that these souls must be immortal; for God gave them the benediction of immortality when he pronounced them *all* very good: and though he allows that there are difficulties in the way of deciding on the immortality of their souls, he holds that there are greater connected with the utter extinction of their being after death. He allows, however, that in a future state each will retain its specific dignity and quality—the spirit of a man going upwards, the spirit of a beast going downwards, each assuming their proper rank; but with this difference, that beasts will not be liable to punishment, because they transgressed not any command, *they* were not disobedient to the will of their Creator. The apostle Paul declares they were made subject to vanity, *not willingly*, not by any fault of their own, but by reason of (that is, on account of him, that is man) who had subjected them to it in hope.—Pp. 15—19.

Without committing ourselves to this writer's speculations, and without advising our readers to attach more consideration than they please to our own rapid and occasional hints, we may express some thankfulness to the Archbishop of Dublin that he has not thought it derogatory to his station to read his short lecture on Instinct before the Dublin Natural History Society some few years ago. His audience apparently was a popular one; for the subject—indeed such is the avowed character of all these little tracts—is treated in an unscientific and popular way. Perhaps, to say the truth, the question of 'Instinct' will not admit of very rigorous and positive handling. And, as far as we can understand Dr. Whately, he gives up the alleged distinction between Reason and Instinct as scarcely *tanti*. Man has a degree of Instinct as well as of Reason, such Instinct being inseparable from his animality. Brutes, again—this is a matter of induction—perform actions, 'which if done by a man, would be called reason . . . it appears then that we can neither deny Reason universally and altogether to brutes, nor Instinct to Man; but that each possesses a share of both, though in very different proportions.'—P. 11.

This admission will get rid of the value or curiosity, but, of the pertinency of most of those interesting stories, which we find alleged as 'wonderful instances of instinct.' 'To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature:'. Dogberry did not more vilely confuse natural gifts and acquisitions, than do some writers on Natural History the various results in animals of education and mere physical impulse; or, which more pertinently applies, of mental operations and of those unconscious processes of appetite which 'come by nature.' For example; and we may just as well produce our own example, as borrow one from Mr. Couch or Dr. Whately: A dog, well known to ourselves, of a particularly surly temper

to strangers, was accustomed, as is frequently the case, to display a considerable amount of affection towards all the family to which he belonged. On one occasion, during the prolonged absence of one of the family, a youth similar to him in age and appearance happened to visit in the house to which the dog belonged, who, contrary to his usual habit, welcomed him, though an entire stranger, with all the ordinary noisy demonstrations of joy. The fact is that the dog mistook this stranger—a very unusual thing by the bye—for the absent member of the family: but upon the absentee's return, and in the united presence of the two Dromios, the dog's Instinct (?) selected at once his true and old friend, while his Reason (?) immediately transformed love into hate, and the dog fell furiously upon the counterfeit presentment whom he had hitherto, under a mistake, greeted with affection; and never afterwards saw the unconscious supplanter without exhibiting violent fits of anger. Now to call this an instance of Instinct is only absurd—'every one,' to use Dr. Whately's words, 'would admit the action was 'rational'—ill-tempered and immoral perhaps, but still the human creature's rationality; the common every-day rationality of the man who because he has made a mistake visits the consequences of his own carelessness, or forgetfulness, or sin, upon an unguilty object. Our dog reasoned, went through a legitimate mental process, felt that he had been imposed upon and taken in, and thought it right and becoming ever afterwards to hate and punish the deceiver.

Of course, if writers choose to call this exhibition of intelligence Instinct, they only show that they attach a very loose meaning to the word. Such is the case with these writers, as a class. Even Mr. Couch, in his interesting work, '*Illustrations of Instinct*,' does not attempt to define Instinct, or to distinguish between it and Reason.

He prowls round the subject of Instinct, just approaches it, and then lays it down again: at the first contact with the knotty spiny problem he flies off into a miscellaneous round of illustrations. The Archbishop describes Mr. Couch by anticipation: 'I have seen in many books interesting descriptions of different instincts, curiously illustrated by well-authenticated facts. I have seen minute details of important and interesting characteristics of Instinct. But I never saw anything like a philosophic or systematic view of the subject; nor have I ever heard a distinct and satisfactory answer to the question, "What do you mean by Instinct?"... In the ordinary language even of Naturalists, and even when they are describing and recounting instances of remarkable instincts, we often meet with much that is inconsistent with this view,' (p. 7,) viz. that a being acts in-

stinctively when unconscious of the end, but rationally when the end is perceived. The Archbishop, as we have already seen, cuts the knot, and perhaps would, if closely questioned, establish a difference more in degree than in kind between them.

It is not, then, the solitary possession of Reason in which the proprium of man consists—the elephant and dog intrude into our imperial state: and, therefore, dismissing this unprofitable logomachy, the Archbishop launches out into a consideration (p. 13) of the true ‘difference between Man and the higher brutes,’ which he settles by referring to the power of abstraction, and by observing that since ‘no animal’—a terrible slip this in the Archbishop, after (p. 8) ‘presuming that we have all learned ‘that Man is an animal, although it is a fact frequently forgotten ‘by many,’—(meaning thereby ‘no animal but man’) since no ‘animal has the use of language as an instrument of thought, ‘—and since man makes use of GENERAL SIGNS in the application ‘of his power of Abstraction, by which he is enabled to reason—the use of arbitrary general signs, what logicians call “common terms,” with a facility of thus using abstraction at pleasure, is a ‘characteristic of Man.’ (P. 13.) This gives his Grace an opportunity of quoting himself; and so sixteen pages of the whole twenty-six in his tract are occupied with a terrible quotation from the ‘Elements of Logic,’ into which congenial field if we decline to accompany the author in enucleating ‘the problem of supplying with daily provisions of all kinds such a city,’ &c.—which is not very *à propos* of Instinct—it is only that our readers may have the benefit of a pair of anecdotes which are told in Dr. Whately’s lucid and engaging way.

‘The Dog is regarded as the animal most completely man’s companion; and I will mention one, out of many specimens of the kind of Reason to which I refer, as exhibited in a dog. The incident is upon record, and there seems no ground for doubting it, although it did not come under my own personal observation. This dog being left on the bank of a river by his master, who had gone up the river in a boat, attempted to join him. He plunged into the water, but not making allowance for the strength of the stream, which carried him considerably below the boat, he could not beat up against it. He landed and made allowance for the current of the river, by leaping in at a place higher up. The combined action of the stream, and his swimming, carried him in an oblique direction, and he thus reached the boat. Having made the trial, and failed, he apparently judged from the failure of the first attempt, that his course was to go up the stream, make allowance for its strength, and thus gain the boat. I do not vouch for the accuracy of this anecdote; but I see no grounds for disbelieving it, as it is of a piece with many other recorded instances.

‘There is another instance of this nature, which did come under my own observation, and is more worthy of being recorded, because the actor was a Cat—a species of animal which is considered generally very inferior in sagacity to a dog. This cat lived many years in my mother’s family, and its feats of sagacity were witnessed by her, my sisters, and myself. It was known, not merely once or twice, but habitually, to ring the parlour bell whenever it wished the door to be opened. Some alarm was excited on the first occasion

that it turned bell-ringer. The family had retired to rest, and in the middle of the night the parlour bell was rung violently: the sleepers were startled from their repose, and proceeded down stairs, with pokers and tongs, to interrupt, as they thought, the predatory movement of some burglar; but they were agreeably surprised to discover that the bell had been rung by pussy; who frequently repeated the act whenever she wanted to get out of the parlour.'—Pp. 9, 10.

We have already said that Mr. Couch's volume—however deficient in a scientific aspect—is interesting and instructive; and this, perhaps, in proportion to its miscellaneous and discursive character. We shall give a better notion of it by imitating its rambling character; and if, as we have hinted, the classification of instances of Instinct is unimportant, it is equally unimportant upon what principle we extract them. The following is a good specimen of Mr. Couch's powers, both of observation and description; and we transcribe it because our opinion has long been that the Mole, like the Crow, has been subject to a very unjust persecution; and if any of our clerical readers can persuade one of his farmer parishioners into the practical belief that moles are rather an advantage than otherwise, we shall be pleased as much as surprised—and our long extract will have done its work.

'The habits of the Mole will vary with the soil, and particularly with the structure of the ground, as it is rich and deep, or shallow, level, rocky, uneven, or intersected with raised mounds, or hedges of earth five or six feet high, and of the same thickness, such as divide fields in the West of England. The presence of this animal is known by the heaps of fine earth, or hills, thrown up during its subterranean operations: in deep ground little of its labours can be traced, except when thus marked: but in a thin soil, or in hard ground, a ridge is often driven along, which is distinctly raised above the ordinary level of the surface; and the mole-hill is only elevated where the earth is so fine and friable, that the removal of some part of it is necessary, to give the creature a clear course in its runs backward and forward. The creep or run is in a zigzag direction; and when the neighbourhood is very productive of its prey, exceedingly so, as if the animal was unwilling to pass out of so fertile a district. But for the most part it takes a straightforward course; and in the open space of a down, it passes through more than fifty paces of distance without lifting a heap, with a progress amounting to two or three human paces in a day, and the whole run is two hundred feet in length. In the course of this passage, advantage is taken of any obstructions which occur, as if conscious of the probability of pursuit; and the run is made to pass among the roots of dwarf furze, and even under a large stone, while, at irregular distances, openings are made, to allow of excursions on the surface, and the free admission of air. There are many lateral branches from the principal passage; but none of them extend to any great distance: for it seems wisely to avoid forming such a labyrinth as might confound itself in its daily course, or in its efforts to escape from an enemy, to whose depredations it is exposed even in its retreat. Its time of labour is chiefly at an early hour in the morning; but if every thing be still, it may be seen at work at other seasons. The slightest sound or movement of an approaching foot stops the work; and no further lifting of the earth will be attempted that day. These runs are mostly made towards the end of autumn; are this creature's hunting-grounds for food; are abandoned when the soil has been thoroughly searched through and through; and though they are formed with so much toil as to make

it desirable not to desert it while there is anything to be done there, yet in a month or two the animal quits it for new ground, perhaps at a great distance, where the hunting promises better success.

'A favourite spot for its winter-quarters, and one it prefers at other seasons, is in enclosed fields, under the shelter of a hedge of high-piled earth, along the middle of whose base the run is carried, and in whose mass of mould it finds security from cold and from its natural enemies. The heaps it throws up are cast on the sides, and at intervals a lateral passage is driven into the field, to which, when the inducement is powerful, it transfers its principal operations; and there encounters its greatest hazards from the traps of the mole-catcher, and the pursuit of the Weasel and the Rat, with whom it fights furiously, but without success. When undisturbed, the Mole often shifts its quarters; and in making a new selection, its choice seems to be much influenced by caprice. It makes these changes especially in the months of July and August; but I have known it to take excursions of removal to such distances, that no mark of its presence could be detected, in the month of January, if an open and moist season. A large part of such a journey must be along the surface; and it is probable that at all times this is its mode of emigration to distant places. In summer much of its time is thus passed in migrations from one field to another, because the hardness of the ground renders it difficult to throw up the soil, and follow up the worms, which have sunk deeper down into the soil: it shows the same love of change in moist weather, when the ground is more workable; and the practice indeed seems a periodical variation of habit, common to it with the Shrews (*Sorex*), which also are inhabitants of burrows, and to all which species it seems essential to health. A fatality consequent on the emerging of the latter little creatures has excited the curiosity of Naturalists. They are often found dead in the paths, with no mark of injury about them to account for their death, which we have no doubt is to be attributed to their having been pounced upon by an owl; who kills them by a nip of the beak without breaking the skin, and then rejects them, as meat for their masters, perhaps, but not for them, who have a taste for the daintier sort of delicacies. Limited in their powers of sight, they are also surprised by Cats, who immediately throw them away, as not liking them. Their deaths may be thus accounted for.

'If not to its mind, the Mole repeatedly changes its quarters; and though shut up in darkness, it reluctantly continues on the northern declivity of a hill, where it has little light, and less heat, unless its other advantages are unusually great. Its migration from one district to another exposes it to great danger, as it is slow to escape, and little prepared to defend itself. The opening of a new track is often concealed in a heap of the soil which has been brought up from the interior; and at times it is firmly blocked up from within, but I have seen it left carelessly open. It is by these entrances that the Weasel, the Rat, and the larger Vole (*Arvicola amphibia*) sometimes enter, and are themselves taken in the trap.

'The run is differently formed in spring, in consequence of a difference of object. Where fields are not large, the hedge is still the selected spot; on which account its nest is not often discovered. Mr. Bell has given a sketch of the skilful arrangements made for its safety at this time; but in districts where the hedge is chosen for defence, no other departure from its usual form is made than an enlargement of the space, and a more comfortable lining. Fourteen young ones have been discovered in one nest; but, though the Mole is not a social animal, it is hard to believe that they could have been littered by one mother.

'The Mole may sleep more in winter than in other seasons, but it is not its habit to become torpid at this time. In frost and snow, fine earth is often seen freshly turned up as evidence of its activity; but as it is a creature of great

voracity, and cannot endure long fasting, like many wild animals of that character, it is not easy to say how its wants are at this time supplied. A dead or living bird, numbed with the cold, is always a welcome morsel; but its track has not been seen in the snow in pursuit of it. It perceives the earliest approach of a thaw; and, after long seclusion, a heap may be seen protruding through the thin covering of snow as evidence of its sensibility to change of temperature: a circumstance more easily understood when we recollect that it is the radiation of heat from the inner parts of the earth which exercises the first influence in the change; and that it is because the air abstracts this heat more rapidly than the earth supplies it, that frost and snow are produced and continued. When, from changes in the atmosphere, this rapid abstraction ceases, the heat below becomes more sensibly felt; and this is first visible at the surface of the soil.

A good supply of drink is essential to the Mole's existence; and its healthy condition is marked by a softness and moisture about the snout, where its most perfect organ of sensation is placed. The flexibility of that organ, and its command over it, are indeed exquisite; but it is not used in the operations of excavation and lifting. This is the work of the feet, neck, and the hinder part of the shoulder; and in these parts the Mole is perhaps the strongest quadruped in existence, in proportion to its size. The heaps it throws up are not made simply by lifting: for the superfluous earth is collected at easy distances, and thrust along, until so much is accumulated as compels it to convey it out of the way, and then its work in tunnelling goes on again.

The Mole has more enemies than it is supposed to have: for though its disappearance from a district is sometimes due to emigration, there must be other causes at work to account for their extirpation in particular localities. They may destroy each other in their burrows, for they are exceedingly quarrelsome; the Fox and Weasel too are formidable foes; but the ceaseless war waged against them by man, the least excusable enemy they have, is the most destructive. Admitting that moleheaps, and loosening of the soil by the runs made through a field, are inconveniences, and even injurious; and that it is unsightly to see a gentleman's lawn disfigured with these tumuli: but such annoyances may be either removed or turned to advantage; and it must not be forgotten that their destruction of more injurious creatures is considerable. If it is desirable to expel them from their haunts, it may be done effectually without destroying them: for their extirpation is sure to be followed by a fresh invasion. Evelyn says they may be driven away by placing garlick in their runs; and perhaps assafetida would be still more potent, if they must be drugged.

"The most unnatural of all persecutions," says that close observer, James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, "that ever was raised in a country is that against the Mole: that innocent and blessed pioneer, who enriches our pastures with the first top dressing, dug with great pains and labour from the fattest of the soil beneath. The advantages of this top-dressing are so apparent and so manifest to the eye of every unprejudiced person, that it is really amazing how our countrymen should have persisted in endeavours to exterminate the moles from the face of the earth. If a hundred men and horses were employed on a common-sized pasture-farm, of from 1500 to 2000 acres, in raising and conveying manure for a top-dressing, they would not do it so effectually, so neatly, or so equally, as the natural number of Moles on that farm would do of themselves. It has been observed in Selkirkshire, that, where the Moles have been nearly extirpated upon the Duke of Buccleuch's pasture-farms, Slugs have increased to such a degree, as to render it probable that they really consume a great proportion of the herbage. On the pasture-land of other proprietors, where the Moles are not destroyed, the Slugs are certainly not so numerous. . . . Now, it is well known, whatever may be the reason, and no other can be thought of, that the grounds upon which the Moles are destroyed do not keep so many

sheep as formerly, when the Moles were not destroyed." (London's Mag. of Nat. Hist. vol. viii. p. 227.) It may be observed further, that where no efforts have been made to destroy them, they do not increase beyond a given number, which varies according to the soil; and that their frequent destruction, by encouraging the increase of the creatures which are their food, aids indirectly in augmenting their numbers.'—Pp. 276—283.

This last is an important thought. Nature—to use the common, cold abstraction—has a self-regulating power, which it is often dangerous to interfere with. The farmer, mentioned in *Rasselas*, who solicited rain and sunshine according to his own views, found no better crops than his neighbours; and many a vermin-trap is but a premium on sterility. Every one sees that the extirpation of the whole class of spiders would cause a portentous increase of flies; and, again, that if all the flies were killed off, we should not know how to dispose of the carrion. Just so it is with moles and crows; their small sins are patent and plain; while the wholesale devastations of wire-worm and grub, which they were designed to check, because less conspicuous, are disregarded. It is this sort of chasm, or *vacuum*, which nature abhors.

The following anecdote, while it points out the possible mistakes which may be made in assigning complex and moral emotions to the lower animals, gives a useful hint that the generalization in natural history should be patient and slow.

'The action by which the splendour of the peacock's tail is outspread, has also been deemed an absurd manifestation of pride. But men are imperfect interpreters of the actions of animals; and a closer examination of the habits of this bird will afford a different explanation. The tail of the peacock is of a plain and humble description, and seems to be of no other use besides aiding in the erection of the long feathers of the loins; while the latter are supplied at their insertion with an arrangement of voluntary muscles, which contribute to their elevation, and to the other motions of which they are capable. If surprised by a foe, the peacock presently erects its gorgeous feathers; and the enemy at once beholds starting up before him a creature which his terror cannot fail to magnify into the bulk implied by the circumference of a glittering circle of the most dazzling hues, his attention at the same time being distracted by a hundred glaring eyes meeting his gaze in every direction. A hiss from the head in the centre, which in shape and colours resembles that of a serpent, and a rustle from the trembling quills, are attended by an advance of the most conspicuous portion of this bulk; which is in itself an action of retreat, being caused by a receding motion of the body of the bird. That must be a bold animal which does not pause at the sight of such an object; and a short interval is sufficient to ensure the safety of the bird: but if, after all, the enemy should be bold enough to risk an assault, it is most likely that its eagerness or rage would be spent on the glittering appendages, in which case the creature is divested only of that which a little time will again supply. A like explanation may be offered of the use of the long and curious appendages of the head and neck of various kinds of humming-birds, which, however feeble, are a pugnacious race.'—Pp. 74, 75.

Among the thousand anecdotes told of the dog, Mr. Couch produces an illustration which is new to us.

'The hero of the story figures in Captain Southey's History (of the West Indies) with great propriety among the conquerors of Puerto Rico: for, though only a Dog, the full pay of a crossbowman and half as much more was received by his owner for his services; and he was thought to have done as much toward what is called the pacification of that island as a third of all the Spaniards who were employed in it. Bezerillo was his name:—of a reddish colour, with a black face, not large of his kind, nor finely made, but of great understanding and courage; and, indeed, what he did was such that, *sans* doubt, the Christians believed God had sent him for their succour. He would select among two hundred Indians one who had escaped from the Christians, or who should have been pointed out to him, and would seize him by the arm, and make him come back with him to the camp, or wherever the Christians might be; and if he attempted to resist, or would not come, he tore him to pieces, and did other things which were very remarkable, and worthy of admiration. At midnight, if a prisoner got loose, and were a league distant, it was but to say "The Indian is gone!" or "Fetch him!" and away Bezerillo went upon the scent, and brought him back. The tame Indians he knew as well as a man could know them, and never did them hurt; and among many tame ones, he could distinguish one wild one. It seemed as if he had the judgment and intelligence of a man, and that not of a foolish one. Salazar had one day taken an old Indian woman, among other prisoners, after a defeat of the natives, and for no assigned or assignable reason, but in mere wantonness of cruelty, he determined to set this dog upon the poor wretch. But it was to be made a sport of, a spectacle for the Spaniards, or the Christians, as their contemporary historian and fellow-Christian calls them, even while he is relating this story. Salazar gave the woman an old letter, and told her to go with it to the Governor at Aymaco. The poor creature went her way joyfully, expecting to be set at liberty when she had performed her errand. The intent was merely to get her away from the rest, that the dog might have a fair field, and the beholders a full sight. Accordingly, when she had proceeded little farther than a stone's throw, Bezerillo was set at her. Hearing him come, the woman threw herself on the ground; and her simple faith in Salazar's intention, and in the animal's sagacity, saved her: for she held out the letter to the dog, and said, "O, sir dog, sir dog! I am carrying a letter to the Lord Governor: don't hurt me, sir dog!" The dog seemed to understand her; and did understand her, in fact, sufficiently to know that she did not look upon herself as a condemned person, and that she implored his mercy; and he came up to her gently, and did her no harm.'—Pp. 188, 189.

From these animating narratives, in which it is instructive to detect in the inferior animals the better characteristics of humanity, it is painful to descend to Dr. Walsh's 'Our Fellow-Lodgers.' Simply to expose the unseemly things of the human frame, merely to show that our nature is animal, by an elaborate proof that animals feed upon us, only to investigate the worm and the charnel-house, can do no good. This lecture was delivered before a learned body, no less an one than the Dublin Royal College of Physicians; such science, therefore, as it displays must have been more than familiar to a scientific body: and when published the popular mind has a right to ask, *Quorsum hæc tam putida?* Why are we simply to be disgusted? Why is an offence to be flung before us, only because it is offensive? If Dr. Walsh had attempted any reasonable theory as to the final cause of the *Entozoa*; if he had tried to assign to them any definite share in

the economy of nature; had he even expressed himself intelligently for or against the opposite views on equivocal generation,—in a word, had he proposed to himself any other aim than the delivery of an unpleasant lecture on an unclean subject, we should have accompanied his speculations, if not with profit, at least with interest. As it is, we must leave him to a banquet from which few of our readers will have cause to regret their absence.

---

## NOTICES.

'A Compendium of Hebrew Grammar; designed to facilitate the Study of the Language and simplify the System of the Vowel Points. By Rev. William Burgh, M.A. of Trin. Coll. Dublin.' A laudable attempt to arrange the facts that relate to the inflexion of Hebrew forms. There are two errors, on this subject, to be avoided:—that of the old grammars, which laid down a large number of rules,—not dependent on any principle—serving merely to hold together a certain number of facts, not to explain them:—and that of Ewald and others, who, in their zealous attempts to ascertain the laws, to which the *ninus formativus* of the language was subject, were unwilling to leave any exceptional case unaccounted for—as if their inductive laws had possessed some *à priori* necessity. Of both these rocks Mr. Burgh has in the main steered clear. On one or two occasions his rules are inadequate, indeed incorrect, (e.g. on the Article, at p. 22, and on Vau Conversive, at p. 24.) The division of nouns, too, is a mistake. The declensions should be either nine (as Gesenius has them), or, far better, only two. The Hebrew typography does no credit to the Dublin University Press. The errors are both frequent and serious,—a great defect in a book intended for beginners.

Nothing can be better than the object of Mr. Eccles Carter in his 'Remarks on Christian Grave-stones,' (Masters.) This work forms one, and in many respects a valuable addition to the similar undertakings of Mr. Paget, Mr. Armstrong, and the Camden Society,—not forgetting our earnest ally Mr. Markland. It is a cause which we are glad to find winning its way, and every ally is to be welcomed: still we cannot help saying that Mr. Carter is not very happy in his original designs: one, No. 12, p. 31, is evidently borrowed in its details from the 'Ecclesiology' of the Berlin Worsteds-workshop in Regent-street. There is not the least authority for the crown of thorns balancing the celestial crown. It is a modern prettiness.

In this connexion we may mention 'Cemetery Burial,' (Masters,) a tract, which, with some research, leans too much towards the modern sentimentalism about cemeteries. Not but that the case must be met; and, as is usual, because the Church, in her corporate capacity through her bishops, has not set about a system of parochial extra-urban sepulture, we are now left in large cities to the hideous abomination of the joint-stock companies, or the flagrant indecencies of town churchyards. If, as seems most likely, the State must interfere, it can hardly be hoped that new regulations will be other than latitudinarian. This, like other evils, ought to have been boldly acknowledged long since: but the unhappy anodyne of things lasting our time, in this, as in more serious matters, has unfortunately proved fatal.

'Readings for Advent, (Webb,) for the use of the Collegiate Schools, Liverpool,' is a selection of scriptural passages 'which might harmonize with the

general design of the Church Services.' In other words, it is an attempt to give privately what the Breviaries of various churches, in their Lections, have hitherto supplied under authority. Our own Church having, for the most part, confined the formal celebration of the sacred seasons to the Sunday office, we see no objection to this Manual, the principle of which the preface proposes to extend to the whole of the Christian year.

Count Joseph de Maistre's 'Essay on the Generative Principle of Political Constitutions'—published some forty years ago—has been reprinted by Little and Brown, (Boston, U. S.) It is, as some of our readers know, a stirring pamphlet.

We have received from America: Bishop Doane's 'Address on Laying the Corner-stone of Grace-Church, Newark,' (Morris, Burlington;) Bishop Ive's 'Address on Laying the Corner-stone of S. Mary's, Burlington'—this is a new church for the parish of which Bishop Doane is rector;—and, 'No Service without Sacrifice,' a Sermon preached on the same occasion by Bishop Doane himself. There is a vigorous ecclesiastical character both about these addresses and the proceedings themselves, which makes us very hopeful that we may never have occasion seriously to canvass questions of taste with those, whose very exuberance of life ought to shame our cold proprieties both of feeling and expression. We cannot say much for Mr. Upjohn's design for S. Mary's, except that it is well meant.

We are glad to find the useful series of 'Churches of Yorkshire,' (Green: Leeds,) resumed. No. 14 is before us. The letter-press is unusually good; and we wish that every diocese had one who would so forcibly expose the sinful neglect and spoliation of God's houses as the editor of this series. That we are in this respect improving in all directions is mainly to be attributed—it is only right to acknowledge this—to the 'strong language' which has in various quarters been used about the sacrilege and parsimony which have rendered our churches so disgraceful. The Augean stable was not cleansed with a drawing-room feather-brush.

The Roman Catholic 'Bishop of New York,' Dr. Hughes, has been delivering, at a dissenting meeting-house in New York, a 'Lecture on the Antecedent Causes of the Irish Famine in 1847,' (Duncan: New York.) These 'antecedent causes,' as Dr. Hughes pleonastically styles them, are to be found in the invasion by Henry II. and the penal proceedings of 1610, which events culminated last year: and a good while they have taken to climb the zenith. Dr. Hughes is a curious mixture of Broadway and College Green. The compound is not felicitous. On the other, the industrial side, may be read, 'Mr. G. H. Stoddart's Letter to Lord John Russell,' (Saunders.)

The second number of Mr. Blackburne's work on 'Decorative Painting' has appeared. Perhaps in its pictorial, certainly in its literary, aspect it is an improvement on its predecessor. The taste and spirit of the series are much to be commended.

'The Life and Writings of Dr. Chalmers, by the Rev. Henry Davis,' (Gilbert,) is a very meagre sketch indeed: written, we suppose, on the intelligible plea of supplying the first account to his admirers. We do not pretend to have been

deep or accurate students of Dr. Chalmers: but the extracts given by Mr. Davis in illustration of his brilliancy and depth, give but the notion of flashy nonsense to an English reader. It is curious that the Scotch character, patient as it is of the hard dry husks of Calvinism, encourages this mere florid declamation, simply as fine talk in the pulpit. But, perhaps, by way of relief, and in obedience to that moral law which demands expression for the feelings, the coldness of dogma necessitates the counteraction of this lurid glare of rhetoric: the one exercise sets off against the other.

We cannot enter into the Irish mind. It is a phenomenon. There is a Society in Ireland, as every body knows, called the 'Church Education Society,' under high auspices. To the plans of this Society, as it seems, a distinguished person, Dr. Elrington, has lately seen cause to demur, and has declared his adhesion to the National Board of Education. For this he is called to account in a Letter by Dr. Miller, Vicar-General of Armagh: 'The case of the Church Education Society considered,' (Seeley.) But even the Church Education Society receives Roman Catholic children into its schools, under the double promise; first, not to proselytise; and, secondly—so Dr. Miller is very anxious to impress on his readers—to give 'the master full liberty to instruct every child in the school in the meaning of the portion of Scripture which he had been reading,' (p. 23.) 'Doctrinal instruction' (p. 24), the society and Dr. Miller expressly disclaim; of 'the occasional correction of error in the interpretation of a passage in Scripture' (ibid.) they reserve to themselves the full liberty. And by way of illustrating this distinction, Dr. Miller (p. 25), distinctly and calmly states that a teacher 'might explain the important words, *this is my body*, without arguing against the doctrine of transubstantiation, informing the reader simply, that they were understood to mean only, *this represents my body*, agreeably to other phrases of the Scriptures. And again, without entering into the question of the Arian doctrine, he might surely admonish a child who had read the words, *my Father is greater than me*, that they were applicable only to the human condition in which our Saviour was at that time placed.' If this really be a fair representation of the 'Case of the Church Education Society,' which we question, whether that body be a greater insult to common honesty or common sense it would be hard to say.

It would be quite unfair to a book like 'Professor Andrews Norton's Genuineness of the Gospels,' of which an English edition has been published by Chapman, to dismiss it with simple contempt. It is not a work to be despised, and will bear careful study by those whose function it is to discuss the external evidences. It is written in a fair and candid spirit; but it fully deserves the bad fame which has preceded it. Its line is, however, nearly obliterated by the bolder and, let us add, more logical rationalists of Germany; so that we doubt whether it will tell on the English mind. We must believe much less or much more than Mr. Norton. Merely to eliminate the first two chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel, and to explain away our Lord's plain adoption of 'the fabulous' narrative of Jonah—to take two instances at hand—will satisfy nobody.

'Enchologion; a Series of Family Prayers, &c.' (Graham: Masters,) is a good collection for private use, which may run parallel with the public Daily Office, or, in its absence, may be used safely alone. The multiplication of these

manuals is a sign by no means to be lost sight of. We are hardly satisfied with the adoption of a term already used for a formal ecclesiastical book in ritual use in the Oriental Church.

Bishop Jolly's famous book on the 'Christian Sacrifice in the Eucharist,' has been seasonably reprinted, (Aberdeen: Brown.)

The Cambridge Camden Society—we have not yet quite learned its new title, the Ecclesiological—has expanded the well-known and well-valued 'Few Hints, &c.' into a very complete 'Hand-book of English Ecclesiology,' (Masters.) It will be inseparable from all our summer tours. Being merely a collection of facts and inferences, it cannot be expected to deal much with arguments, or to state both sides of a dispute. Hence, what is no fault, its decided tone, and vigorous, business-like summaries. Now and then we may be allowed to differ; but the book is too small to set down opposite explanations. We detect a preference to the more recondite explanations: *ex. grat.* in accounting for the *Vesica Piscis*, the possible origin from the *ixθvs*, and the scarcely possible derivation from the Almond, are recorded, without a hint of that which is much more easy, M. Didron's, the elongated and oval Aureola. A summary of subjects, as well as an *Index locorum*, is much needed.

'Mary Tudor, a Drama; and other Poems: by Sir Aubrey de Vere,' (Pickering.) The author of this engaging volume has not sought to please parties in Mary Tudor; we may hesitate, therefore, more about his success than his capabilities to deserve it. To praise, or to do justice, at the same time, to Queen Mary and her sister, and to draw with equal powers and equal fairness both Pole and Cranmer, bespeak rather the poet than the politic writer. Nor are we certain that both parties had equal claims to eulogy. As a drama, in its old sense, Mary Tudor, being quite deficient in plot, must be considered a failure; but in strong delineation of character, as well as in vigorous detached scenes, the author shows unusual powers. The delicate strokes by which Queen Mary's enduring affection for her cousin are hinted, rather than drawn, display the artist; and the affecting speeches in the last act delivered by the dying Queen are very fine. On more accounts than one this poem deserves a careful perusal: if in any point it is weak, it is in the introduction of subordinate, however historical, personages, who are scarcely agents.—The minor poems are chiefly of earlier years: as a finished landscape piece we were much pleased with the 'Glen of Glangoole.'

'A Hand-Book for Oxford,' (J. H. Parker,) consists in the illustrations of the excellent wood-cuts of Dr. Ingram's Memorials, with some useful additions; and in the letter-press of a tolerably successful abridgement of the same work. Where the present writer adds to his original he is generally accurate: the introduction is poor and unsatisfactory, with some lamentable attempts at easy writing. It is perhaps essential to all guide-books that they should breathe nothing but pearls and roses: bearing this in mind, we are disposed rather to note than to object to certain statements: such as that at p. 76.—'The east window of Brasenose is a really elegant specimen of Gothic tracery;' which, curious and important as it is, it is certainly neither 'elegant' nor 'Gothic;' that at p. 195, that Mr. Blore's 'restoration at S. John's is very successful,' the new work being no restoration, and anything but successful; and one at p. 189,

that the difficulty of the site is the slightest excuse for the Taylor Building. We wonder that Parker's shop has not been subjected to a domiciliary visit from Wadham, relating to a passage at p. 90, about the 'authorized iniquities which were here perpetrated at the time of the Reformation;' we might hope, rather than believe, that there is a misprint for Rebellion.

'The Law of the Offerings, by Andrew Jukes,' (Nisbet,) is a dull book written by a Dissenter, who was formerly a Clergyman.

'The Churchman's Companion,' (Masters,) has completed its first volume: the amount of pains and unrewarded labour in getting these little periodicals together is as great as the usefulness of the work itself, which deserves support in every way.

'The Geography of Palestine, by Mr. M'Leod, late Master of the Battersea Model School,' (Longmans,) seems accurate. We had rather attribute to ignorance than to any more serious cause the very incorrect statement: 'within the last few years there has been appointed a Bishop of Jerusalem.' But in a more responsible quarter, the formal Calendar of King's College, London, we are distressed to find the late Dr. Alexander described, without any qualification, as 'Bishop of Jerusalem.'

'The Paradise of the Christian Soul,' (Burns,) has been completed: it contains a Preface by the editor, Dr. Pusey, the importance of which, under present circumstances, it would be difficult to overstate. With all this respected writer's fulness, the present document is unusually lucid and explicit.

'Christ in His Passion,' (J. H. Jackson,) a set of Holy Week Lectures, by Mr. Trevor, of York. In this little volume is a good deal of what we think suitable to the occasion—a vivid pictorial character leading to meditation. But the writer is deficient in a reverent handling of the more awful details of his subject: he is more frequently picturesque than solid, and there is a haze and heat in his language which may be accounted for by noticing the fact, that the lectures were 'composed at Bangalore.' We are quite at issue with Mr. Trevor on his arrangement of the events of the Holy Week.

The 'More Bishops' Question' is taking a turn somewhat more expansive than has been thought of in Downing-street. In a pamphlet, 'Preachers, Pastors, and Bishops,' (Hamilton and Adams,) a Mr. Love proposes that 'the British Wesleyan Church' should at once launch out with an additional staff of 'thirty-two bishops, sixteen hundred pastors, and eight hundred preachers,' (p. 58.) With this formidable hierarchy in the City-road, it behoves us to be stirring.

'A Plain Address to my Household, by a Clergyman,' (Masters,) calls attention to the duty of a priest ruling over his own household. An important subject well treated.

'Enchiridion Juvenile,' (Bathonie: Simms,) an affecting manual of devotional exercises for school boys. Though not strictly published, it may be procured of Mr. Simms.

'Confirmation considered Doctrinally and Practically,' (Masters,) is one of the best tracts which we have seen on the subject; and contrasts very favourably

with what its preface strongly criticizes, the whole collection on this ordinance, published by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, which, as a single collection, we are disposed to rate at a low estimate.

'The Law of the Anglican Church the Law of the Land,' (Masters,) enunciates a truism; to which unhappily time has appended another, that it is a sort of law which lies more on paper than in act.

'An Earnest Exhortation to Confession,' (Masters,) is an affecting tract on a subject which, of all others the most practically important, is least suitable for this form of urging it. The language, too, is exaggerated.

'A Hymn and Chant for the Harvest Home of 1847, by Mr. M. F. Tupper,' (Hatchard,) are very striking: the former is especially beautiful. The Chant is not a chant: a chant is a musical, not a metrical, expression; and these lines, written in Mr. Tupper's remarkable measured rhythm, will not fall into the church tones; still less into the modern double chants. The diction and thoughts are admirable. We could have spared the second stanza of the Hymn; 'palace' and 'valleys' are neither a rhyme nor a legitimate assonance.

We have seen a Circular addressed from authority to British chaplains abroad, prescribing a clause to be inserted in the Litany, and also a special prayer for the Sovereign of the country in which the English congregation is assembled. This is as it should be; and, if it is to be used in Rome, this direction forms a remarkable contrast to a petition which was once in the Anglican Litany.

'Ranke's History of Servia,' has been well translated by Mrs. Alexander Kerr, (Murray.) This, still the debateable land between the cross and the crescent, is perhaps the most remarkable and least known country in Europe. What its future destiny may be it is hard to conjecture; but one day it, with the other provinces south of the Danube, must form an important element in European politics. Countries on which the waves of opposed principles break, often preserve a singular and strongly defined nationality: that of Servia has a character quite peculiar. Not the least noticeable aspect of the moral condition of the Servians consists in the evident traces of heathenism which have scarcely been fused by the slow and incomplete action of the Church.

There is a great deal of technical knowledge and accurate study displayed in the two handsome volumes, 'Hints on Glass Painting, &c. by an Amateur,' (J. H. Parker); and the volume of illustrations consists not only of singularly clear and effective wood-cuts, but of well-drawn pieces of glass. The range of illustration we thought rather narrow; and there is an unquestionable awkwardness in some of the sketches being uncoloured. To some portion of the chapter on the employment of painted glass at the present day, we express an objection:— 'My opinion is decidedly hostile to symbols: to some persons they are offensive, to most they are unintelligible, and in very few perhaps of those who do understand their meaning, are they capable of awakening any sentiments of piety or veneration. If any interest attaches to ancient symbols, it is an antiquarian interest . . . . modern copies are an unreal mockery . . . . unless we could revive the modes of thinking which rendered them interesting and impressive symbols cannot be better than frigid and idle ornaments, &c. (Vol. i. pp. 231, 232.) It would have been as well for the author to have said what

he meant by symbols; as it stands, the whole page is simply unintelligible. There is again, in our judgment, an imperfect, or rather an overstrained, estimate of the capabilities of glass painting in the observation (p. 241) that Michael Angelo's 'great picture in the National Gallery, or Raphael's Cartoons, would form, with a little modification, a good design for a glass painting.' We go a good deal with the present writer in his sensible protest against reviving the bad drawing and the grotesque artistic incapacity of mediæval glass painters. We see no reason at all why figures in the glass of our own times, where figures are introduced, should not be drawn both correctly and with the proper religious expression; but to feel this is by no means to assert the identity, for pictorial purposes, of canvass and wood on the one hand, and of such a very peculiar medium as glass on the other. Unreality comes in when glass is made to do the work of any other substance, especially such a ground as canvass. Mr. Pugin fails when he transfers mere wall-painting, or the sentiment and depth of a fresco, with its solid masses of colour unchecked by whites, to glass; but this blunder, as we deem it, is as nothing to that of copying a great Italian oil picture in a window, even with the convenient proviso of 'with some modifications.' Not only does the difference of medium, glass and canvass, compel a different treatment of shadows in the two styles, but all the other accessories, such as the light under which to view the picture, the mechanical difference of vehicle, oil in the one case, the furnace in the other, and, above all, the stiff artificial outline of leading, point to the necessity of recognising a different ideal for each. And this distinction is to be made not in modifying details, but in setting out with different principles. The conventionality of art, though the deference which we pay to its appeal, however varied, flows from a common origin in the mind, is so changeful in its applications, that to confound them is to refuse to art one of its chief characteristics, a plastic yet comprehensive nature, which adapts itself to a wide range of empire, in various modifications, both over sensuous and material subjects. We admit a certain adaptation of marble to stand for the Panathenæic Procession; we yield to a coloured and varnished cloth its claims to represent the same subject. But under what different conditions—with what a different feeling—how widely distinct are the conventional admissions which we are called upon to make in the two cases! The artists address two separate modifications of our faculties. Form, in the case of sculpture; light and shadow, distance and aerial effect, in the case of painting; breadth of colour in the instance of stained glass, may be settled as the characteristics of the three arts. And though all three constituents may have their place in each one of these arts, yet the prime characteristic of each must not be sacrificed to a subordinate, as must be the case where glass, which ought chiefly to deal in a broad surface of tincture, simply as tincture, aims at great and impracticable effects of light and shade, as in reproducing the 'Raising of Lazarus.' The large glass picture of Rubens' 'Descent from the Cross,' at S. Bride's, will serve as an illustration. Glass has an ample and successful, however defined, domain if its friends will be content to keep it there. In all this part of his work the present author seems scarcely to understand the main requirements of art, as when he praises (p. 254) the same glass both for 'atmospheric effect' and for 'statuesque character;' and it only betrays a confusion of mind if passages which seem to recognise the peculiar and restricted sphere and purpose of glass can be produced. However, the book is well worth reading;

and we wish it success : at the same time expressing a desire that its tone had been more ecclesiastical. The writer misunderstands (p. 300) one objection to the Italian revival of art : it would run, that this or that artist were blameable, not for making his naked figures anatomically correct, but antecedently for making them, in religious subjects, naked at all. We are not adopting or defending Montalembert's objection; but it may as well be fairly stated. And perhaps glass painting is even more than its sister art of canvass painting, calculated, from certain mechanical imperfections inseparable from its constitution, to produce that really religious impression which should be the sole object of art strictly and specifically christian; namely, in that it rather seeks to call out thoughts of the dignified, the beautiful, and the unearthly, than it aims to reproduce or to copy the actual forms of nature. In other words, glass painting is, or ought to be, rather suggestive than physically mimetic. Hence, too, from this its suggestive character, glass painting is bound more strictly to adhere to that law of the religious picture, which, to the entire sacrifice of originality and novelty in design, is content to follow implicitly the recognised and received types of Christian art.

It is enough to announce a new volume of 'Sermons by Archdeacon Manning,' (Burns,) simply observing, that in depth and beauty, and especially in consolidation of style, it exceeds its justly valued predecessors.

Two valuable Charges have appeared during the quarter : one by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, (Rivingtons) ; and one by Archdeacon Wilberforce, (Murray). Of Sermons, that of the Bishop of Oxford, preached before the University, at the meeting of the British Association, (Rivingtons,) claims precedence on all accounts. We have also seen a Visitation Sermon, 'The Education of the Heart, by Mr. Ellison, of Edensor,' (Hatchard.)

## INDEX TO VOL. XIV.

(NEW SERIES.)

### ARTICLES AND SUBJECTS.

#### A.

AMERICAN TRAVELLERS [*Clarke, Tyng, Kip, &c.*], 178—207. Cause of foreign Travel, 178, 179. American associations, 180. Ecclesiastical views of England, 182. American gossip, 184. Exeter Hall, 185. American Episcopalianism, 186. The voluntary system, 187. Dr. Tyng, 188. Arrives in London, 189. Visits Exeter Hall, 190, 191. Mr. Noel's Chapel, 192—197. Church Missionary Society, 198. Lambeth, Dr. Hook, Oxford, 199, 200. Bible Society, 201. Mr. Bridge's Evangelicalism, 203, 204. Mr. McNeile, 206. Dr. Tyng at Epsom Races, 206, 207.  
Anthologia Oxoniensis [*Linwood, Drury*], 95—112. Oxford and Cambridge Anthologia, 95. The older Oxford Collections, 96—99. Carmina Quadragesimalia, 100. Translations of English Ballads—Mr. Jones, Mr. Bode, 101—103. Mr. Goldwin Smith, 104. Lord Grenville, Lord Wellesley, 105, 106. Dean Herbert, 107. Mr. Booth, 107, 108. Mr. Holden, 109. Mr. James Lonsdale, 109. Greek Poems—Mr. Riddell, 110. Mr. Jones, 111. Mr. Linwood, 111, 112.

#### C.

Children's Books [*Andersen, Maghew, Neal, Tyler, &c.*], 231—289. Andersen, 231—341. Mayhew's Good Genius, 242. The Silver Swan, 243, 244. The Goodnatured Bear, 245—250. The Lady Ella, 251—253. The Wreath of Lilies, 254. Subjects for children, 255—257. Charles Lamb's Adventures of Ulysses, 258—260. Godfrey Davenant, 261—266. Neal's Christian Endurance, 266—270. Poyning, 270, 271. Michael the Chorister, The Island Choir, 272—276. Miss Tyler's Tales, 276—279. Love of Nature, 280—282. Boy's

own Library, 283. Useful Knowledge Society's Publications, 285, 286. Children's love of books, 287—289.

Colonial Bishops, recent Consecration of, 419—435. Action of the Church on the world, 419. University Elections, 420. New Colonial Sees, 421. Scene at Westminster Abbey, 422—424. Doctrinal differences, 425—427. Application to Colonial Bishops, 428—435.

#### F.

Flowers in Churches, 113—122. S. John's, Torquay, 113. Law of the case, 114. Bishop of Exeter's judgment, 115; impugned, 115—122.

Freemasonry, Ancient and Modern, [*Hallwell, Oliver, Preston, &c.*], 1—38. Masons and Freemasons, 1. Festivities of Freemasonry, 2. Its universal philanthropy, 3. Its charities, 4. Origin of Freemasonry, 5—8. Bridge-builders, 10. Connection with Church-building, 11. Mediæval secret societies, 12. The Vehme, 13, 14. Connection with the Crusades, 15. The Knights Templars, 16, 17. Modern Masonry, 18; its pretensions, 19, 20; its profanity, 21, 22; its deistical character, 23—33. The Bible, and Bible only, 34, 35. Modern infidelity, 36—38.

#### I.

Instinct, Illustrations of, [*Couch, Whately, Walsh, Butt, Otway*], 436—448. Estimate of the lower animals, 436. Moral character of animals, 437. Defects of the common books, 438, 439. Distinction between reason and instinct, 440, 441. Whately's Tract, 442. The Mole, 443—445. The Peacock, 446. Dr. Walsh, 447, 448.

#### II

## M.

Miller, Hugh—*Impressions of England*, 290—313. The author, 290. Relations of Scotland and England, 291—307. Shenstone and the Leasowes, 307—312. Westminster Abbey, 313. Modern Latin Poetry, 314—338. The *Deliciæ*, 314. Characteristics of modern Latin poetry, 315. Its metres, 316—319. Greek Hymns, 320. Translations from Schiller, 320, 321. Wackerbath, 322. Mantuan, 323—326. Casimир, 327—333. Buchanan, 334—338.

## N.

Ninfa, 123—142. Its authoress, 123. Analysis of the story, 124—142.  
 Novels, recent, 339—373. Religious fictions, 339. Novels of manners, 340; of character, 341, 342. Miss Burney, 342. Miss Austin, &c., 343—346. The Novel of Wit, 347. Mount Sorel, 348—353. Father Darcy, 354—359. Emilia Wyndham, 359—363. Norman's Bridge, 364—376. Faults of the Author, 377, 378.

## O.

Organ, Use of the, 54—67. Instrumental Music, 54. Character of the Organ, 55. Organ Accompaniment, 56—60. The Modern Organ, 61. Quick Chanting, 62—64. Defects of Modern Organs, 65—67.

## P.

Peru, Prescott's Conquest of, 68—94. Character of Prescott's Works, 68—71. Garcilasso,

72, 73. Peruvian Empire, 74; and Institutions, 75, 76. Arrival of the Spaniards, 77. Conquest of Peru, 78—84.

## S.

School Trusts, State Interference with [*Wilberforce, Denison*], 143—177. State Education, 143. Centralizing 144. Foreign Education, 145. Political Education, 146, 147. Views of Government, 148, 149. Combined Education, 150, 151. Committee of Privy Council, 152. Distrust of Government, 153. Wilberforce's Pamphlet, 156. Trust Deeds, 157—159. New Clauses, 160—163. Committee of Management, 164. Visitorial Power, 165—170. Appendix of Documents, 171—177.

Simeon, *Memoirs of [Carus' Memoirs of Simeon]*, 379—418. Religious Biography, 379, 380. Simeon's Party, 381; his Character, 382; his Biography, 383—395; his Egotism, 395; his Vanity, 396; his Temper, 397; his Self-indulgence, 398, 399; his Pharisaism, 400; his Ministerial Character, 401, 402. Religious Societies, 403—405. His Special Providences, 406. The Simeon Trust, 407. His Preaching, 407—411; his Doctrinal Theology, 412—414; his Death-bed, 415, 416. Summary, 417.

## T.

Tupper, M. F., his Works, 39—53. Geraldine 40. Proverbial Philosophy, 40, 41. Probabilities, 42—44. Value of Ridicule, 45—47. Extracts, 48—53.

## SHORTER NOTICES OF BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

JULY.—Bp. Mant's *Ferise Anniversarie*—Tithe Restoration Trust—Gresley's Third Statement—Lyra Memorialis—Burns' Selection of Hymns—Esther Merle, &c.—Wreath of Lilies—Andersen's Tales—Harington's Sermons—Gregg's Free Thoughts—Faust—Willmott's Bp. J. Taylor—History of the French Revolution—Life of Dr. Johnson—Markham's Germany—Anthologia Davidica—Vindication of the Church—Monita Pædagogica—Twysden's Vindication—Das Evangelische Bisthum—Vindication of Protestant Principles—Anglia Christiana—Rituale Anglo-Catholicum—Proceedings of the Philosophical Society—Hengstenberg's Christology—Comber's Friendly Advice—Memoranda Catholica—Letter to the Landholders of Hereford—Stories from Herodotus—Old Man's Home—American Publications—Vindication of the Scottish Episcopate—Ecclesiastical Reformation and Reform—Proposals for Christian Union—Woodward's Autobiography—The Churchman's Companion—New Church Quarterly—The National Cyclopædia—Commentary on the Apocalypse—Claims of the Church of England—Monumental Brasses—Prayers for the Young—Illustrations of the Sacraments—History of the Holy Eastern Church—The Unseen World—Birds of Jamaica—Tyrwhitt's Sermons—The Pilgrimage—Monumenta Ritualia—Decorative Painting—Dr. Hook's Ecclesiastical Biography—The Catholic Church in England and America—The Apostolic Minister's Preparation for Departure—Vox Vera—Sismondi's Political Economy—Scenes and Characters—The Stars and the Earth—Literary Characteristics of the Holy Scriptures

—Kennedy's Sermons—Bennie's Discourses—Kelly's Theophilus—White on Weaving—The Gate of Prophecy—Exposition of the Proverbs—Manual for Catechising—Warnings of the Holy Week—The Devout Churchman—Emerson's Poems—Our Public Schools—Annales Archéologiques—Irons's Lectures—Tracts for Divinity Students—Letters to M. Gordon—The Vast Army—Life of Mrs. Godolphin—Evangel of Love—Tracts—Sermons, &c.

OCTOBER.—Burgh's Hebrew Grammar—Carter on Grave-stones—Cemetery Burial—Readings for Advent—De Maisire on Political Constitutions—Bishop Doane's Address and Sermon—Bishop Ives's Address—Churches of Yorkshire—Dr. Hughes's Lecture—Decorative Painting—Davis's Life of Chalmers—Miller's Letter to Elrington—Norton's Genuineness of the Gospels—Euchologion—Bishop Jolly on the Eucharistic Sacrifice—Hand-Book of English Ecclesiology—De Vere's Mary Tudor—Hand-Book for Oxford—Jukes on the Offerings—Churchman's Companion—M'Leod's Geography of Palestine—Paradise of the Soul—Trevor's Lectures—Love's Methodism—Address to my Household—Enchiridion Juvenile—Confirmation Considered, &c.—The Law of the Anglican Church, &c.—Exhortation to Confession—Tupper's Harvest Hymn—Circular to Continental Chaplains—Ranke's Service—Hints on Glass Painting—Manning's Sermons—Charges by Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Archdeacon Wilberforce—Sermons by Bishop of Oxford, Ellison, &c.



